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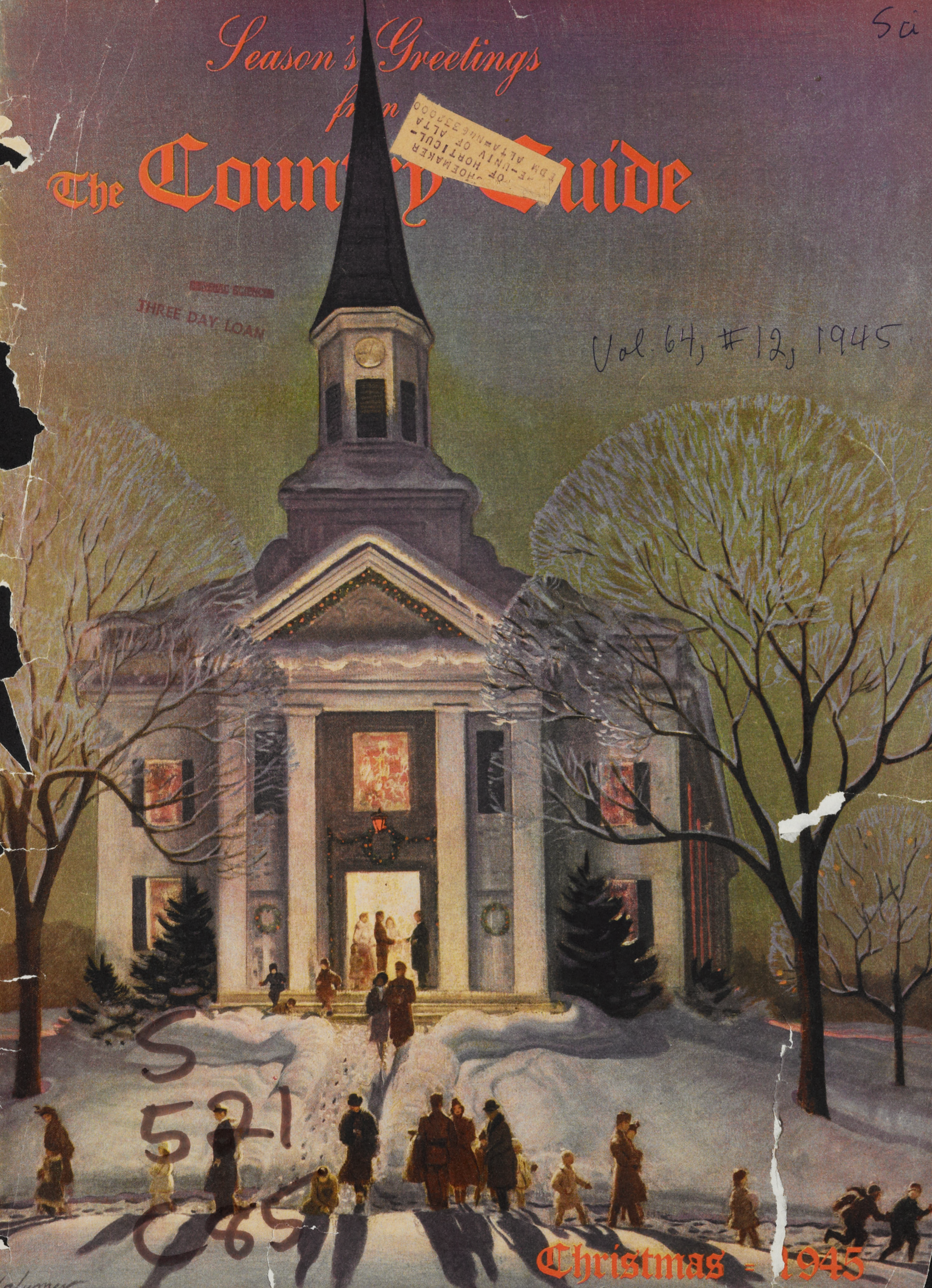
Season's Greetings
from

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The Country Guide

RENTAL SERVICE
THREE DAY LOAN

Vol. 64, #12, 1945



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Christmas - 1945

WABASSO SHEETS ▲ PILLOW CASES ▲ BEDSETS in Decorative Gift Packages

for Christmas

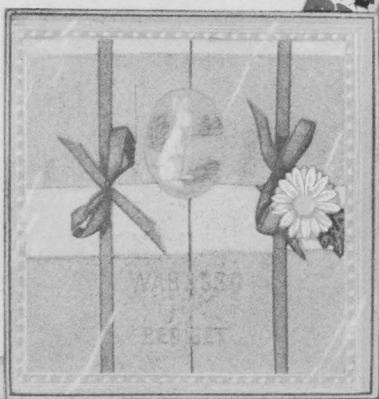


Luxurious Wabasso Bed Linens, soft and restful, some with spokestitched hems, others with coloured bordered or coloured cordstitched hems. A choice of six lovely Pastel shades, all guaranteed sunfast and tubfast by Wabasso.

All attractively gift-wrapped, waiting for your Christmas message to be inserted

Ask for Wabasso Gift Packages
at your favourite store.

Wabasso's Manitou Bedset . . . A coloured bordered Sheet and two coloured bordered Pillow Cases. Available in Blue, Gold, Green, Rose, Peach and Mauve.



Wabasso's Concord Bedset . . . A Sheet and two Pillow Cases with two rows of cordstitching on the hems. Available in White, Blue, Gold, Green, Rose and Mauve.

Wabasso's Manitou Bedset . . . In a special Christmas Box. A coloured bordered Sheet and two coloured bordered Pillow Cases. Available in Blue, Gold, Green, Rose, Peach and Mauve.



Always ask for **WABASSO**  Trademarked **COTTONS**

The Dawn of a New Era

By Rev. G. A. Woodside, D.D.

Christ's entrance into the world 2,000 years ago was the opening of the greatest era in the history of humanity, and proved to be the birth of our greatest civilization. It is quite true that it was attended by the most disturbing and threatening conditions. In this history repeats itself, and becomes prophetic of still more wonderful things.

Going back over some centuries science delights to tell us of the upheavals of the unorganized material world, when monsters struggled up through the ooze for light and breath, and became the stage work upon which God appeared and gave us His noblest creation in man.

Some centuries later when all humanity was threatened with extinction in "The Flood," God manifested His Order and Purpose to the world, and a new epoch of life was introduced.

Despite hardships and struggles, God moves on without fail. And now Pharaoh takes charge and proceeds to wipe out the remnant of God's family by a terrible system of bondage and slavery. Here, again, God's purpose is manifest. He gives a great system of law and of worship to the world.

All this was preparatory to something greater and better. Humanity's neck was under the iron heel of Rome and her cohorts made the world to tremble. The sword became the symbol of power, of government.

And now amidst the clashing of arms and the sorrows of the world, "The Christ" was born, and the door of Peace and Goodwill was opened to all humanity.

But God moves on. During the past few years the world has been bathed in blood and tears, homes have been smashed, families annihilated, countries devastated and faith in God in many cases wiped out. Is this the end? No. "The best is yet to be."

If darkness precedes the dawn then I am convinced that a new era more glorious than any that humanity has ever experienced is now breaking in upon us.

This is the challenge of the present Christmas. We have embraced the material elements of the world, mastered her hidden treasure, conquered the air and entered into the Divine Laboratory, until now the world is under our feet.

But the soul is still in the ascendant. God has never relinquished His control. The star of Bethlehem still shines. The Spirit of Christ—the Spirit of Goodwill and of Peace is ushering in a "New Era" when the glory of the Divine Presence shall fill the world and we shall join the heavenly host in praise to Almighty God.



I like that! You picking on my Patties!

Go on . . . frown on chicken patties.
But they're still the love of MY life!

Wait! Those patties are tops in taste. Nourishing, too. In fact, another of your favourite *soft* foods.

Soft food . . . hard food . . . what's the difference?

Plenty. You see, soft foods are so easy to eat that they deprive gums of the regular exercise they need.

Daily work for my gums? Oh, say!

Yes, we *do* say—that modern gums are often sensitive gums. You may even see a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. So massage with Ipana Tooth Paste to help keep your gums firmer. Do your smile a favour, too.

But who's talking about my SMILE?

We are. You want a radiant one, don't you? So you need bright, sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And *that* brings us back to Ipana and massage—so helpful in keeping gums healthier.

Suppose "pink tooth brush" does pop up? It means *visit your dentist—right away!* He may say that gums have become tender, flabby—deprived of exercise by modern soft foods. And he's likely to suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage"—as so many dentists do.

There's magnetism in a radiant smile. Watch it work for you—when you help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and massage.



"You see, Ipana is not only an excellent tooth paste—it is especially made, when used with massage, to aid the health and the strength of your gums."



"Now—each time I brush my teeth—I massage a little extra Ipana onto my gums. I'm already getting my reward—stronger gums and a smile that really sparkles!"

Wake up lazy gums
with Ipana and Massage!



A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL

HOW AN Oil Well Works

This is a picture of a typical Canadian oil well. It might be in Alberta's famous Turner Valley, where the average well is about 8,000 feet deep. In other fields, wells today are drilled down more than two miles! When the drill strikes into an oil-bearing formation, the underground pressure of millions of cubic feet of gas drives the oil up the drilled hole to the surface.

Two ways of drilling

There are two methods of drilling in use today. One of them, the cable-tool method, is a modification of the system used by the Chinese in drilling for salt 2,000 years ago. The drill "bit" is like a cold chisel and pounds its way through the rock.

The rotary drill, illustrated at the left, was perfected in fairly recent times and acts much like a mechanic's drill. Because it gives high speed cutting through the rock formations, it has largely replaced the cable tool drill in most Canadian oil fields.

A rotary drill bit

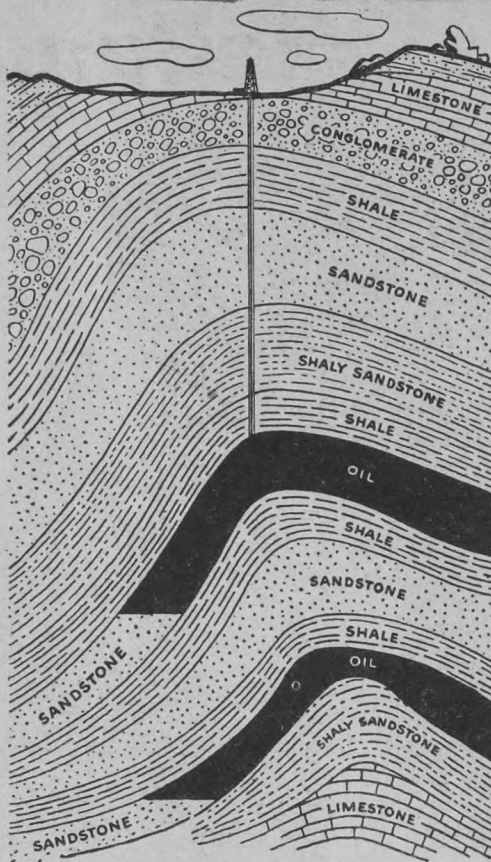
The first steps

Before the drill can go into operation, a "cellar" about 20 feet deep and 10 feet square is dug. Then a derrick of wood or steel is erected. A large derrick would be about 140 feet high, with a 30-foot base. It may carry as much as 1,000,000 pounds of drilling equipment, as shown in the little sketch alongside.

The drilling tools are inserted in a "string" about 50 feet long. As the drill goes down, the "string" is lengthened by addition of extra drill pipe. Periodically, the "string" is removed and the sides of the well lined with a steel casing for support.

The hazards of drilling

Sometimes the drill tools break, far below the surface, and several days, even weeks, may be wasted in "fishing" for the lost tools. But the greatest hazard of all in drilling for oil is the risk of a "dry hole". All the science of the geologist has not yet perfected a way of making certain, before drilling starts, that oil will be found. Many and many a well proves a complete failure—dealing a discouraging blow, not



Cross-section of earth structures under a producing oil well

only to the drillers, but to the company and the investors who have invested many thousands of dollars in the work.

Why the work must go on

Yet all producing oil companies must face this risk and go on undiscouraged. For oil wells sooner or later are exhausted and the oil industry must find new sources continuously. Unless it did, shortages of gasoline, lubricants and other petroleum products would eventually stop our cars, trucks, airplanes—even our factories.

In many parts of Canada, and in South America, Imperial Oil Limited, and its producing organizations have drilled more than 8,000,000 feet in search of oil . . . holes totalling more than 1,515 miles of drilling! Many of the wells were failures, many miles were drilled in vain. Yet, thanks to "keeping everlastingly at it," we are able to supply a large part of Canada's needs for oil products . . . and through the continuous exploration of Canada's oil lands our scientists and engineers are developing a valuable natural resource that adds to the wealth of the nation, and the well-being of every Canadian.

This message is the fourth of a series; the next advertisement will tell "The Story of a Failure".

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED



Geologist's core drill brings up samples of rock strata from under the earth's surface



The Dutch Re-capture Holland

THE
Country
GUIDE
DECEMBER, 1945

5

HOLLAND has suffered more material damage from the ravages of Hitler's war than any other country of western Europe, Germany excepted. No official estimates of loss are available to support this statement and some Frenchman may question it because of the greater area of his country traversed by the armies in conflict. But emboldened by the agreement of Canadian soldiers who

have worn out enough Jeep tires to speak with authority, I shall stick to what I consider a good guess.

So far as the British forces are concerned, Normandy was the anvil on which the German army was broken. Whilst the damage in Normandy was terrific, it is a small area, and a rural hinterland in character. Afterward the pace was fast, resistance light, and the far border of Belgium quickly reached. Then for months the armies pounded each other on Dutch soil while behind the lines the Huns pillaged the rich Dutch cities and destroyed the intersecting networks of roads and waterways.

The clock of doom struck eleven at Arnhem. The damage done in Holland in the few months following was greater than that of the whole preceding period of the war. One can travel for miles across Belgium and northern France without seeing the faintest scars of carnage. There is hardly a spot in the flat expanse which is Holland where the spectator is out of sight of one of her 800 ruined bridges, the larger ones comparable to the finest in the New World.

The harrow of war passes more lightly over the agricultural sections of a country than it does over its town

**They are rapidly restoring
their country from the
ravages of Hitler's
vandals**

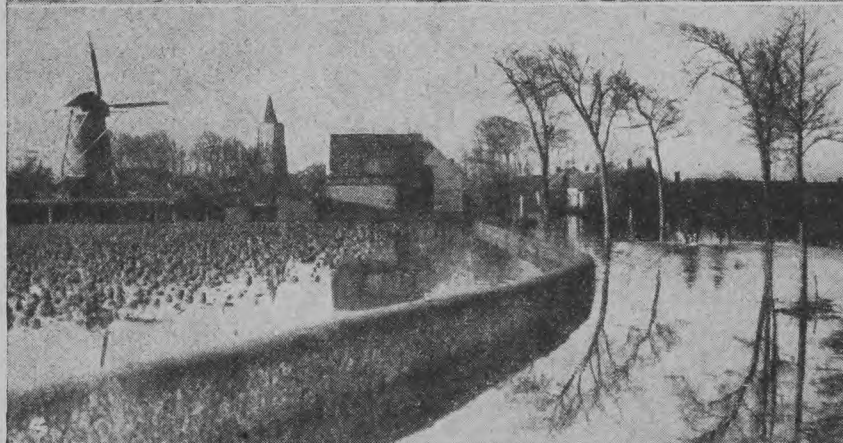
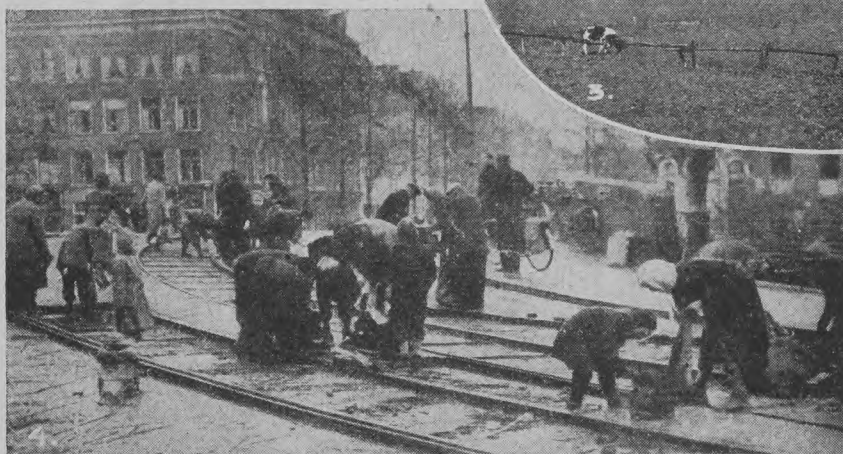
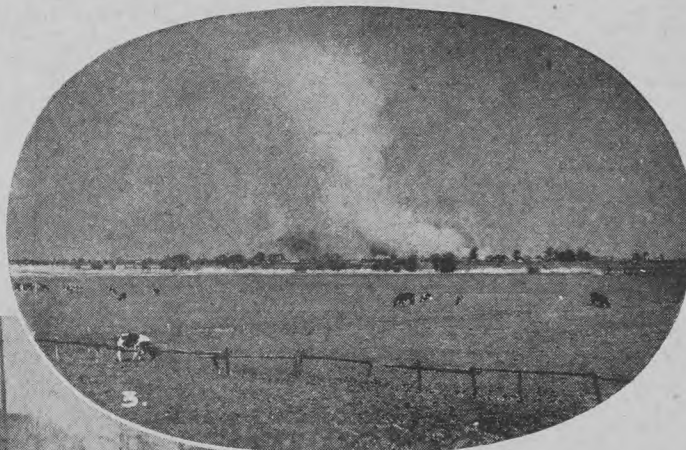
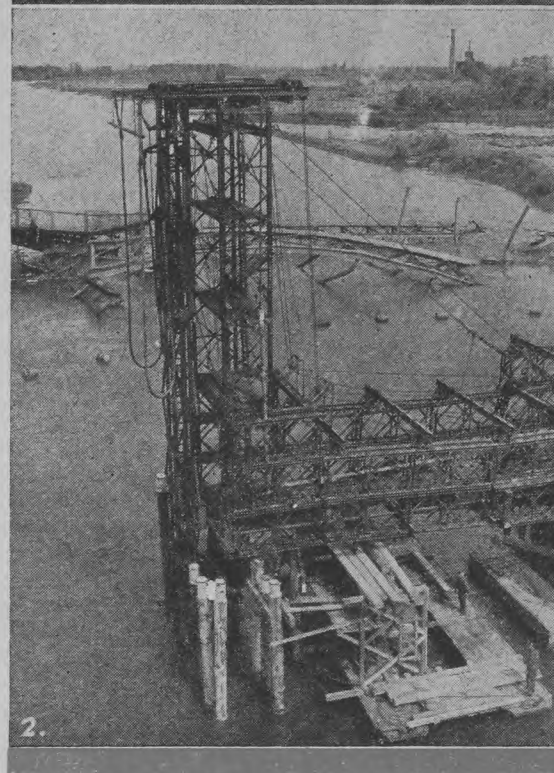
By Col. P. M. ABEL

dwellers. To be sure, Dutch farmers suffered equally last winter from lack of fuel for heat and light. It was a common thing for folk in the large cities to spend 13 hours a day in bed after electricity and gas were cut off, and the supply of coal was barely sufficient to cook meals. But where the town dwellers had to eke out a starvation diet with tulip bulbs and sugar beets, farmers, in a country where the dairy cow is supreme, could

usually contrive to hold back enough of their own produce to maintain their families on a little better level.

THROUGHOUT the war the Germans were only too anxious to have Dutch agriculture produce at as high a level as possible, and hence interfered very little in its activities. The 400,000 Hollanders despatched to concentration camps or forced labor were principally townsmen. And whereas a great many factories were stripped of machinery, which was sent to Germany, not many farm implements were taken.

The great dramatic loss to Dutch agriculture was from flooding. In the closing months of the war ten per cent of the arable land of the country was inun-



What the Nazis did to Holland.

The two illustrations (1 and 2) at the top of the page show bridges destroyed by the retreating Nazis, also a new bridge under construction. In the oval (3) cows are seen pasturing under shell fire. Scene (4) shows wooden pavement blocks being lifted for fuel and at the bottom (5) are gardens flooded with sea water on Walcheren Island.

dated or otherwise put out of productive use. Much of it was needless vandalism, occurring in regions not threatened by Allied attack. Other areas which could have been flooded just as effectively with fresh water, were opened to the sea with much graver results.

A cry of despair went up from Dutch spokesmen in London while the inundations were taking place. The land behind the dykes had been won from the sea by centuries of arduous toil. No one could say how long it would take to drain it again. No one could say how long after the sea water had been run off the corroding salts would remain in the ground. A common guess was seven years.

Now just a word about the mechanics of reclamation in these Dutch polders. Most of the dyked land in Holland is close to the sea. The rise and fall of the tide at, say, Walcheren is about 15 feet. The farms behind the dyke are lower than the high tide level and higher

than low tide. Reclamation on these lands consists, therefore, in mending the dyke to prevent new incursions of sea water and manipulating the gates with the alternating tides. Extensive tracts will be recovered without any pumping. A portion of the reclaimed area is below tide level. The Germans stopped the pumps and these areas flooded with seepage water from below. Such land, in contradistinction to the first named class, will require pumping.

The process of recovery has proceeded more rapidly than anyone dared to hope for. I visited the Island of Tholen, in the mouth of the Schelde, which was drained in time to put in a crop this year, admittedly late but with a fortunate cropping season, now safely gathered. To the amazement of everyone yields were better than normal.

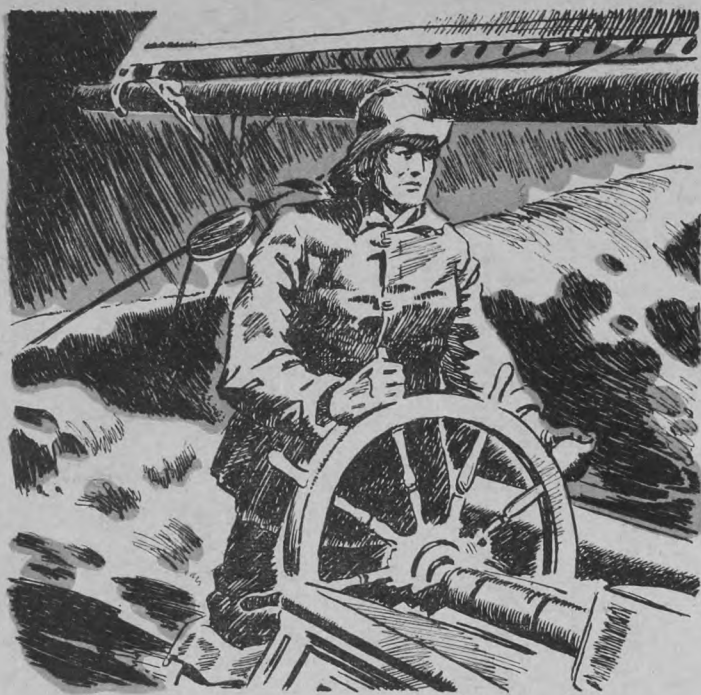
Dutch farmers are no different from some others I could name. They exult in the confusion of white collar experts. But the experts were right and the farmers of Tholen were just lucky. Immediately after the flood waters were run off in the spring of 1945 they experienced a week of torrential rain, which washed the worst of the salts out of the soil. The white collar boys who, I may add, are treated with more respect all over Europe than they are in Canada, say it isn't likely to happen again.

THOLEN is the brightest spot of a brightening picture. A most fortunate autumn to date makes it look as though all the dykes will be repaired before freeze-up. This means that all the land flooded by sweet water, some of it on the very borders of Germany, will be cropped next year. That accounts for about half the inundated land. The immediate future of Walcheren and other large tracts no man may predict with certainty. As I write the Channel coast is being pounded by mountainous seas as destructive as any in living memory. British newspapers allege fifty foot waves at Folkestone. It will be touch and go with the newly mended dykes.

Much less spectacular than the inundations, but more of a check to agricultural production is the lack of fertilizer. All the well worn soils of western Europe require regular applications of commercial manures to maintain yields. The steady decline in fertilizer supplies over the five war years has cut food production by millions of tons west of a line from the Friesian Islands to the Alps.

Before the war the Nederlanders bought 300,000 tons of potash fertilizers alone from Germany. To this was added staggering tonnages of phosphate rock from Morocco which was processed in Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and nitrates from Chile plus synthetics,

Turn to page 25



A stirring tale of the sea
and a ship and men who
struggle against forces
seen and unseen

By
EDMUND GILLIGAN

The Story Thus Far:

CAPTAIN DAN HARDEGON brings the *Moon Hawk* home to Gloucester with her catch—he has skippered the dragger for one voyage to the fishing banks while her regular captain recovers from an accident—to find himself in the middle of a tense situation.

The *Golden Hind*, last topsail schooner out of Gloucester to fish by hand from dories, returns after an unlucky voyage with an almost empty hold. Her captain, JACK ROADES, reports to the owner of the *Hind*, NORA DOONAN, whom he expects to marry, that one of his crew, JAMES CORKERY, has drowned on the Banks. The dead man's brother JOHN, also of the *Hind's* crew, blames the death on Roades, curses captain and ship and refuses to sail aboard her again. Hardeggon, who ill conceals his own love for Nora, tries to persuade her to convert the *Hind* to power but she and Roades rebuff him and refuse his gift of a large-mesh manila net he has woven. Hardeggon tries to tell them that such men as PARRAN, who skippers the big dragger *Doubloon* for a Boston firm, are ruining the fishing grounds with their small-mesh nets, but Nora won't heed him because she owes Parran money and must borrow more from him if her schooner is to make even one more voyage. She knows also that Roades wants her to sell the *Hind* to Parran.

However, Nora has an ace up her sleeve in the rotting hulk of the old *Western Star* which lies in Shelburne, Nova Scotia. There is a fortune in lead in her keel which the government needs and Nora determines to get it by hook or crook to pull herself out of the red. She enlists the aid of AMBROSE CAMERON and four other old dorymen who love the *Hind* and served aboard her under Nora's grandfather. She tells Hardeggon of her plan and he persuades her to keep it secret from everyone, even Roades to whom she is engaged, but particularly Parran whom he knows will stop at nothing to doublecross her.

PART II.

HALF of the sun had breached the black Atlantic when Nora carried her gear toward the *Golden Hind*. In doryman's togs, her cowhide boots clattering in the frosty stillness, she swung down the upper street, empty now except for the black-robed Portuguese women hurrying to Our Lady of Good Voyage. Nearer the Doonan wharf, the murmur of the tide against the keels and under wharves became part of a grander harmony, a roaring far away. By this she knew that the seas were breaking on Norman's Woe and that there would be hard sailing if the sou'wester held on. This wind was always exciting to her, and she became even gayer when, at last, all the sun left the water and a blue day filled south and east. She marked the whitecaps this side of the sun. Through them, a big dragger sailed shoreward. While she watched, the vessel abruptly changed to an eastward course. This puzzled her, until another swift change in course showed her that they were adjusting her compass.

It was then that she saw her five secret recruits marching briskly down the wharf, bedding and gear on their shoulders. They were a little tardy, the sun being well up, but this arrival was

true enough to their word. She waited, there by the sail-loft steps, until they had flung their bundles aboard the schooner. By the time she came to where the *Hind* lay, they had gone below to their hiding-place, leaving no trace except one footmark in the rime of her deck. The sun scoffed up the frost.

Nora gave the *Hind* a hail.

"Anybody aboard?"

No answer came. She climbed down to the deck and took a turn or two there, passing her hands in pleasure over the furled mainsail and stopping now and then to look into the tubs of trawl in their neat rows. Some of the trawl lines had already been overhauled for the new voyage. These tubs, she knew, belonged to the Portuguese, who were best of all at the trade and always did their repair work on the homeward voyage. She smiled in satisfaction at the hooks amidst the coils. They were already straightened by the hook-sets, were ready for the next baiting-up, five hundred miles away.

She went down into the galley, opened the draft of the stove and pumped water into a great coffee kettle. Then she poured a bag of coffee into it and returned to the deck.

The dragger had turned shoreward again, had come so much nearer that she could make it out. It was the *Doubloon* of Boston. On its bridge, she knew, was the man she must see before the *Hind's* voyage could begin.

"Parran!"

She spoke his name so loudly that a gull on the *Hind's* cross-trees lifted itself off and floated with the wind.

Money had to be found within the hour. And there was no place to get it, except where it had been borrowed before: from the skipper of the *Doubloon*. She had ordered ice for the pens and fresh stores for the ice-chest: beef, lamb, butter by the tub, and crates of fruit. These things, and the galley coal, had been put aboard during the night because the *Hind* might sail as soon as the tide served. Had she been able to keep the money she had made by selling the spare gear, instead of having to use it to pay off the crew, Nora would have been happier. She became disconsolate at the thought of making a new debt, one to be added to the old. Yet there was no help for it.

These speculations brought the pout back to her mouth as she carried her luggage down into the cabin. Once again, sitting there in the warmth of that handsome room, she thanked her lucky stars that there were no fuel tanks in the *Hind's* hold to be filled at the fancy price of fifteen cents a gallon.

"Wind is cheap," she said to herself, "and the price of its stays firm."

She laughed aloud at this remembrance of her grandfather's defense for his stubborn faith in canvas and wind, his insistence that the *Golden Hind* should go about her work in the old way, drawing her power down from the skies and up from the tides. Yes, it was beautiful and exciting, this clinging to the past, to things that were beautiful and old and once so useful. But, as she sat on the burnished locker and waited for the roar and rattle of ice shooting into the pens, she felt again the need of change for the *Hind*. Engines and oil and nets cost money, yet such things took a vessel to the Banks quickly and helped her find

fish and hurry to the rich Boston market, no matter how the wind blew or the dogfish fed. And the certainty of short, prosperous voyages brought fishermen grinning to the door. It was enough to do—all that endless labor!—it was enough in itself. To tell men that they must make sail, too, while they hauled and ripped and gutted and iced the fish down, that was against nature.

"And what is against nature," she thought, "must come to an end. Perhaps today. Maybe I'll never get her away from the wharf. And tomorrow I'll lose her to somebody else—Parran!—and he'll take her to the machine shop and make her a dragger, a real earner again."

Nevertheless, she stretched her long legs and ugly boots nearer the cabin stove and let her eyes go lazily over the rosewood panels and the fine walnut woodwork of the six bunks. There was more than a hint of luxury and wealth in the fittings of that vessel. She rejoiced in it. She gazed upward at the skylight, where the morning flowed in a blue wash. She lowered her gaze to the photograph of her father and the President of the United States, seated together on a sparkling deck. It had been taken years ago when her father had driven the *Golden Hind* to a noble victory against the *Bluenose* of Canada. The President's boldly written name ran fore-and-aft the picture. Her recollection of that palmy day of childhood made her dream of idleness and peace instead of work and trouble. By the skill of her lively mind, the face of her father changed to that of Captain Hardeggon. Out of the frame of gold, he whispered: "Nora, sell the *Golden Hind* and be a fine lady!"

"I will not!" She cried the words out and then jumped up to laugh at herself again.

The *Golden Hind* joined in that laughter; for, at that moment, the rush of crushed ice began in her hold. The schooner echoed the rumble and flow in hearty accents, as if she were actually glad to learn, by this last sign, that she was soon to sail again for the Banks and, once again, try to keep herself alive and useful.

Nora flung her bag into the dead man's bunk with never a look for poor Corkery's ghost trudging after her among familiar things. She stepped down the little companionway that led deeper into the hold, ran her hand over a small water-heater that lay snug against the butt of the mainmast. The boiler was hot from the heat of the cabin stove. Since she hadn't had time to wash that morning, she went into the little compartment and opened the tap. She scrubbed her face and hands, scoured her nails free of water-front grime. "One of these days I'll do it!" By this she meant that she'd sell another dory and go to Boston to have her hair cut decently and her nails done strumpet-style.

SHE went back to the galley, put the kettle of coffee over her arm by its long handle and slung a brace of mugs on to a long spoon. She carried these to the cabin and knocked against the after bulkhead, behind which her men were hiding.

Ambrose Cameron came out to greet her.

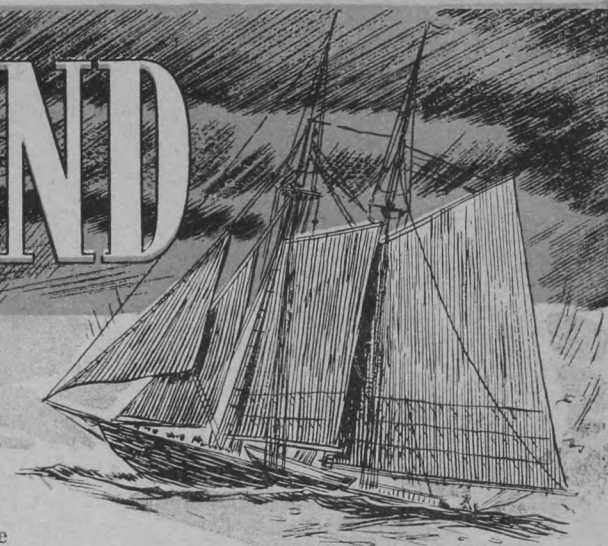
"All clear, Ambrose," she said. "Here you are. To stay until she sails."

"I thank you kindly, Cap'n Nora." He turned back to the sail locker and set the coffee down for his chums. He filled his own mug and drained it, sighed in satisfaction over it.

She asked him to step up into the cabin. There she said, "Ambrose, there's no reason on earth why I shouldn't tell you what we're trying to do. No reason, except this: Captain Hardeggon knows what it is and he made me promise that I'd not tell another soul until we were away. I tell you this because, after thinking it over in the night, I said to myself, 'Tis hardly fair to ask such men to go on a wild goose chase without even naming the goose.'"

He raised his hand to stop her. "Think nothing of it, Cap'n Nora. A bargain's made and it's agreeable to us. I've only one question to ask and that has nothing

of the GOLDEN HIND



Illustrated by Gordon Hicks

to do with where we're going and what we're going to do."

"What is it, Ambrose?"

"Are we signed on regular so nobody can stop the vessel and take us off? Or make trouble for her?"

"Yes. The names are on the Coast Guard list. All except the new man you brought."

"Peter Lord."

"I'll give it to the Coast Guard before we sail. He's a good man aboard a vessel, isn't he, Ambrose?"

"He is, indeed. He sailed many times with your father and he was dorymates with me on the *Mary and Martha* when I was mate."

Nora lifted her eyes to the cabin skylight, which now glittered with sun rays. One of the smaller panes had been cracked since last she stood there. She frowned.

At once, the old doryman said, "'Tis easily fixed, Cap'n Nora! She found some weather last trip."

She understood his allusion to the *Hind's* profitless voyage. He must have heard much talk of it the night before. It was natural; for, in these days, it was not often that a man was lost on the Banks. Few fishermen were exposed to the dangers of dories and of making sail in rough weather. The draggers gave them shelter on deck and kept them there, with only the nets to handle. No doubt, the whole town had wagged its head last night over the story of Corkery's death as it was told by his shipmates and his grieving brother. It was her place, as owner of the *Hind*, to know such things. Yet there was a barrier between her and the dorymen. She had seen it rise, in a natural way, since the death of her grandfather. Before that, they were free with their chatter and jokes and sound advice to a girl who had a hard row to hoe. Now things had changed. It wasn't that they liked her less. On the contrary, they were even more devoted to her. But there was a new dignity in the ownership of a famous schooner, and aloofness forced upon her and them by custom. Yet the sight of that beautiful old face above her, seared and dyed as it was by Grand Banks years, filled her with a mysterious comfort. And his words concerning the *Hind* proved to her that the barrier was not too high between them yet. He was thinking of her and all his skill and courage were on her side.

She said, "A bad blow on 'Quereau it was, Ambrose." And then, without taking much thought of her words, she suddenly exclaimed, "We'll be needing a compass for the work in hand!"

He nodded his grey head. "I thought as much. I took the liberty, Miss Nora, of thinking that much." He waved his hand toward the bulkhead. "I brought the old one off the *Mary and Martha*. It could do with some adjusting, but I'll make do." He thrust his hand into his jacket and brought out a pocket compass. "I brought this gadget along, too. Just in case."

She clearly saw how right Captain Hardeggon had been in warning her to keep the venture a secret. Any shrewd man could figure out the meaning of her preparations! Her gratitude to that absent man made her say earnestly, "I'm thankful to Dan Hardeggon for friendship."

This was plainly the cue he had been seeking. He said quickly, "I'm a very old man, Cap'n Nora. The last leaf on the bough, as the song says. I can tell you than Dan Hardeggon, young as he is, is a skipper to be listened to, as you say. 'Tis your rightful duty now, as the *Hind's* owner, to keep the vessel's welfare uppermost. I mean in your mind—in your thinking."

By this she understood he wished to say, "I know all about your heart and what it's doing to you, but it doesn't apply!" She nodded.

He went on. "When Dan was a boy, hardly out of high school, he went all the way to Denmark on a limey ship, just to see for himself how they were trying to undo the harm they'd done on North Sea banks with their draggers and their small-mesh nets. You know that, Miss Nora, but do you know what I saw myself in the last war when I served in the English Channel?" He flung up his hands in dismay. "A first-class English trawler—two hundred and fifty tons—dragging a net an hour and getting only ninety pounds of fish!"

"Ninety pounds!"

"Ninety! Aye! And cod steaks selling in London for twice the price of beef!"

SHE sat down on the locker and, after a by-your-leave gesture of his hand, he sat by her. "I'll tell you more, Cap'n Nora. I've fished on Georges Bank in a year when three hundred million pounds were taken by all the fleets—New York and Boston and our own. And last year—I wasn't there—but I know they took only sixty million and that by fishing twice as hard. I tell you the small mesh has ruined the fisheries!"

"Aye! That's known to me, Ambrose."

"Now I've seen Captain Hardeggon working on the draggers with the Government men. Real scientists. Not politicians. Measuring fish and weighing them and trying out a big-mesh net. When he might have been making twenty thousand a year on a dragger. Like Parran yonder on the *Doubloon*. And why? Why, Miss Nora? Because Dan knows! As his father knew before him. The small mesh must go. 'Tis your duty to help him and the others like him—there are a few—and show them all that a big mesh will catch more pounds an hour and let the nurseries thrive. So there'll be spawning in plenty and billions of haddock again."

He patted her cheek fondly. "I know what pride is, Miss Nora. You've got your father's and your good old grandfather's. I had mine. When I was skipper of the *Mary and Martha*, I kept

my pride. A stiff-necked generation, as the Good Book says. I would stay by trawl and hook-and-line!" He stood up. "You see me now! Grateful for your coffee, grateful for a chance to earn a bit of change."

She said, "Ambrose, do you know how much it costs to do such a thing? To make the *Hind* over, if I decided to do it, after all?"

"Not exactly. No, miss."

"Just thirty thousand dollars."

He sighed. "'Tis a lot of money, Cap'n." He turned toward the bulkhead and let loose such a dazzling light from his blue eyes that she felt herself grow warm and strong all over again. He said, "Let's you and I go get it!"

Nora went on deck, swung herself up to the wharf, and came face to face with the ice handler, a red-faced tub of a man, who hailed her boisterously above the rattle of his chute. His truck was already half empty, a fact that gave Nora some satisfaction, there being no way for him to get his ice out again, if he chose to look for payment right off the reel. She tossed him a doryman's wink and snatched the bill out of his jacket pocket, where it had been calling for her attention.

"How many, Tony?"

"Captain Roades—he says forty tons, Miss Nora. Looks like she goes far this time."

"Wherever the fish are—there she must go." She thrust the bill into her pocket. "I'll be back in a jiffy." Yet her anxiety forced her to say, "Your ice is going up, Tony."

He shrugged his shoulders in a what-can-I-do manner. "You pay when you come back, miss. Pay any time you say."

She liked his kindness. Yet he hadn't ever thought of saying that before. She gave him a shrewd glance to figure out if he had heard how hard up she was. No, there was only his old affection in his round, brown eyes. She said, "May never come back. Ever think of that, Tony?"

His cheeks quivered and a little color drained out of the folds in a startling way. "With you aboard? God forbid! She's always come back so far, eh?"

At that moment, Captain Hardeggon and two of her dorymen came around the corner of the wharf. The dorymen were carrying coils of manila for him. He had the same bundle under his arm. He waved to her and pulled open the door of the first sail-loft, where he kept his weaving gear and worked on his nets. The dorymen went in and came down again.

Hardeggon gave one of them some money. They went back toward the town.

Hardeggon called out to her, "You going to give me some breakfast, Nora?"

She waved to him to come aboard.

He nodded and went into the sail-loft. A little later, he pushed open a window in the loft, thrust out his head and said, "Give me five minutes!"

THE horn of an incoming vessel sounded. She turned to watch it. A dragger slid by the *Hind* and tied up at the head of the wharf. A gang of lumpers came running from the street and began shouting to the crew.

A few minutes afterward, the *Doubloon* came in and found her berth aft of the *Hind*. Captain Parran often tied up there in these days when the other wharves were crowded. And the Doonan wharf was a handy one for easy departure.

Nora searched the *Doubloon's* deck. There were only a few men aboard; just enough to handle her for the compass testing. She saw that there were several men in the pilothouse. Presently one of them came out. He was a little, bowed man in a grey ulster. He carried a black box under his right arm and a leather bag of tools in his left. This was the compass man from Boston.

He climbed up to the wharf. Captain Parran followed him. The captain, as usual, bloomed like a piece of the sky. He was a dandy of the Boston waterfront and paid more attention to his clothes than most skippers. Today he had his blue outfit on: blue hat, blue topcoat, blue suit.

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We Need More Profitable Hogs

SWINE production has developed into one of the leading branches of western Canadian agriculture. During the war years, hogs raised on western farms have contributed handsomely to the United Nations' meat supplies.

Since considerable areas of the prairie provinces, which are now developed, and others which are likely to be settled within the next generation, are well suited to the growing of coarse grains, it seems reasonable to suppose that our interest in pig raising will be permanent. Experience indicates that we can count on a supply of feeds well adapted to the production of bacon hogs. Altogether, there are many factors which suggest that we should emphasize this type of livestock production in our farming program.

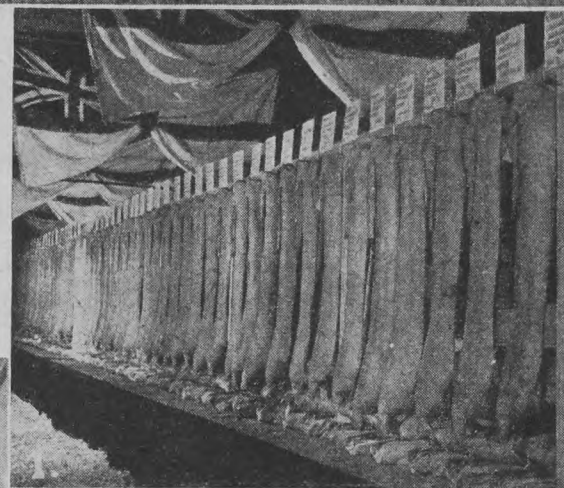
It is important, then, that we look well ahead. We should examine our position with respect to the breeding stock which we have available and the breeding methods which may be followed to insure satisfactory progress in meeting the challenge of quality bacon.

THESE matters were given consideration by the Canadian Society of Animal Production at its 1944 annual meeting and a Committee was set up to consider the available evidence and to report back to the meeting held at Saskatoon in June of this year.

By **R. D. SINCLAIR**
Dean, College of Agriculture
University of Alberta
Edmonton

The Committee studied the results of swine breeding research carried out in different parts of the world, met to weigh the evidence, and prepared its report. This statement, which has been prepared at the request of The Country Guide, is a review of the Committee's findings.

IT was felt that Canada would have to continue to depend on an export market for bacon; and that the British market would be the only one that would require this product in any considerable volume. The normal demand in Britain is for bacon containing a high



1. Export bacon. All steps in a Canadian swine breeding program lead up to this.
2. Good quality bacon presupposes typy, well-finished hogs marketed at correct weights.



nesses, possessing as high a degree of disease resistance as is obtainable, white or largely white in color, and of

a type which will insure carcasses which will be acceptable to the best part of the British trade. The Committee decided that this was the job that had to be done in pig breeding in western Canada.

A question which arises quite naturally when an objective such as the above has been established is: "Have we in our swine herds in western Canada at the present time breeding stock that meets our requirements, or do we have to scrap everything and start all over again?" The answer is, "Yes, we have suitable foundation stock." The methods of selection which have been followed in the past—particularly when systematized through pig testing, advanced registry, and the like—have developed strains which meet any critical test which may be applied. We have in our better herds, breeding stock which meets the fundamental requirements for a western Canadian bacon hog. That is fortunate indeed. Our real trouble lies in the fact that there are too few good performing lines of breeding stock—there is too much variability in type and performance. The main task which lies ahead is to isolate the best strains and attempt to concentrate these with a view to building up a population of seed stock which will insure superior performance in the piggery and greater uniformity in the carcasses submitted for rail grading. The job will not be an easy one; pure-bred swine breeders know

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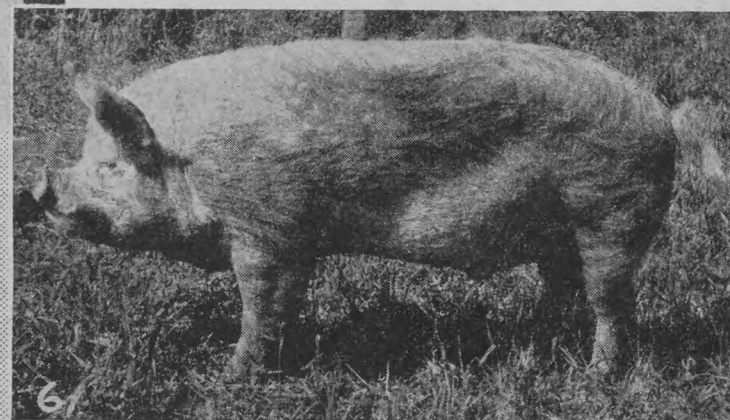


proportion of lean to fat; and for the product from a white colored hog. From the production standpoint the rank and file of pig raisers are anxious to have a pig that will make rapid and economical gains and be free from such things as ruptures, ridglings and other abnormalities. Tying these two points of view together, it would seem that a sound breeding plan must be directed to the production of pigs of strong constitution, free from hereditary unsound-

5. Advanced registry should receive more support.



3. For desirable bacon-type hogs, cross-breeding or mixed breeding is undesirable.
4. Small litters are unprofitable. Sows should be prolific and good mothers.



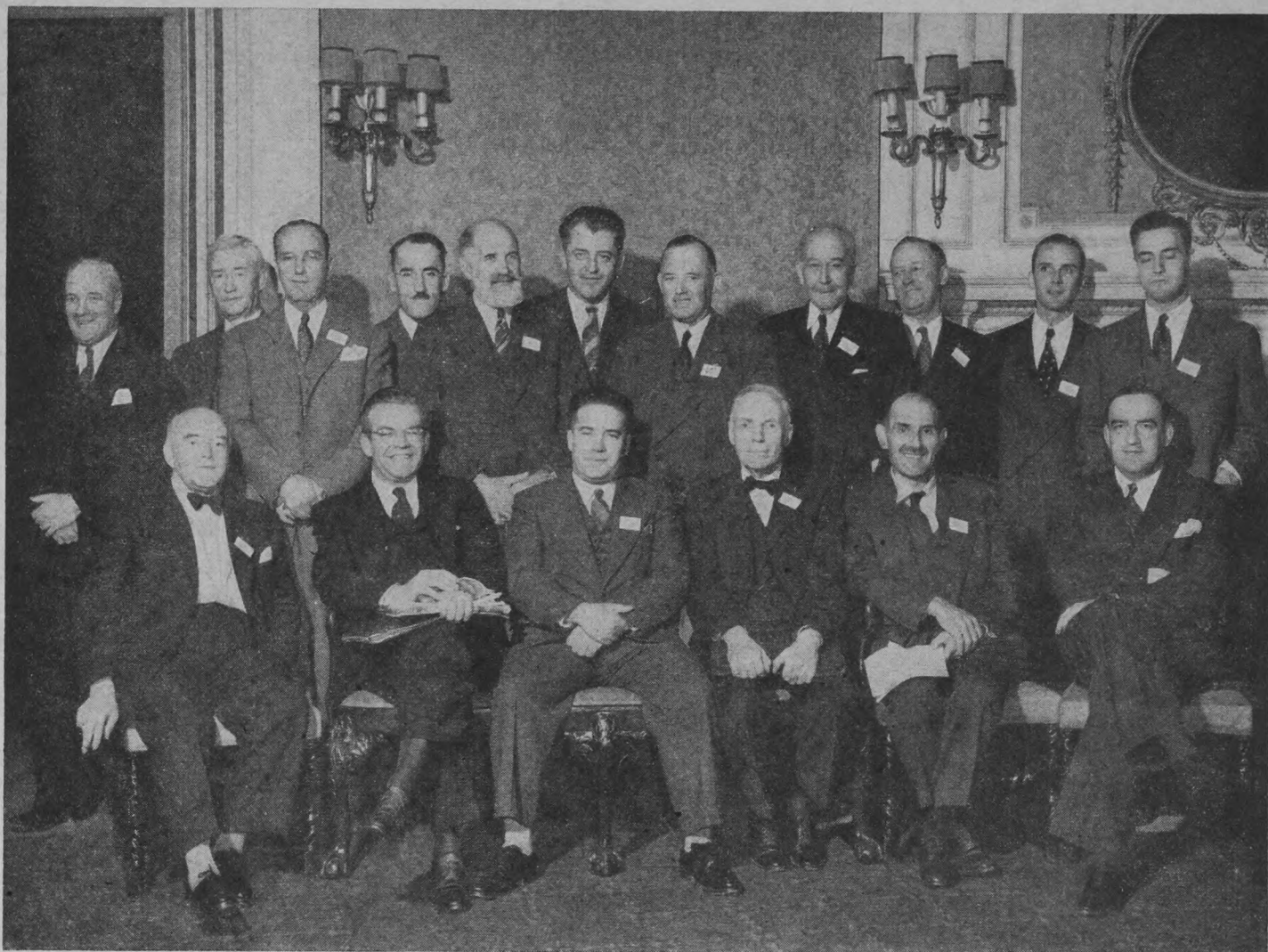
6. Strong, rugged breeding stock of desirable type must be the goal of any successful improvement plan.—Guide photo.

Dean Sinclair, Chairman of a Special Swine Improvement Committee appointed a year and a half ago by the Canadian Society of Animal Production (Western Section), summarizes in this article a report presented at the 1945 meeting of this Society, which embodies a swine breeding plan for western Canada designed to meet the challenge of quality bacon and to make pig raising both profitable and permanent in western Canada. The other members of the Committee were: R. M. Hopper, Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon; G. W. Wood, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; R. P. Forshaw, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon (Secretary); J. A. Bennett, Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current; H. E. Wilson, Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe; and J. C. Berry, University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

Where F.A.O. Fits Into the Picture

By
R. D. Colquette

To function efficiently the Food and Agricultural Organization will need an active and expanding world economy



THE farmers of these pancake plains would have no surpluses to worry about if the people of the world were adequately fed. They wouldn't have to batten down the hatches in preparation for storms ahead if all the hungry bellies were filled. There would be no periodic slumps in farm prices to suck up their reserves if their 2,250 million fellow human beings all had a decent diet. The big problem would be to fill the stomachs and the demand.

This is not speaking of the present relief period. After the last war the Allies spent \$2,869 million on European relief. It was not until 1923 that Hoover's organization picked up its marbles and went home. UNRRA is not likely to cease dispensing provisions, raiment and medicines until the 1947 or 1948 crop is garnered. Then the world will be back to "normal," as it was after 1923.

But "normal" is not good enough. There will still be a lot of hunger slack to take up. Before Hitler turned the world into a horror land from 20 to 30 per cent of the people even in North America and western Europe suffered from malnutrition. In central and eastern Europe there was a widespread lack of the common staple foods. One-half of the human race teems in Asia and hunger chronically gnaws at the vitals of 75 per cent of them. Two-thirds of the human race are undernourished. Hundreds of millions are never free from the pangs of hunger.

It isn't a question of starting them off on grapefruit juice and finishing them up on apple pie a la mode. With the vast majority of men, women and big and little children it's a case of providing them with enough calories, minerals and vitamins to meet the naked needs of their physical bodies.

Freedom from Want, to which Roosevelt added, Anywhere in the World, is one of the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter. That charter was not a contractual obligation. It was a statement of principles. At the Hot Springs Conference, in 1943, where the representatives of 44 nations met, the first step was taken to make Freedom from Want a contractual obligation. A provisional body was set up, and named the Food and Agriculture Organization, FAO for short, with a slate of committees to work out a program of action. The committees met in September, 1944, to co-ordinate and consolidate their plans. In October last a plenary conference met in Quebec. There a lot of finalizing was done. The movement passed from the provisional to the permanent stage, with a membership embracing 38 nations (Russia still holds out) and an approved and adopted line of action. Sir John

Boyd Orr, 66-year-old, rugged-faced Scotsman, the most famous nutritionist in the world, is the head of it. Headquarters will be at Washington until the United Nations Organization acquires a permanent home. Then FAO will move in with it.

This institution, be it remembered, is not commercial. It will not buy, transport, sell or give away a single calorie or vitamin. It is a fact finding and advisory body though it will on occasion, no doubt, do a little persuading and prodding of recalcitrant or lethargic governments. But it has an ambitious program. It will investigate the current nutrition standards in different parts of the world, discover what is lacking and prescribe the methods by which deficiencies can be supplied. It will assess the actual and potential output of agriculture in food deficit areas and determine the proportion that domestic production does or could supply to the local demand. It will do the same for food exporting areas and propose means by which they shall fit food production to the needs of deficit areas. The scheme would appear to call for considerable planning of agricultural production.

A similar plan is projected for that other great food producing industry, fishing. There is even a committee on forestry. Over all there are vast proposals for the scientific study of marketing in all its aspects. This is the briefest epitome of the 100 or more typewritten pages which constitute the program of activity adopted at the conference in Quebec.

Fact finding will be the easiest part of the work. Situations can be investigated and the facts tabulated. The diet of the Yugoslavian peasant, the Cockney cab driver, the Sicilian carter, the Chinese coolie, the Mexican peon, yes and of the Pittsburgh steel worker and the Winnipeg street cleaner, can be all scientifically assessed and the necessary supplements worked out and recommended. The science of fact finding is one of the most advanced in the world.

Education will be a more difficult matter. It means changing the food habits of people. It's no trick at all to get a hungry man to eat enough. But to get masses of people educated to eating a scientifically balanced diet, with the proper amounts of vitamins, from A

Representatives of farm organizations of six nations attending the F.A.O. Conference at Quebec.

Seated, left to right: A. Hoegsbro-Holm, Denmark; Gardner Jackson, United States; H. H. Hannam, Canada; Albert Goss, U.S.; P. Negrier, France; James Turner, England. Standing: C. G. Groff, Canada; W. A. Macleod, Canada; Homer Brinkley, U.S.; Romeo Martin, Canada; J. R. Ascoli, Canada; James L. Patton, U.S.; R. G. Gibson, Australia; Edward O'Neill, U.S.; W. J. Parker, Canada; Georges Misse, France; Jaques Negrier, France.

through B complex to Z, will take quite some time. The other morning I had to leave a couple of overlooked shirts with the family laundryman. He is an intelligent Chinaman, who has been doing the family wash for 15 years, and may have been in this country twice that long for all I know. He can talk about the problems of the Far East

and knows what is going on here in the Near West. That morning I caught him eating breakfast. Was he eating grapefruit and corn crispies, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and coffee? He was not. He was eating rice with chopsticks and as far as I could see that was all he was eating. And it wasn't due to financial impecuniosity either, judging by the size of our laundry bills. I figure that at least five times as much of my salary goes to him for doing the family wash as gets back to the prairie farmer for wheat.

IT is not easy to change the food habits of people. FAO will have a long term job on its hands in educating the depressed classes or getting their own governments to educate them, on what a nutritive diet means. That is assuming that they will have the buying power necessary to provide it.

If and as dietary standards improve, the demand for food will increase. Let it increase! Give the farmers a decent and stable price for their products and they will come across with the tonnage. There need be no fear on that score for many a decade to come. After this war-dislocation of agriculture is adjusted, and UNRRA has finished its work and folded up, there will be more danger of surpluses with prices lying on the floor than of shortages with prices bumping the ceiling.

It becomes, then, a question of distribution. By-passing all the details and running the risk of over simplification, the biggest fact that emerges is the movement of surpluses to deficit areas. Where that movement crosses international boundary lines a whole flock of major problems raise discordant voices for solution. When they are sorted out you will find that they are all singing in diverse tones to one clear harp. That harp is finance.

And that's where the two trails which started at Hot
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"Don't hit that dog," Hill said so quietly that Mayran could scarcely hear him.

A love story with a Christmas time setting

Better Luck Next Time

By W. T. PERSON

He went out then. A moment later the gate clicked shut, and in the cold, metallic sound of it there was a finality . . . the end of a beginning.

Mayran . . . whose name was really Mary Ann . . . stood where Hill had left her. She was trembling. Over and over, the cheap words, "Better luck next time," tramped across her brain, and she leaned on her anger to keep from crying.

The hound still trailed in Bitter Creek bottom, and his long-drawn cries echoed back from the rimming sedge hills.

Mrs. Winslow, tall and brown-eyed, like Mayran, came across the hall from her room. "Hill left early," she said. "You kids have quarrelled again." She took the rocker by the hearth. "Why didn't you wait a week, till after Christmas, anyway?"

"I gave him back his ring," Mayran told her. "I'm sure now."

Mrs. Winslow rocked slowly, and the rocker creaked a little. "If you're sure, it's well you returned the ring. I've never thought it was in the future for a Winslow and a Hammond to marry. Someone else will come along . . . perhaps John Lane, now that you're free. You're just twenty, Mayran; your heart will heal fast."

"My heart isn't broken," Mayran told her almost angrily. "This is the 1940's. Broken hearts went out with the bustle."

Mrs. Winslow laughed slowly at the lowering fire. "I keep forgetting that! You're an old-fogey mother!" And, to change the deli-

cate subject: "I wonder how Hill's doing with his dog-training business. Has he said?"

"Some of the Carlton Gun Club members, at East Junction are sending him dogs," Mayran told her. "He's working up a following."

"I still can't imagine Hill Hammond a dog-trainer," Mrs. Winslow mused. "Bird dogs are sensitive. A man must be tender-hearted and kind to handle them well. Some say that Hill is too much like Tom Hammond to . . ."

"Let's go to bed," Mayran said wearily, for this was the crux of the matter. "Let's not talk of Hill any more."

Their houses faced each other across Bitter Creek, which for three generations had been called Bitter Creek because of the bad feeling between the families occupying those houses. The Hammonds and the Winslows.

When Hill and Mayran were young-uns the wiseacres had shaken their heads and made predictions: Surely those two would pair off when the time came. Two lively, freckled, high-spirited kids, each a thoroughbred to the bone . . . how could they help being drawn to each other? Old Miss Tilly Cass, who lived on Slocum's Ridge, went so far as to read it in her tea leaves one June day.

At fifteen, Mayran was slim, with deep-chestnut hair and quiet, level grey eyes. Hill was seventeen then, a lank, big-footed, calm redhead with a gift for silence unless he had something to say. His temper was

quick, but he had few fights. Oh, once he knocked Sam Welch down for putting high-life on old man Tobe Martin's hound; and another time, he sent Harry Stell spinning into Mrs. Puffley's nasturtium bed, because Harry was trying a little too hard to collect a forfeit from Mayran in the old party game of "heavy-heavy-hangs-over-your-head." The forfeit was a kiss. Even then, the Hammond look was in Hill's eyes . . . but the boy had been motherless since the age of ten, and maybe that had something to do with it.

As Hill and Mayran had grown up, the old feeling that had rankled between the Winslows and the Hammonds had grown with them. Little misunderstandings were magnified; careless words took on unintended meanings; a joke carried a hidden thrust. Each was more sensitive with the other than with anyone else. Those who had predicted began to have doubts.

Hill went away to school first, to State A. and M., to learn how to handle the 1,000-acre farm, which the depression had left mortgaged. In her time, Mayran went to State Normal, at East Junction for teacher training. Tom Hammond passed away during Hill's senior year at A. and M., and Hill returned to the big, empty house.

At the end of her second year at Normal, Mayran's father died. She applied for the Bitter School and was elected. Both were back home now, both with grown-up responsibilities, both with grief to bear. They were drawn together again. By fall, they had become engaged.

Hill looked more and more like Tom Hammond now, and people said he had the makings of a hard man. They pointed to the firm set of his mouth, which seldom laughed. They said he

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HILL HAMMOND stood near the door, without speaking, looking down at the ring in the palm of his big hand. A bauble now, empty of meaning save for the past. And Mayran, her finger cold where the ring had been, waited for him to speak.

In the fireplace behind her, seasoned oak blazed merrily. Somewhere down along Bitter Creek a hound trailed endlessly. These sounds stretched the silence as taut as a fiddle string.

Hill look up at last, smiled twistedly . . . but there was no mirth in it. His eyes were a hard blue . . . Hammond eyes . . . and Mayran saw that if there was any hurt in them it was too deep to show.

"Better luck next time," Hill said, making it sound light. He dropped the ring into his pocket, carelessly. "Good night."

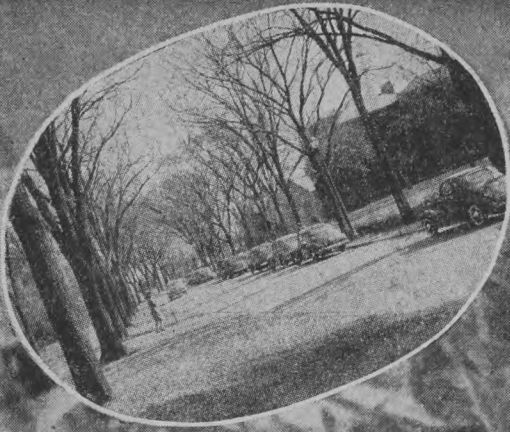
"Better luck for whom?" Mayran asked quickly, angered by the easiness of the words.

"For us both. And if you ever want this ring back, you'll have to ask me for it."

"Do you think I would?"

"No. But you took it off, and you'll be the one to put it back on."





SCHOOLING FOR FARMERS

By H. S. FRY

Above: A view of University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.—Guide photo.

Above: A view of the campus at Crookston, Minn.—Guide photo.

"KNOWLEDGE," said James Madison, fourth President of the United States, "will forever govern ignorance; and a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives."

Agriculture is the most important primary industry in this country. It is also the basis for many other industries, such as the packing-house, milling, canning, fertilizer, farm implement and other industries. Agriculture, too, calls for a wide variety of skills and knowledge, yet it is very true that there is much more knowledge available about farm problems and practices than is generally known or practised among those who farm.

"Current practices on many farms," states a report to the Advisory Committee on Education of the United States Government, "are years behind the best thought and knowledge in the field." This is equally true of Canada. The same report says: "Many of the problems which aggravate the ills of the agricultural industry can be alleviated or cured by education. Failure to use the land intelligently, to reduce tenantry, to adjust production to market demands, to increase labor income and to improve health and housing, can be corrected, to some extent at least, by the proper kind of education."

If this is true, as it undoubtedly is, what does it mean to Canada, to the agricultural industry as a whole, and to the 325,000 farm homes in western Canada in particular. I intend to present evidence in this article to show that not enough people have thought seriously about this question up to the present, and that it is high time we begin to do so.

This article is about education for farming, and not too much is known about it by anybody. Nevertheless, there are some things that are true. One is, that it is the inalienable right of every free-born child in this democratic country to receive a public and a high school education. Anything less is a curtailment of his or her opportunities. Second is the fact that education for farming is more imperative now than ever and requires a very special type of vocational education, because of the unusual nature and the wide variety of farm work. Third is the fact that while education in Canada is the responsibility of provincial governments, and while governments cannot, as a rule, allow their thinking to get too far ahead of the people who elect them, nearly all parents who have been denied a full educational opportunity are anxious that their sons and daughters should receive a better education than they had.

Just how well educated are the farm folk in the prairie provinces, for example? The only way of telling is by an examination of the census figures. Suppose we take the 264,152 "farmers and stockraisers" who were operating their own farms in 1941, either as owners or tenants. Of these, 205,070 failed to get beyond grade eight, and more than 50,000 never got beyond grade four. Less than one in 57 got beyond high school, and less than one in four prairie farmers had any high school education whatever.

The farmer is an owner and manager of a business. How does his education compare with the owners and managers of other businesses? Well, owners and managers of all other types of businesses, including professional and clerical persons, numbered 83,923 in the

prairie provinces. Of these, 39,506 had high school education and a further 20,748 had at least some education at a higher level. Take, also, the retail merchants of the prairie provinces, of whom there were nearly 21,000. About 11,000 of these had a high school education or better. There were about 3,700 managers of hotels, restaurants and laundries, and of these at least a third had a high school education or better. Manufacturers numbered about 3,400, and more than 2,100 managed high school or better.

But perhaps you will say that these prairie farmers are the old fellows who didn't have a chance. What about the younger folk, say from 15 to 24 years of age? How are they faring in the three prairie provinces? It may surprise you to know that in 1941, there were 374,385 of them, including those in unincorporated towns and villages, who are classed by the census figures as rural persons. Of these, as many as 233,451 were not attending school; and of these again, 102,917 were from 15 to 19 years of age. Perhaps, however these 233,000 young men and women had completed their high school education. The figures show that 151,806 of them didn't get beyond grade eight, and that nearly 13,000 had only four years of schooling or less.

WE don't need to feel particularly ashamed of this situation, although if we were to get a little angry about it it might help. A short time ago, as mentioned elsewhere in this issue (see page 18), I visited six of the states lying close to the Manitoba border, including Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota, especially for the purpose of examining as well as I could in a short time, the system of agricultural education in vogue in these states. I was accompanying two representatives of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture and the University of Saskatchewan, who had been commissioned to examine into these matters. I was particularly anxious to visit the State of Minnesota, and to learn what I could of the Schools of Agriculture established in the state, which were not only similar in purpose to those existing in the Province of Alberta since 1913, but were represented to me as being the best of their kind in all the 48 states.

These were excellent schools, and we were freely given all the information we asked for, which was plenty. We visited three of the four schools in the state, the oldest of which is the central school at St. Paul, established in 1888 and which has been attended by more than 20,000 students, of whom 4,289 were graduated, and 80 per cent or more of these returned to the farms of the state. Until the war stripped Minnesota farms of their young men, students were not accepted at the University Farm School under 17 years of age. During the war the minimum age was established at 15 years, raised last year to 16, and will be brought up to 17 as soon as possible. Attendance at this school got as high as 898, thirty years ago. Up to 20 years ago it was maintained at over 700. Just prior to the war the attendance was running between 300 and 400.

We also visited two branch schools, at Crookston (established in 1906), and at Morris (1910). A fourth school is located at Rapid City, established in 1926. This school is not co-educational, and has a maximum accommodation for 100 boys. Both schools visited are

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An account of Minnesota's Schools of Agriculture and their application to the educational problems of prairie agriculture

THE Country GUIDE

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THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM AND HOME.
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The Season's Greetings

The Country Guide wishes all its readers everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Six successive Christmas seasons have been passed under the cloud of the most devastating war of all time. It seemed like mockery to speak of Peace on Earth while the great nations of the world were locked in mortal conflict, or of Good Will Toward Men while the rage and passion of battle possessed the breasts of countless millions. But it was not mockery. The tumult and the shouting has died; the scream of shells and the crash of exploding bombs have ceased, but Peace and Goodwill are principles and principles are eternal. They are the great goal toward which humanity keeps ever moving, though sometimes with unsteady step.

Now peace has returned. Again the mid-winter festive season can be celebrated with the sun of peace shining undimmed in the winter sky. In thousands of Canadian homes it will be a season of glad reunion for families which for years have been separated at Yuletide. To them no greater happiness can come than to sit down together again at the festive board, the poignancies of the long absence forgotten. For them indeed it will be a Merry Christmas.

In many homes there will be a vacant chair, in some more than one, for war always claims its sacrifices. Of those who are missed it can be said, "they shall not grow old as we that are left grow old." There remains the memory, ever green, of those who "laid the world away, poured out the red sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be." And to those who mourn must come, as a great man said, "the quiet joy that must ever be yours at having laid so great a sacrifice on the altar of freedom."

By every one, this first peacetime Christmas season after the great conflict can be reverently and joyfully celebrated: Reverently, with thankfulness to Almighty God that the cause of Right and Truth, with His help, prevailed; joyfully that again Peace has settled on the earth and Good Will Toward Men may again prevail. It is with such feelings of reverence and joyfulness that the staff of The Country Guide wishes all its readers everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Obstacles to World Trade

Britain's announcement of an "austerity" program, with all it implies, is the coldest douse yet administered to the great movement among the nations for co-operation in reconstructing the war-shattered fabric of international trade. Instead of getting behind the Bretton Woods Agreements, which look to restored and expanding world trade as the only sound basis of post-

war recovery, Britain is apparently embarking on a policy savoring of economic nationalism. Instead of supporting the world policy of stable currencies and exchange she is prolonging or perpetuating the division of the world into the sterling and dollar areas. It is in direct opposition to the course British policy was expected to take.

Canada is among the first to feel the impact of this policy. The cancellation of war contracts was to be expected: Even the refusal to accept and pay for war goods already manufactured under contract can be excused on the ground that no country in Britain's position can afford to pay for dead horses—though somebody always has to pay for them. But the virtual embargo against many Canadian products, by the device of refusing import licenses, not only in Britain but also in other sterling bloc countries including Australia and India, is a body blow at Canadian trade.

Canadian agriculture will not be affected immediately by the so called "austerity" policy. For the future, however, the implications are ominous. British agricultural production will be kept above the economical maximum as part of the defense program. It cannot continue to supply 80 per cent of the domestic needs once rationing is discontinued, but imports will be kept to the minimum. This country would not get its share of the minimum if, for example, Canadian manufacturers of farm machinery were forced to open up branch factories in Britain to supply the Argentine, Australian and New Zealand markets, because the result would be to encourage importations of farm products from those countries to pay for the machinery.

More serious would be the continuance of the sterling bloc. Canada, by reason of her immense financial and trade relations with the United States must remain nominally at least within the dollar area. Immediately the spectre of adverse exchange looms up. The datum point where the prices for most Canadian farm products are set is the British market. A depreciated pound sterling in terms of dollars means reduced income for practically every farmer in Canada. Furthermore, with rigid control over imports by the Ministry of Food, the tendency would be to favor the countries within the sterling area. There might even be a temptation to play off one country against another in the matter of price. Either way you look at it the outlook for Canadian agriculture is not brightened.

Canada has been pretty generous in helping Britain in a practical way. In the fiscal years 1942-43 this country made her an outright gift of a billion dollars with no strings attached. In the two following years we gave over \$1,700 million in Mutual Aid, the bulk of it to Britain. Further advances have been made in this fiscal year. Canada now stands ready to advance a credit of another \$500 million which, taking population and wealth into consideration is equivalent to a loan by the United States of between six and seven billions. This Dominion, which was in the war from the drop of the hat and has assumed her full share of sacrifice does not feel that she merits such harsh and rough treatment.

Altogether the outlook at the moment is not reassuring. Britain is in a desperate position. She must import food and raw materials and is hard put to it to find the necessary dollars. She feels that she is acting out of compelling necessity. No doubt she is also feeling the nerve strain of six years of war. But this may be a passing phase. The scene shifts rapidly. The pattern for the immediate postwar period is being pieced together and what outline it will eventually take cannot be predicted. At the same time it might as well be realized that the hour is critical and that much for good or ill depends on decisions which cannot be much longer deferred.

No Narrow Nationalism

The federal government is now in a strong position to resist the lobbyists, pleading with tears in their eyes for more tariff protection. The

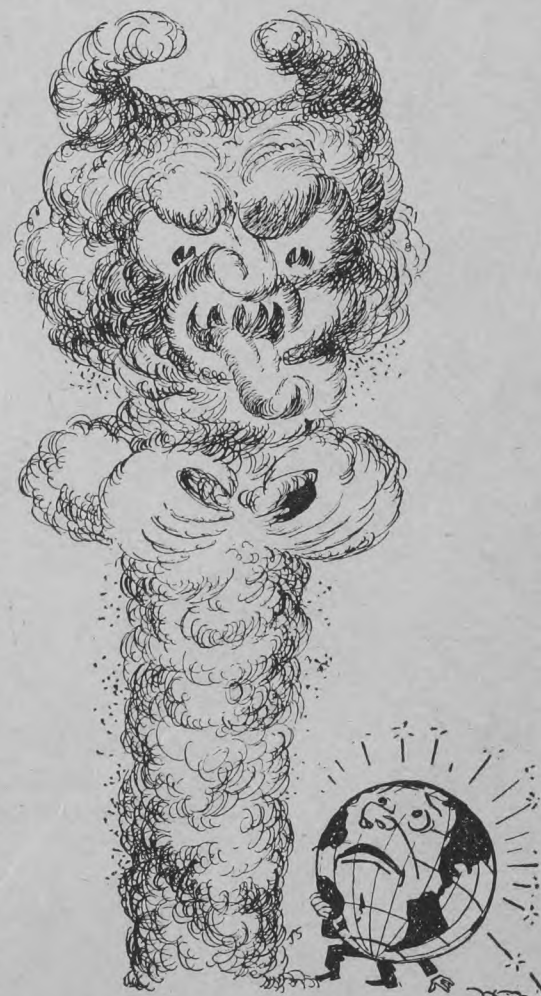
roar of protest which went up from sea to sea over the steel tubing and diesel engine cases can be used effectively against them. They can be told that no government would dare to stem such a torrent of disapproval. In a sense, therefore, it was fortunate that the cases arose. They revealed that public sentiment in this country is overwhelmingly against narrow nationalism in the postwar world.

The government, perhaps not unwillingly, bent to the storm and put the items mentioned in the budget back where they were. But diesel marine engines had not been mentioned in the budget. Up to last August they were on the free list. Then by a ruling of the Department of National Revenue a duty of 12½ per cent was imposed on diesel engines coming in from the United States. Out of the confused and confusing welter of reports about the only clear fact which emerges is that the duty remained on the engines after the articles mentioned in the budget had been restored to their former categories.

It is stated that the duty was imposed as a result of an appeal to the Tariff Board by the manufacturers of diesel engines. Just how active is this board? It was supposed to have entered a state of suspended animation shortly after the outbreak of the war. At least some of its officials were allotted to other and more pressing duties connected with the war. Was it called together temporarily to consider the diesel case and if so when? The news that the Tariff Board had heard the appeal came out after some Canadian newspapers had made a strong appeal for the revival of the board.

The board should be reconstituted, but on its original basis. In 1926 the Mackenzie King government of the day established the Advisory Board on Tariff and Taxation. This was continued until 1930, when it was dissolved by the Bennett government. In 1931 a new board, called the Federal Tariff Board was set up as a fact finding body and this continued active until the outbreak of the war.

There seems to be a great difference between these two boards. Many Guide readers will remember how much the original board was in the news. Its hearings were published and its sittings were followed as closely, perhaps more closely, than the debates on the tariff on the



Can the atomic monster be controlled?

floor of the house itself. The work of R. J. Deachman, in pleading the cause of the Canadian consumer before the board was outstanding.

With the new board, if it can be called new after an existence of 14 years, the situation seems to be different. If the deisel engine case was brought before it, why didn't the public know about it? Was the tariff on pipes and tubes, which started such a furore, brought before the board, and if not why not? Either the board has not been kept active enough, or there is too much secrecy about it or the Canadian news services have done a mighty poor job of keeping the public informed about it.

What is needed is a board which functions the way the Tariff Advisory Board of 1926 functioned. Its hearings, all of them, should be wide open. If a concern thinks it has a case for a change in the tariff let it present its case in public. There are instances in which a manufacturer might have a legitimate case. The time might come when a product passes from one category to the other. Here would be a case in which a manufacturer should have a board to appeal to rather than have the matter settled by wire pulling and log rolling behind a curtain. And the hearings should be held in the full light of publicity, so that the public, which pays the shot, would know the facts.

Cartels On The Carpet

The McGregor Report on Cartels has been tabled at Ottawa and printed copies are now available from the King's Printer for 25 cents. It shows the amazing extent to which international cartels have spread their ramifications through the fabric of Canadian industry. Commercial fertilizers, dyestuffs, electric lamps, radio tubes, matches, steel rails, pipes and tubes, the base metals, copper, lead, zinc, nickel and aluminum, and many other commodities are or have been subject to secret control in one way and another by international organizations. Markets have been restricted, competition stifled, quality depreciated, prices maintained and government trade policies thwarted. The McGregor Report substantiates for Canada what the Kilgore Report, published last year, did for the U.S.A.

From the conclusions and recommendations of the McGregor Report the following extracts are especially significant: "The reservation of the domestic market to particular producers may be as effective as prohibitory tariffs in barring imports. The allocation of import or export quotas by cartel agreement subjects foreign trade to quantitative limitation although such control may run counter to public policy. Ways must be found to prevent private business organized as cartels from supplanting government in the establishment of such commercial policies . . ."

"It is recommended that steps be taken to build up an effective organization under the Combines Investigation Act to maintain a much more comprehensive scrutiny of restrictive practices and developments than has heretofore been attempted . . ."

"It is recommended that the government of Canada give its support to the establishment of an international office to deal with cartels, in connection with the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations."

Now that the crying need is for a revival of world trade the time is opportune to put a crimp in these great international conspiracies. Some may object to the term conspiracies and point out that the activities of cartels are not all subversive. That may be so in some cases but one thing is certain, any good that comes from them is purely coincidental. Rationalization of trade between countries is the responsibility of the governments of the countries concerned. It is not the responsibility of monopolists and profiteers, working under cover, and whose spiritual home was Nazi Germany, in which the nerve centre of the world cartel system was located. The government may rest assured that the country is waiting to see what it is going to do about the McGregor Report and its recommendations.

Under the PEACE TOWER

SOME think that the smartest move John Bracken has yet made since he moved into parliament this fall as Leader of the Opposition has been his creation of a Shadow Cabinet. Basically, it is designed to divide responsibility. It is founded on the dictum that ten heads are better than one. It is also surest antidote to a One Man Government.

Give Leader Bracken credit; he never did think he knew everything. He's been picking brains all his life, and he doesn't propose to stop now. Even his worst enemy never claimed that John Bracken thought he knew it all. The downfall of Hon. R. B. Bennett was his insistence on running the whole show himself. Bennetti, they called him, behind his back, having in mind another dictator who was going strong at the time. Far from trying to be a dictator, Mr. Bracken has only been too glad to surround himself with a coterie of hand-picked Brain Trusters. Man for man, they are probably the smartest people to guide the party fortunes since Borden's day.

Never let it be forgotten either, that when the Shadow Cabinet moved in, Bay Street moved out. The Toronto Bourbons, running the party by remote control from editorial eeries and exclusive clubs up in the Holy City, are washed up. Ottawa has regained control of the Progressive Conservative party.

PROBABLY the ablest man the Pro Cons have on their umbrageous council is John Diefenbaker, more Progressive than Conservative M.P. from Lake Centre. Lone survivor of the C.C.F. landslide in Saskatchewan, John Diefenbaker is a strong debater, a forceful personality, a hard-hitting politico. He was the only man on the Tory side who could scare the Liberals, in the last parliament, and he's tougher than ever this time. When he rises to his feet everybody but the Liberals know they are in for a treat. You might liken him to Paracutin, the up and coming baby volcano from Mexico. You recall that one day a peon plowing a field was dreaming away, when up in front of him sprang a little spout of earth, and then things began to happen. Same thing with John Diefenbaker. One moment, the Commons is drowsing through an afternoon. The M.P.'s are mentally tossing up whether it would be better to go and get their mail, or ride up to the cafeteria for a coffee. Then John rises, with his eye on the evening trans-Canada radio. Just as the volcano erupts, so does John Diefenbaker pile point after point. As a debater, the government rather wish he would go and settle in Tristan da Cunha. As a personality, nobody is more universally admired.

It goes without saying that he will look after provincial-federal affairs with a skill and an understanding. The most obscure problem is duck soup for him, while the stratospheric considerations of international jurisprudence he can take in stride. Quite a man, this John George.

IT is to his everlasting credit that James M. Macdonnell took to politics, just the other day. It was Canada's lucky day too, to get a man of that calibre into parliament. Former head of the National Trust Company, he was led down the garden path a bit at Fort Hope, but got those floreal fumes out of his head sufficiently to make a hard-boiled Bracknite. He tossed aside the chance to make himself a pot of money in law, and is now trying to do a job for his fellow citizens at Ottawa. Finance and taxes are his shadow portfolio. That he knows his way around is obvious. Few however, expected that his maiden speech would be so good. As budget opposition critic his effort was as scholarly as it was effective. Gone were the fumbling and bumbling speeches of yesterday. Jim Macdonnell, his Scottish soul writhing at what he considered needless expenditures, ripped into Hon. James Ilesley's budget with skill and force. It was the best of its kind from that side of the house since R. B. Bennett used to fry the grits alive, a decade and a half ago.

He planted in the minds of many Canadians, a good many wholesome doubts. No farmer could ask for a better friend, either, in the way Macdonnell went after government expenditure. What's more, the new fiscal expert won't leave it at that. Your dollar and mine is a lot safer than it was, a while back, now that Macdonnell, like Cerberus, the three-headed dog,

keeps eternal watch on the public purse.

For commonwealth and foreign affairs, John Bracken picked the genial and unusually competent Gordon Graydon. To me, he is the real country philosopher. The smiling Peel County M.P. has got real horse sense. He gets behind a cigar, emits a puff or two, and then has the whole thing figured out. I have always believed that Gordon Graydon was smart because he never lost the barnyard touch. He knows farmers, can think like them, has their down-to-earth realism.

I have watched Gordon Graydon all the way from pink teas to the San Francisco conference. He's always got things fenced in. He wasn't long at the Golden Gate before he had everything sized up. Rightly, too. Now he's off to London, and the Pro Cons couldn't have picked a better man. Of considerable importance to the west is that he knows it well.

Arthur Smith, new M.P. for Calgary West, has been a name to conjure with for a long time. Art was chief speaker at the U.G.G. annual dinner in Calgary three years ago. He was a co-nominator of John Bracken with Gordon Graydon. He's been a lawyer for the coal miners in Alberta for 20 years. He was Lord High Executioner at Beauharnois back in 1932. A plausible, persuasive speaker, he can put earnestness and sincerity into anything he says, and makes you feel that he is uttering the exact words you would use, if you were saying it yourself.

As a man interested in labor, but not controlled by it, he offers a sane, balanced viewpoint, which should enable him to steer a straight course with maximum benefits to both employer and employee.

COL. James Arthur Ross, recently given his second straight mandate from the people of Souris, is a blunt-spoken, bluff, western farmer, who makes his influence felt at Ottawa. He teams up with Mark Senn, Haldimand, Ontario (and now veteran M.P. for his party at Ottawa) to see that the farmers get a better deal, if possible. At least, the viewpoint of the prairie farmer is boldly expressed when Art Ross jumps to his feet.

Howard Green, Vancouver South Pro Con, polled the highest majority of any of his party in the last campaign. As man looking after National Defense, a stronger personality, a more ardent advocate could not be chosen. Candidate for Conservative leadership in 1942, Howard Green is another hard puncher from the Conservative side, he and John Diefenbaker landing most of the blows aimed by the Opposition in the last parliament. Possessed of a great deal of knowledge about army, air force and navy affairs, with a patriotism that knows no limits, with a desire to serve that far transcends ordinary political responsibility, the man has almost an ingrown conscience when it comes to attacking real or fancied iniquities on the Grits' side.

There are other specialists, handling veterans' affairs, social security, housing, natural resources, business, and unemployment. These are mainly in the hands of easterners. But they are just as able, and equally as apt, in their field, as the West-of-the-Lakes members are. Any one of these ten is an expert in his own line. So, if the strength of a government paradoxically enough, lies in the strength of the opposition, we can truthfully record that we are going to have a good government this parliament—AND, a good opposition.



Alberta Seed Growers

THE inevitability of gradualness has characterized the development of the Alberta Seed Growers' Association. When delegates met at Camrose on November 7 for the fourth annual meeting since re-organization early in 1941, they received copies of the first complete report of operations ever placed in the hands of each association member. Manager C. T. Walker reported rough forage crop seed deliveries during the 1944-45 crop year totalling 4,026,475 pounds; peas, 520,184 pounds; cereals, 184,345 bushels; and 76,921 pounds of cereal screenings, having a combined sales value of \$693,724.93. The president, Howard P. Wright, Calgary, reported a difficult but successful year on behalf of the board of directors. Seed volume was up 50 per cent, and with three million pounds of rough seed in the plant, a building program slated for completion by October 15 dragged on until March, owing to war conditions and labor shortages.

The Camrose plant purchased from the provincial government in May, 1944, is now supplemented by two warehouses, one 50x126 feet and the other 42x54 feet. The association also operated a small plant at Coronation throughout the year, and owned warehouses at Brooks and Warburg. An affiliated association in the Falher area (Peace River district) owns warehouses at Donnelly, Falher, Girouxville, Tangle and Eaglesham; another affiliate owns a warehouse at Westlock; and seed from



C. T. Walker

associations at Cherhill and Sangudo is processed at the Camrose plant.

Expressed in terms of the poundage of clean seed for which settlements were made during the year, Sweet Clover (753,070 pounds), brome grass (700,584), alfalfa (640,256 pounds), alfaswede (217,022 pounds), and alsike (163,827 pounds), were the most important seeds handled. Others included crested wheat grass, timothy, creeping red fescue,

NEWS of AGRICULTURE



Manitoba's junior judging teams at Toronto won firsts in swine, poultry and grain, and tied with Saskatchewan for third in beef cattle. Here are the eight Manitoba contestants: Front row (left to right) Ann Madsen and Jean Murray, Magnet Poultry Club. Second row, Lloyd Hazelwood, Hamiota Swine Club, Elmer Ryan and Lawrence Williams, Foxwarren Seed Club. Back row, Lloyd Lovie, Holland Beef Club, Rodney Lewis, Hamiota Swine Club, and Don Sanderson, Holland Beef Club.

western rye grass, white Dutch clover and mixture (197,704 pounds).

Net settlement to growers for all seeds after a deduction of five per cent capital reserve from members only, and handling charges of 2½ cents on rough weight (1½ cents excluding freight charges), or 1¼ or 1½ cents on clean weight, amounted to \$546,934.85. The average prices received by the Association for the principal seed sold were sweet clover, 11.9 cents; brome 11.5 cents; alfalfa 31.1 cents, alfaswede 28.7 cents; and alsike 24.2 cents. Creeping red fescue, of which only 2,213 pounds were handled, averaged 67 cents per pound.

The balance sheet of the association, as at July 31, 1945, showed current assets, including cash, inventories and accounts, amounting to \$59,074.51; advances to other co-operatives, \$3,896.58; and capital assets after depreciation were \$69,177.25. Current liabilities totalled \$38,849.78; deferred and reserve accounts, \$8,528.62. Debenture indebtedness totaled \$48,000.00, leaving members' equity of \$37,493.62, of which \$4,957.55 was accumulated surplus, and \$32,536.07 consisted of grower's capital reserve fund. Surplus for the year ended July 31, amounted to \$1,471.23.

The Co-operative Union of Canada

THE Co-operative Union of Canada is away to a new start. At the national congress held in Winnipeg late in November it adopted a new constitution and became a national federation. It did more than that, for delegates were present from Newfoundland and the Union includes the Ancient Colony.

W. C. Good, B.A., farmer-economist, a former Progressive M.P., with a record of leadership reaching back to the Dominion Grange, the U.F.O., and the U.F. Co-operative Co., and for 24 years the president of the Co-operative Union, retired and was succeeded by Ralph Staples, nationally known through his work on the Farm Radio Forum. L. J. Bright, Bulleya, Sask., is vice-president. The national organizer is A. B. MacDonald, who rose to prominence in the Antigonish movement of Nova Scotia. Away back in March, 1937, The Country Guide published an article, Antigonish Lights a Beacon, which was the first full length description of that movement published in this territory.

The high light of the congress was the consideration of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Co-operatives. B. N. Arnason, deputy minister of Co-operation for Saskatchewan and a member of the Commission was present and presented a summary of the Report, which had not yet become available for distribution in printed form.

Mr. Arnason said that the kernel of

the Report was that an attempt was made to distinguish between those amounts which were paid out or credited to patrons' accounts and those amounts which were permanently the property of the co-operative. It followed that patronage dividends and similar amounts which were paid or credited to customers were not taxable. Secondly, the Commissioners held that the operations of a co-operative result in income either to the member (or customer) or to the co-operative. In view of the variety in practice and legal structure of co-operatives, no attempt was made to define what a co-operative is but, rather, an attempt was made to define what a co-operative does as contrasted with what an ordinary company does. Mr. Arnason pointed out that the legal structure of a co-operative might be that of a joint stock company, yet the co-operative organized in this manner differed from a company or corporation in that it tried to distribute its earnings among its customers in proportion to the use they made of the co-operative's services. Therefore, the main principle of the Royal Commission recommendations was that insofar as the co-operative or joint stock company or unincorporated business distributes or credits its earnings to its customers, it is given exemption from taxation of those earnings. It was felt by the Commissioners that to the extent that a co-operative distributes its surplus on a

patronage basis, it is exempt as a legal entity. No difference was made between members and non-members of co-operatives.

The Report stated that, whereas great hardships would result if their recommendations were to be made retroactive, the commissioners ventured the hope that since many of the co-operatives acted in good faith, they would not be called upon to pay taxes on patronage dividends actually or constructively paid to their members since the enactment of the income tax legislation.

The congress referred the Report to members for study and instructed the executive to keep in touch with any action which may be initiated by the Dominion government implementing the recommendations of the Commission, and especially to take all possible steps to ensure that there will be no retroactive assessment of co-operatives.

Relations With the C.F.A.

In his presidential address Mr. Good pointed out the differences in the fields covered by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture and the Co-operative Union of Canada. The C.F.A. has a specific job to do in the industry of farming, a job which has recently attained to enormous proportions and importance, as a result of the F.A.O. conference at Quebec. If it was to do the job it should do for the farmers and the undernourished people of the world it will have its hands full. It must concentrate on this job. On the other hand there are the co-operative interests of the fishermen on both coasts, the miners across Canada, the railroad men, the constantly growing number of city dwellers. Some organization which transcends occupational differences, must look after those activities. Such an organization is the Co-operative Union of Canada.

The membership of the C.F.A., which now constitutes the backbone of the Co-operative Union, should be intensely interested in extending co-operative activities among those in other industries. The C.F.A. cannot do this job; the Co-operative Union can. He invited the earnest and continuous support of the C.F.A. membership in the work of the Union. There was nothing objectionable in a dual or multiple membership said Mr. Good, no more than would be the case of a farmer who had membership in a church, a co-op. store and a breeders association.

For the first time since he became secretary in 1909, George Keen was absent from the Congress on account of ill-health, and his report had to be read by another. The foundations of an enduring wide movement are now being established, he said. Mr. Keen retired from the position he has held for over a third of a century and A. B. MacDonald has assumed his duties in addition to his position of national organizer.

National Club Contest Results

FOR the year 1945, there are 35,280 members of junior farm clubs in Canada.

Each year there is held a national judging contest for club members, preceded by provincial contests in most cases, from which teams representing beef cattle, dairy cattle, swine, poultry, grain and potato clubs are selected for entry in the national contest. This year the national contest was held in Toronto with actual judging conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, beginning Monday, November 19.

Western Canada carried off five of the six first places, Manitoba winning first place in the judging of swine, poultry and grain, and British Columbia carrying off highest honors for dairy cattle and potatoes. The only other province to win a first place was Ontario, which won in beef cattle.

Manitoba took only four teams east, and with the fourth team secured a tie in the beef cattle classes for third place, with a Saskatchewan team sharing the honor. Alberta secured two second places for beef cattle and grain, one third place for swine, while the dairy cattle team was seventh. The Saskatchewan teams, in addition to shared honors in the beef classes, secured third place for grain and two fourth places for dairy cattle and swine. British Columbia, in addition to the two first places mentioned, secured fourth place for poultry and sixth in the beef cattle class.

No western province entered more than four of the six classes. Indeed, Ontario was the only province to enter as many as five classes, out of which Ontario teams secured one first, two seconds, a third and a fourth place. Quebec entered in three classes, Nova Scotia in four, New Brunswick in two and Prince Edward Island in only one class.

Every province except Manitoba entered a team in the dairy cattle classes. Saskatchewan had no entries in the poultry and potato classes, and the same was true of Alberta, and British Columbia had no swine or grain teams at Toronto. In all there were three potato teams entered, four each for poultry and grain, six each for beef and swine, and eight teams in the dairy classes.

From Manitoba, first places were won by the Hamiota Swine Club (Lloyd Hazelwood, Hamiota and Rodney Lewis, Crandall); the Magnet Poultry Club (Ann Madsen and Jean Murray, Magnet); and the Foxwarren Grain Club (Elmer Ryan and Lawrence Williams, Foxwarren). The Holland Beef Calf Club (Lloyd Lovie and Don Sanderson, Holland), tied for third place with the Longlaketon Beef Calf Club from Saskatchewan (Barry Andrew and William Small, Craven). Other Saskatchewan placings included third place for the Speers Grain Club (Ben Dove and John Dove, Speers), and fourth place each for the Reigate-Frankland Swine Club (Gordon Godwin, McKague, and Bill Pacholok, Reigate) and the Saskatoon Dairy Calf Club (Gilbert Binnington and Jack A. Graham, Saskatoon). Second places for Alberta were won by the Bon Accord Grain Club (Stan Kowalski and Everett McCrimmon, Bon Accord) and the Wetaskiwin Beef Calf Club (Bert and David Shantz, Wetaskiwin). Third place for Alberta was secured by the Clover Bar-Fort Swine Club (Ronald Galloway, Fort Saskatchewan and Reggie Marler, Bremner). The Didsbury Dairy Calf Club (John Parker, Didsbury and Cloene Webb, Swallowell) secured seventh place. First places for British Columbia were secured by the Langley Dairy Calf Club (Gordon Berry, Langley Prairie and Ian Paton, Glen Valley) and by the Richmond Potato Club (Arthur and Joyce Maddocks, Eburne). The Surrey Poultry Club (Henry Hardbottle, Cloverdale, and Frederick McInnis, Sullivan) secured fourth place, and the Armstrong Beef Calf Club (Dick and Norman Marshall, Armstrong) were sixth.

The Saskatchewan Poultry Congress, scheduled for January 8-10, 1946, at the Saskatchewan Hotel, Regina, is talked of as the biggest poultry industry event ever held in western Canada. Everybody will be welcome.



AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

Since the twelfth century, and even earlier, in many countries, village carollers (recruited from the local church choir) have celebrated the Eve of Christmas by singing and playing carols. Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, in "Under the Greenwood Tree," has written the following description of this ancient Christmas custom: "Shortly after two o'clock, the singing boys arrived at the tranter's house, which was invariably the place of meeting, and preparations were made for the start. The older men and musicians wore thick coats, with stiff, perpendicular collars, and coloured handkerchiefs wound round and

round the neck . . . over which they just showed their ears and noses, like people looking over a wall. . . . The boys, in the meantime, put the old horn-lanterns in order, cut candles into short lengths to fit the lanterns; and a thin fleece of snow having fallen since the early part of the evening, those who had no leggings went to the stable and wound wisps of hay around their ankles to keep insidious flakes from the interior of their boots. The parish was of considerable acreage . . . hence several hours were consumed in playing and singing within hearing of every family, even if but a single carol were bestowed on each."

★ The Christmas Star of Peace hovers at long last above our world. ★ While it is true that for many millions of our fellow human beings the blessings of Peace are not yet being enjoyed, and many sore afflictions remain to be eased and perplexing problems to be solved: Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men remain the only tangible hope of mankind for a new and better world. ★ With thankful and grateful hearts let us all, as members of families, and as friends and neighbors, exchange the age-old salutation:

"A Happy Christmas and A Glad New Year"

*On behalf of the Board of Directors of
United Grain Growers Limited, I extend to all Farmers and their
families at this time of gladness and goodwill the Season's Greetings.*

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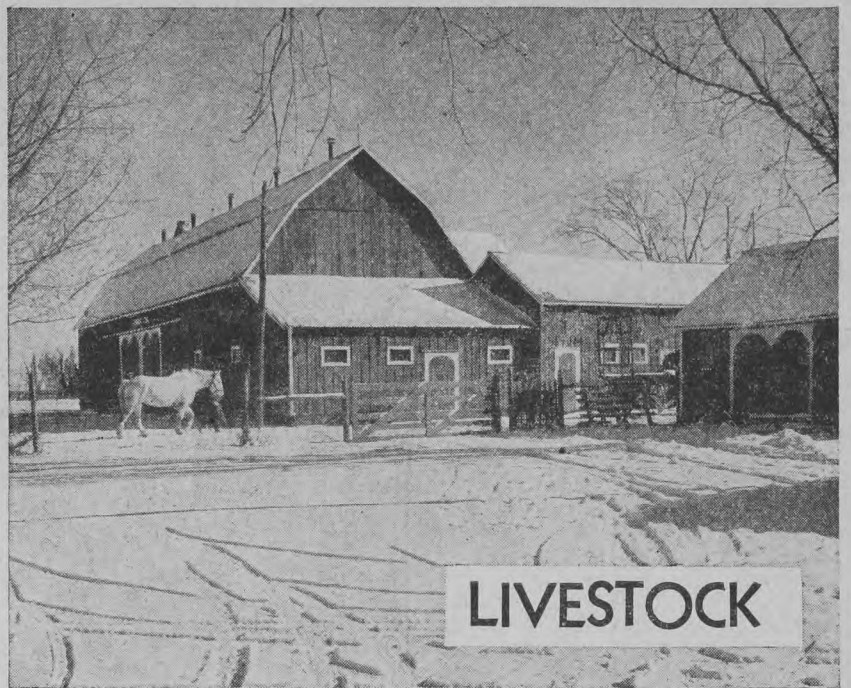
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LIVESTOCK

It looks like Christmas morning: It might very well be Christmas morning: Therefore it ought to be Christmas morning.—National Film Board photo.

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The Best Way To Dehorn

HORNS on cattle in the average farm herd serve no useful purpose. Rather, it has been estimated that the annual loss to the cattle industry in Canada from horns is well over a million dollars. The presence of horns not only makes it more difficult to handle cattle, but they are injurious to other cattle; and particularly during the shipment of market cattle to market, they are responsible for much injury to carcasses and a direct loss of numerous portions which must be cut out before the carcass can be marketed.

H. E. Wilson, Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alberta, recommends that the simplest, easiest, most humane and best way to dehorn, is to use caustic potash when the calves are about ten days old. At that age, he points out, the horns may be detected as small buttons loosely attached to the skull. By the use of caustic potash, which is easily obtainable in capsule form from almost any drugstore, it is easily possible to prevent the horn from growing. It is also necessary to have ready a pair of scissors, a small jar of vaseline, and a tumbler of water.

In practising dehorning by this method, the hair surrounding the young horn or button is first of all removed with the scissors, over an area two inches in diameter. Then, to prevent the

caustic from spreading to the surrounding skin, or perhaps running down into the eyes, a ring of vaseline is put on immediately surrounding the horn button. With heavy brown paper wrapped around the stick of caustic to prevent burning the fingers, the end of the caustic stick is dipped into the water to moisten it. With the calf made secure, the wet end of the stick of caustic is rubbed against the button, allowing a few minutes between rubbings. The rubbing is continued until the skin ruptures and begins to bleed slightly, which indicates that the button itself has been injured so that it will not develop further.

This method of horn removal, says Mr. Wilson, will stop horn growth with a degree of certainty if performed with care and not done too hurriedly. A good burning job is imperative if the button is to be destroyed so that no stubs or misshapen horns can be developed.

It is recommended that calves which have been treated with caustic potash be kept separated from other calves during treatment and for a few days afterwards. After the treatment, if properly given, a scab will form over the button, and a few days later drop off. At this time the wound should be smeared over with vaseline.

Test The Cows and Save Labor

CONSIDERING the very large volume of butter produced annually in the three prairie provinces and in British Columbia, and the large volume of milk produced for fluid consumption in towns and cities, as well as for the manufacture of cheese and concentrated milk, the number of cows that are under test by their owners is very, very small. During the last few years, labor has been extremely scarce and dairy farms have suffered more than almost any others because of the fact that dairying requires a large amount of hand labor. Nevertheless, saving labor in cow testing is often very poor economy.

It is for the very reason that dairying requires so much labor that cow testing becomes so important. Unless the dairyman knows fairly accurately the production of both milk and cream of his individual cows, he is in all probability wasting some or all of the labor required to care for them; and this waste cuts the owner's annual income. On the other hand, the annual average production of cows in the dairy herd can be increased substantially by first testing at least once each month the production of each individual cow, and then by culling out poor producers. It is probable that average production of dairy cows in the prairie provinces is not more than about 4,800 pounds, if it is as high as that. On the other hand, there are dairy herds on the prairies

with average production as high as 14,000 pounds or more of milk, and 500 pounds or more of fat. The difference is the difference between working for nothing and boarding one's self and working for a satisfactory wage.

For the most part, those who once put their herds under regular tests of production and butterfat generally stay with it, because they soon realize how much careful and regular testing will tell them about the individual cows in the herd. Only careful testing will lead the dairyman, without fail, to those cows which utilize large quantities of feed profitably, as well as to those which will not pay their way and must be disposed of.

Frozen Cream Goes Second Grade

NOW that the cold weather has arrived, special care will be necessary on the part of cream shippers, in order to avoid frozen cream.

Cream arriving at the creamery or other destination in a frozen condition will be placed in second grade, for the reason that it results in mealy butter. Where milk is used for cheese making, freezing separates the fat and makes coagulation difficult. The yield is lowered in cheese making and losses are increased in the churning of butter.

Another disadvantage of frozen cream is that butterfat tests on frozen cream and milk are very often inaccurate.

Horse Breeding By Artificial Insemination

By R. M. HOPPER, Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, Manitoba

AT the 1944 meeting of the Manitoba Horse Breeders' Association held in Brandon in October, the horse business, and particularly horse breeding, was fully discussed. It was shown that the horse population in Manitoba was then approximately 25,000 lower than the population in 1937, or an annual drop of about 3,500 head.

The Horse Breeders' Association at the meeting passed a resolution, which was presented to both the Provincial and Dominion Departments of Agriculture, urging that stallions of the Percheron and Clydesdale breeds respectively be provided and that a project of artificial insemination with horses be undertaken in 1945, and that the work be carried on at the Experimental Farm, Brandon. The resolution brought immediate response and co-operative action was promptly taken by the two departments to set up the necessary organization for such a project.

It was acknowledged at the outset that only very limited information was available. Artificial insemination is being carried on successfully and extensively at several points in Canada with cattle and there seemed no good reason why it would not prove successful with horses. A limited amount of horse breeding by artificial insemination had been carried on at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. A committee of seven, representing the horse breeders and the two departments of agriculture was named to plan the Manitoba project and to act in an advisory capacity in connection with its operation. After an extensive search, J. M. McCallum, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture purchased two stallions, one Percheron and one Clydesdale. Both have good breeding records and are proven sires, from the standpoint of their get. The Percheron is Glen Valley Wallace, an Ontario bred horse sired by Refiner, by Koncarcalyps. He is black and is eight years old. The Clydesdale stallion Muirton Sensation is a seven-year-old and was bred by James A. Johnstone, of Yellowgrass and was purchased from C. A. and John W. Stutt, Vandura, Saskatchewan. His sire is Muirton Tide and his dam Sunnydale Lady Lochinvar. Both stallions arrived in Brandon early in April.

Jack Findley, a second year student at the Ontario Veterinary College and a native of Arnprior, Ontario, was engaged as technician. Before coming to Brandon he spent some time with Dr. Deakin of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, to become familiar with the technique employed there and also to obtain the necessary equipment for carrying on the work.

The advisory committee met in April and drew up plans for the operation of the project during the first year. The area decided on, to be served by the technician, comprised approximately four thousand square miles, reaching as far north as the towns of Decker and Arden, and as far south as the towns of Baldur and Lauder. All mares to be inseminated were required to be nominated on special forms provided for the purpose. To permit a comparison being

made of artificial and natural breeding methods, the owner was required to supply on the nomination form a record showing the breeding regularity of the mare concerned during the past four years. The initial cost of insemination was set at two dollars per mare. For this fee a maximum of three inseminations were to be made if necessary, an additional fee of five dollars to become payable after the mare proves with foal. Owners of mares undertook to promptly notify the Experimental Farm by telephone or other means when a mare was noticed in heat, the technician to transport the semen and make the insemination on the owner's farm.

Provision was made whereby owners of mares living outside the territory to be served by the technician could have semen shipped to their local station, but the owner was required, in such cases, to arrange with the local veterinary surgeon or other qualified person to make the insemination. When pure-bred mares were to be inseminated and the colt to be registered, it is necessary that the technician doing the insemination be approved in advance by the Canadian National Live Stock Records Office, Ottawa.

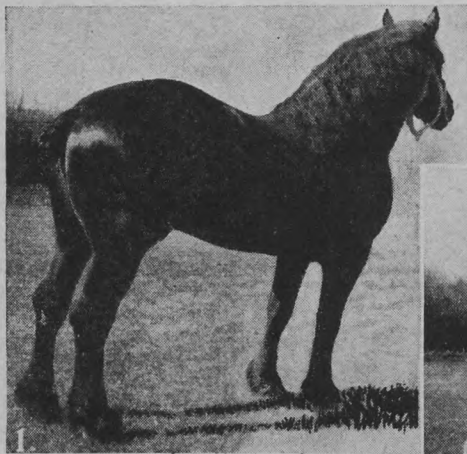
During the season 184 mares were nominated to be bred by artificial insemination, 107 of these for the Percheron stallion and 77 for the Clydesdale. Of the 107 for the Percheron, 66 were inseminated. Fifteen of these were inseminated twice and four of them three times. The remaining 41 mares either failed to come in heat or were not reported by their owners when in heat. Of the 77 mares nominated for the Clydesdale stallion, 63 were inseminated. Thirty were inseminated twice and fourteen were inseminated three times. Fourteen mares were not reported by their owners for insemination.

The operation of this project during the first year was largely experimental. The success of the undertaking will not be definitely known until information can be gathered early in the new year as to the number or percentage of mares that are with foal. No mechanical difficulties were encountered to interfere with the success of the plan. Provided the district is not too large, one technician with a car could inseminate 250 to 300 mares during the breeding season. Both stallions in use at Brandon worked satisfactorily under the artificial plan.

Complete records were kept of the breeding history and age of the mares inseminated, also detailed information with respect to their condition. Inseminations were made with different mares on the first day of heat and up to the eighth day. Semen varying in age from a few minutes to eight hours was used, and in amounts varying from ten to one hundred cubic centimeters. Semen was also used with and without a dilutor. Considerable experience and information was gained that will be helpful in carrying on the project in future.

This is the first artificial insemination project with horses in operation in Canada. As a means of efficient horse breeding at reduced costs, it looks promising. •

Below: Muirton Sensation.

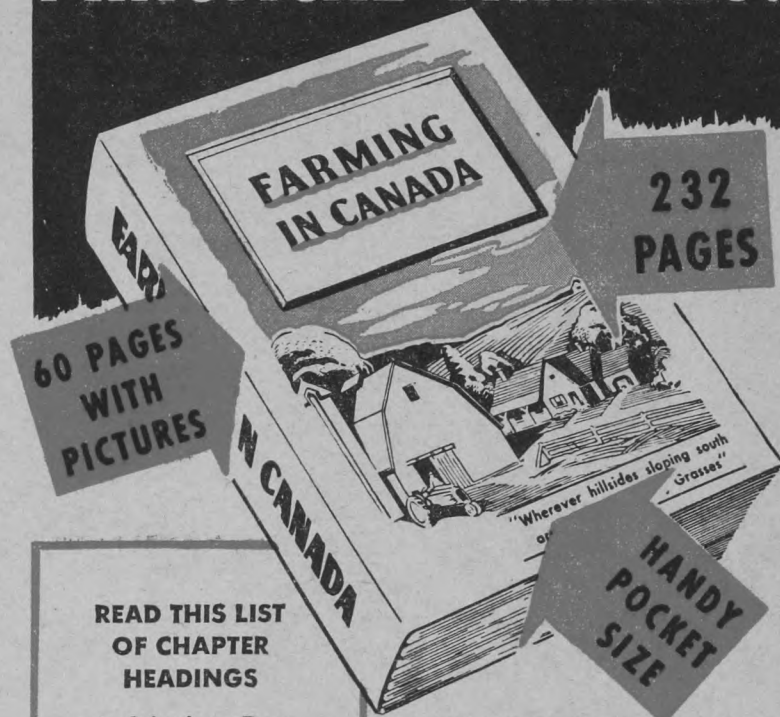


Above: Glen Valley Wallace.—Brandon Experimental Farm photos.



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FIELD

Peter Huizenga, Harrisburg, S.D., harvests his corn crop by hand.

[Guide photo]

Corn and the Corn Belt

Some observations from a 2,500-mile trip through seven dairy and corn belt states

DURING the latter part of October and the first few days in November, I was privileged to enjoy a memorable car trip in company with M. E. Hartnett, Director, Agricultural Representatives Branch, Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, and Professor E. E. Brockelbank of the Extension Department, University of Saskatchewan. Primarily, we were visiting some of the universities and state colleges of agriculture lying nearest to the Canadian border, for the purpose of studying their methods of organization, their schools of agriculture, where such existed, and their agricultural extension methods and organization.

Along with this primary duty, however, by keeping constantly on the go between institutions, we were able to cover a distance of more than 2,500 miles in seven States, from the time we left Winnipeg until our return. The States we were especially interested in visiting were Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and North Dakota, in the order of travel. Also, since our move from Iowa to Nebraska occurred over a week-end, we were able to travel through part of the rich corn belt state of Illinois. It occurred to me that readers of The Country Guide would appreciate a very condensed account of our impressions of these very diverse States and especially of that portion of the great corn belt area we were able to visit.

We were exceedingly fortunate as to weather, and so were the corn belt farmers. The season had been quite wet, and in all of the southeastern portion of Minnesota and everywhere we went through Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, nearly all of the corn was standing unpicked while farmers waited for the ears to be reduced in moisture content by the favorable weather, before the pickers were sent into the fields.

By the time we reached Nebraska and turned northward to South and North Dakota, picking was more generally in progress, both by the time-honored method of hand picking or "snapping" the ears off and throwing them into a wagon with the box built up high on the far side, and by the newer method of using a mechanical picker. Corn, we were told, should carry 18 per cent of moisture or less before being picked.

In southern Manitoba where corn or grain has been grown to a considerable extent for a number of years, kiln drying of corn is practised, but in the corn belt states, we understood that the weather is

normally favorable enough that only in exceptional years such as the present, would kiln drying be of substantial advantage. Consequently, corn is quite generally stored in special large cribs, often 25 or 30 feet square, with what appears to be an elevator top above and with sliding boards slanted outwards, with an open space between each two boards, so that air can circulate freely and dry the corn without allowing rain or snow to get in. We also saw many "rings" of corn stored in farmyards or in open fields. These more often are round bins of corn on the ear, eight to ten feet high, and eight to 16 feet in diameter, made simply of wire fencing.

As we proceeded south from the International border along the Red River Valley to Crookston, the wide, flat, valley land appeared rich and the farms prosperous. Little or no corn was in evidence here, but everywhere we went, the sugarbeet harvest was under way. At railway stations trucks were drawn up waiting for beets to be unloaded into railway cars. Yields, we understood, were running up to ten or eleven tons per acre; and the price

was \$12 per ton, from which was deducted the cost of 15 pounds of seed per acre, and the cost of topping at \$1.35 per ton. One truck driver told us that he was working for a man who had 320 acres of beets. They had been hauling beets to the station for five weeks and were about half done. He said the cost of raising beets was about \$60 per acre. Some German prisoners of war were in use in the area, and we noticed several methods of harvesting in vogue. Frequently we saw a mechanical digger and sometimes a separate loader which picks the beets off the ground and lifts them into the truck for hauling.

One of our strongest impressions of this area was the number of fine farmsteads all neatly painted in light colors, barn and house alike; and very often a tall, round-topped, attractive silo, sometimes built of staves, but quite frequently of tile. These silos sometimes carried an attractive design of lighter tile around the upper wall.

As we turned eastwards from Crookston toward Minneapolis and St. Paul, we began to see more corn, even on soil that appeared to be very light and sandy. Minnesota is known as the Gopher State, or the Land of 10,000 Lakes. It is the home of the well known Land - O - Lakes Creameries; and dairying, though not as well developed as in the outstanding dairy State, Wisconsin, is nevertheless a



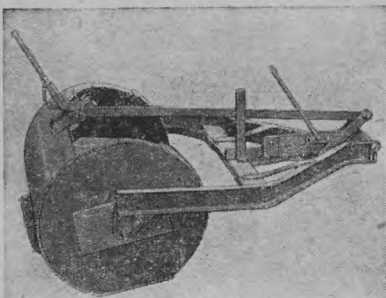
M. E. Hartnett (left) and E. E. Brockelbank.



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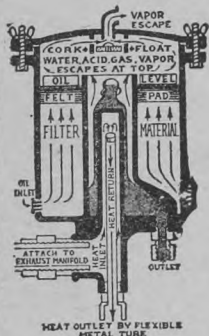
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major agricultural enterprise. Consequently, cattle became more numerous as we moved eastward. Minnesota has a somewhat diverse population, with a substantial sprinkling of Scandinavian people, who, together with those of German extraction, are good, thrifty farmers.

As we moved to the southeastern portion of the state, it seemed to me that the land improved in quality and naturally the type of farming and diversity of production improved with it.

We only saw a little bit of Wisconsin, cutting across the southern portion of the state from LaCrosse to Madison, and then south to Illinois. Corn had increased in importance and in acreage as we moved southward. Silos became more numerous. In the comparatively few fields that had been picked, hogs and cattle had been turned in. Many splendid herds of dairy cattle were still on pasture that was as green as in the month of June.

Land of Corn

Driving south through the State of Illinois on a wonderful Sunday, bright with sunshine glistening on the dense rows of standing corn, the whole countryside seemed like an immense cornfield, with here and there a break for a field of alfalfa; or a piece of fall plowing. The land generally was rolling in character; and in Iowa, which grows annually close to 20 per cent of the huge three-billion-bushel corn crop of the United States, the situation was very similar. Everywhere were silos and large numbers of livestock. The Duroc-Jerseys, Poland-Chinas and other types of fat-hog breeds seem to pasture just like the cattle. Over all, dominating the whole countryside, was the corn, and overlooking the top of almost every barn was a silo. Sometimes there were two, or three, and on one large establishment, I remember counting six silos.

Frequently we saw small acreages of corn in the shock. Professor Brockelbank wondered several times how many of the silos were full, but it seemed to me they were too much a part of the countryside to be empty in a land of corn; and in any case, whatever crop they held must have been ensiled weeks before we saw them, when the corn was still green and unripened.

One sad sight impressed us very frequently through the rolling portions of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. This was the sight of deep gullies cut remorselessly through the rich, fat, corn belt land. No wonder the United States government appropriates six hundred million dollars every year for soil conservation. It is stated that one-half of the best farm land of the United States is located in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois; and soil erosion surveys, conducted by the United States Soil Conservation Service, have shown that

nearly one-half of the land in these states is seriously eroded, and that much of the top soil has been lost from more than thirteen million acres of formerly productive land.

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This was the corn belt, where Iowa last year produced 607 million bushels of corn for an average yield of 54 bushels per acre, compared with 13 bushels for the United States as a whole; and where Illinois, the second great corn state, producing about 400 million bushels per year, averaged about 47.5 bushels per acre. Nebraska will produce 265 million bushels this year, and Minnesota 217 millions, South Dakota, 119 millions, and North Dakota 26 millions.

Most of the good farming area in Nebraska and North and South Dakota lies on the eastern borders of these States. Westward, grain growing and even ranching predominates; and in South Dakota, the state, which is approximately 400 miles from east to west, runs westward to the Black Hills.

While it is true that nowhere did we see such heavy livestock populations as through parts of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, it is also true that in eastern Nebraska we saw more large cattle feeding projects in individual farms, than elsewhere. At these points we were not far from either the Kansas City or the Omaha livestock markets; and farther west, in Iowa and Illinois, the great Chicago market was near at hand.

One further note is worthwhile making at this point, and this has to do with the splendid highway system over which we were able to travel for practically all of our journey. Excellent concrete or asphalt highways were the rule. Over long distances these were sometimes extended to three lanes, and occasionally to four-lane highways. Noticeable especially in Wisconsin and Illinois were the beautifully kept roadsides, carefully graded, seeded down, with the grass kept short by mowing. We had a hard time remembering, sometimes, that these fine roadways and bustling manners were justified by a population in the United States approximately eleven times greater than that of Canada. The gross value of agricultural production in 1944 was about proportionate to the difference in population between the two countries, but we in Canada sell about 30 per cent of our total production on a low-price world export market, whereas the American farmer sells more than 90 per cent of his production on a comparatively high-priced domestic market. Our proportion of field crops is higher however by reason of our extensive grain production in the prairie provinces, while our proportion of farm population in Canada is also higher.—H.S.F.



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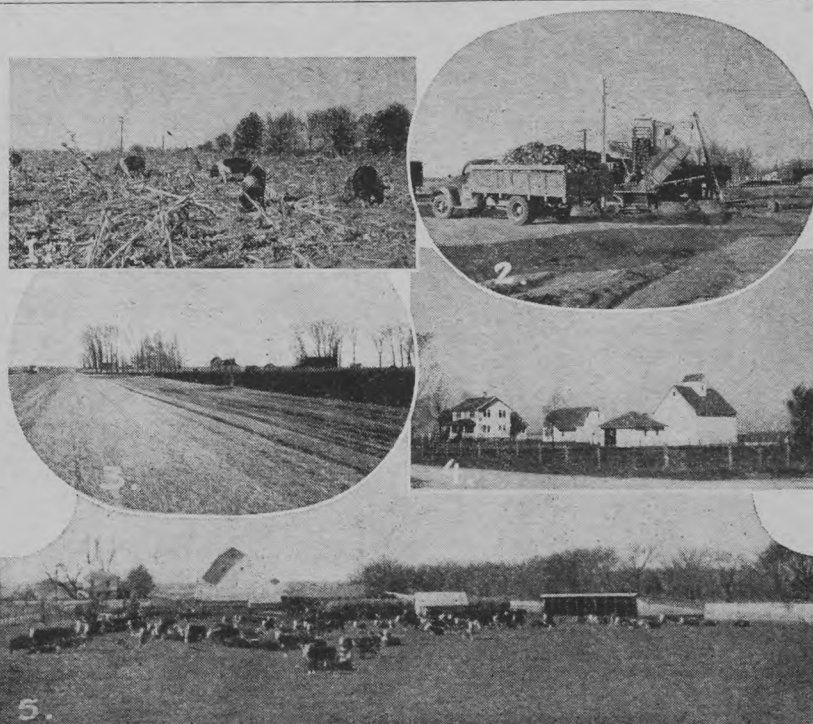
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[Guide photos.]

1. Hampshire hogs clean up an Illinois corn field. 2. Sugar beet loading in the Red River Valley of Minnesota. 3. A fine piece of roadside in Illinois. 4. A neat farmstead, showing corn crib to the right. 5. A large feed lot north of Oakland, Nebraska.

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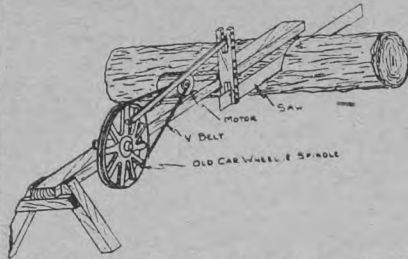
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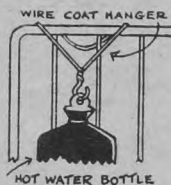
Some ideas for the farm and workshop

Power Saw For Big Logs



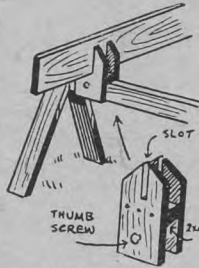
Here is a diagram of a power saw for large logs. It is powered by a washing machine engine or a 1/4 to 1/2 h.p. electric motor where electric power is available, which is bolted to a 2x8 about 10 feet long, with saw horse legs at one end. The motor pulley is belted to an old car wheel whose spindle is bolted to the timber as shown. A rocker arm with each end slotted and bored for three changes of length of stroke is also clamped to the 2x8, and the top connected to the car wheel by a wood pitman, and the saw to the lower end of rocker arm. If thought desirable sharp pointed nails can be put on the under side of the 2x8 to hold it in place on the log.

Hot Water Bottle Holder



A wire clothes hanger bent to fit over the head of a bed comes in handy in the sick room for hanging such things as a hot water bottle on. It is within easy reach of the patient in the bed. It will work equally well for a well person who uses the bottle as a bed warmer.—M. Lambert.

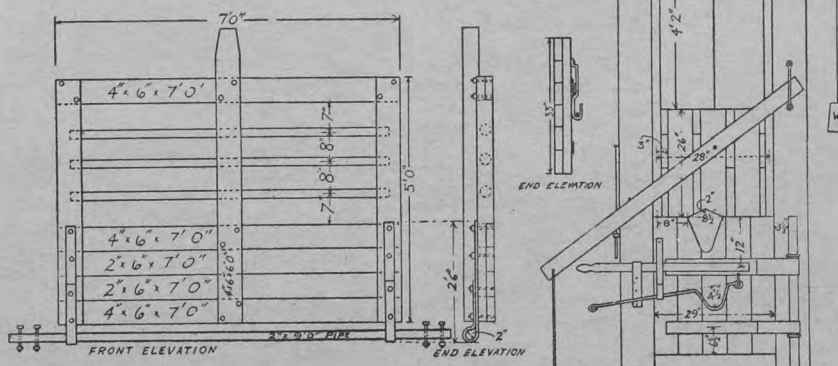
Saw Horse Accessory



The difficulty of planing the edge of a wide board is overcome by this device. Two 1x6 pieces are notched as shown and nailed to a block so as to straddle the horse. Two of them are used. If necessary a thumb screw can be inserted to hold the gadget in place but for most work it is unnecessary.—D.C.R.

P.F.R.A. Squeeze Gate

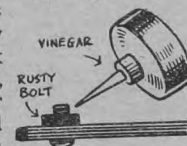
This squeeze gate was designed for use in community pastures but will be found equally convenient on the ranch or stock farm. The dimensions are given in the sketch. At the left is a side view of the structure. The side hinges on a piece of 2-inch pipe, as is shown in the sketch. The animal is driven in and the side squeezed in by rope and pulley. At the right is shown the head gates, between the front two posts. The lower one is hinged and the upper one slides up and down. A separate small cut shows the "plan" of the upper gate as viewed from above. The lower gate is notched at the top and the upper one at the bottom to take the animal's neck. The small sketch called "end elevation" shows how the strong piece of strap iron is fashioned to loop over the fastener, with a hook at the bottom to take the iron which clamps over the animal's nose. This strap iron is bolted to the



outside upright of the swinging gate. A weight balances the sliding gate.

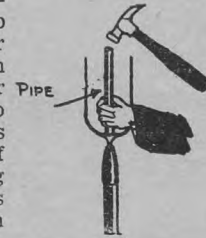
Loosening Rusty Nut

In times of shortage, when nearly everything you ask for is out of stock, this substitute for penetrating oil will come in handy when loosening rusty nuts. Put some strong vinegar in a clean can and squirt on the bolt and around the nut. In a few minutes the nut can be readily removed.—A. S. Wurz, Rockyford, Alta.



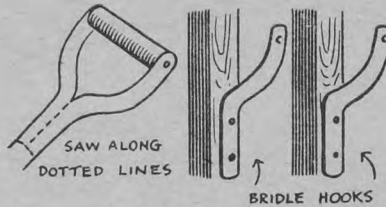
Repairing Pitchfork

To put a new handle on a three-tine pitchfork, slip a piece of pipe over the centre tine, then with a hammer drive the fork into the handle. This avoids the danger of bending or breaking the fork and insures its being driven in straight.—I.W.D.



Bridle Hooks

Do not throw broken shovel handles away. They can be turned into some-



thing useful. A shovel handle of the type shown here makes two good hooks for bridles or straps in the horse stable. Saw along the dotted line and nail to the wall.—Paul Tremblay, St. Paul, Alta.

Dairy Gutter Guard

Here is an idea to break a cow of standing back in the gutter. Make a rack to fit in the gutter, slanted from the bottom of gutter immediately behind the cow up to the top of the opposite side. Space the 2x2's so her dew claws would catch when she steps back and through it, and you will have no more trouble with her getting dirty.



Protect The Fingers

When cutting paper or clipping magazines with an old safety razor blade only the corner of the blade is used to do the cutting so why have the whole edge exposed with danger to the fingers? Just fold a piece of adhesive tape right over the blade. The corner will cut through it the first time it is used but the rest of the edge will remain covered.

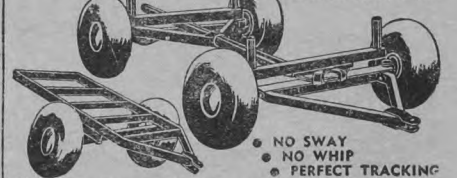


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WHERE F.A.O. FITS INTO THE PICTURE

Continued from page 9

Springs and Bretton Woods finally converge. Bretton Woods dealt with finance, chiefly international finance.

The Bretton Woods Agreements were for an International Monetary Fund and an International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

The Bank's chief function is to provide for international co-operation in the reconstruction of devastated countries by facilitating the investment of capital for productive purposes to get the wheels revolving so that people will have purchasing power and nations will have goods to exchange.

The chief function of the Fund is to stabilize international currencies and exchange and promote international trade. The nations who sign the agreements will have to back their proposals with ready cash. A schedule of national quotas drawn up for the Fund totals eight billion, eight hundred million United States dollars. For the Bank the figure is nine billion one hundred million of the same kind of dollars: \$17,900,000,000 is a lot of kale in any dialect. All this is outside and in addition to inter-governmental loans and votes for international credits which aggregate, or will aggregate, other billions.

Now these moves to assist and stimulate international trade, will have a direct bearing on FAO. The wheat from the plains and the pampas, the beef and pork from the ranges and feedlots, the butter and cheese and condensed milk from the dairy factories, the apples and peaches from temperate valleys, the citrus fruits from the sub-tropics, the vegetable oils from equatorial jungles will flow across boundary lines in increasing quantities if FAO is going to mean anything. And in return will flow the output of mills and factories, and the thousands of commodities which by countless confluences make up the mighty river of world commerce. To get the river flowing, in ever fuller tide, will require the fullest measure of co-operation in international finance. That is what they had in mind at Bretton Woods.

But Bretton Woods is not out of the woods. The agreement enters into force both as to the Bank and Fund when it is signed on behalf of governments having 65 per cent of the total of the quotas. The critical date is December 31, 1945, which is not far off. The United States signed last July. The agreement is on the agenda for this session of the Canadian parliament. In Britain the matter is still under advisement. Britain's quota in both institutions is \$2,600 million and the United States' quota \$5,925 million, which together make up close to half the total. Canada's share in both the Bank and the Fund is \$625 million. Unless Britain signs, Bretton Woods was just another one of those Summer Schools at a Shady Spot for Serious Social Students.

How the vast plans of Bretton Woods can function with the trading nations divided into sterling and dollar trade empires is hard to understand. Canadian farmers certainly do not want a repetition of the experience they had after 1931 in being ground between the upper millstone of the American dollar and the nether millstone of the British pound. When Britain went off gold in that year most of the nations who traded with her tied their currencies to sterling at a fixed rate of exchange. They sold their farm and other products on about the same terms as before. But not Canada. The pound went down to

below \$3.70. What with freight and exchange it cost as much to move a steer from Winnipeg to Birkenhead as the Alberta rancher or farmer got for raising the critter and shipping it to Winnipeg. Overseas cattle shipments ceased entirely in 1932. On wheat alone exchange was at one time costing the wheat growers more than it was costing to run the three provincial governments. Exchange clipped \$2.75 cents off the price of a 200-pound hog. It cut egg prices in two.

WHY didn't Canada join the sterling bloc? Because of our large trade relations with the United States; because the pulp and paper interests, the mining interests, and the financial interests outweighed the farmers' interests and kept the Canadian dollar tied to the American dollar. The string stretched. We dangled about half way between the American dollar and the pound sterling. If the string had broken it would have been a good thing for the Canadian farmer.

We want no repetition of that experience. We want no two antagonistic groups of nations following divergent monetary policies, each endeavoring to provide the fullest employment and trade expansion within itself, to the detriment of the other group. That way lies disaster. We want world unity in trade and finance, such as was envisaged at Bretton Woods. No country in the world would suffer more from the regional system than would Canada and no economic group in Canada would suffer more from such a policy than would the farmers of this Dominion.

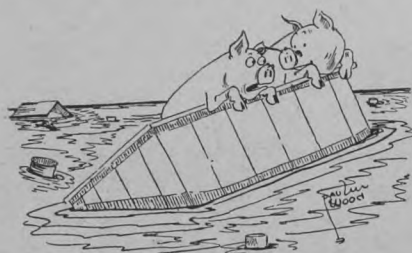
Now comes the announcement by Britain of an austerity policy to cut down imports. She leans strongly to the sterling area idea. She appears to set more store by loans than by Bretton Woods, unless her plan is by means of the loans to make her adherence to Bretton Woods possible. The Americans have offered her four billions at two per cent but the offer has to run the gauntlet of Congress. Old Britain is on a tough spot. The Socialists have been telling us in Canada that what was done to win the war can be done to give us all another freedom, Freedom from Anxiety. In Britain the Socialists are running the show but there seems to be little freedom from anxiety there.

But let us not overlook Britain's difficulties. She threw everything into the war. Her cities were bombed, her foreign investments shot away, her shipping decimated, her trade extinguished. She has neither dollars nor pounds to buy raw materials. But perhaps, as she views, with war weary eyes, all this desolation, she under-estimates her own resiliency, her recuperative powers. Besides, her greatest competitors, Germany and Japan and many smaller ones, are down and counted out. She may, and likely will, surprise herself yet—as she did at Dunkerque, during the blitz, and at El Alamein.

FAO then, can investigate, educate and inspire. It is trade and commerce that will move food to where the empty stomachs are located, and move goods back along the same trade routes to pay for the food. The farmers will grow the food, the dairy factories, the packing plants, the canneries and mills will process it. The railways are there, anxious to move the products, raw or processed, to salt water's edge. When the goods arrive at the docks ships will be waiting, and men to load the ships and sail them. The great underlying problem is finance. Finance is the motive power which will start and keep the wheels of industry and commerce turning. That is where Bretton Woods comes into the picture.

FAO and Bretton Woods tie up together and both tie up to the United Nations Charter evolved at San Francisco. The Charter provides for setting up an Economic and Social Council. It may make agreements with specialized agencies established by intergovernmental agreement, such as Bretton Woods and FAO, and co-ordinate the activities of such specialized agencies "through consultation with and recommendations to such agencies and through recommendations to the General Assembly and to members of the United Nations," to quote the Charter itself.

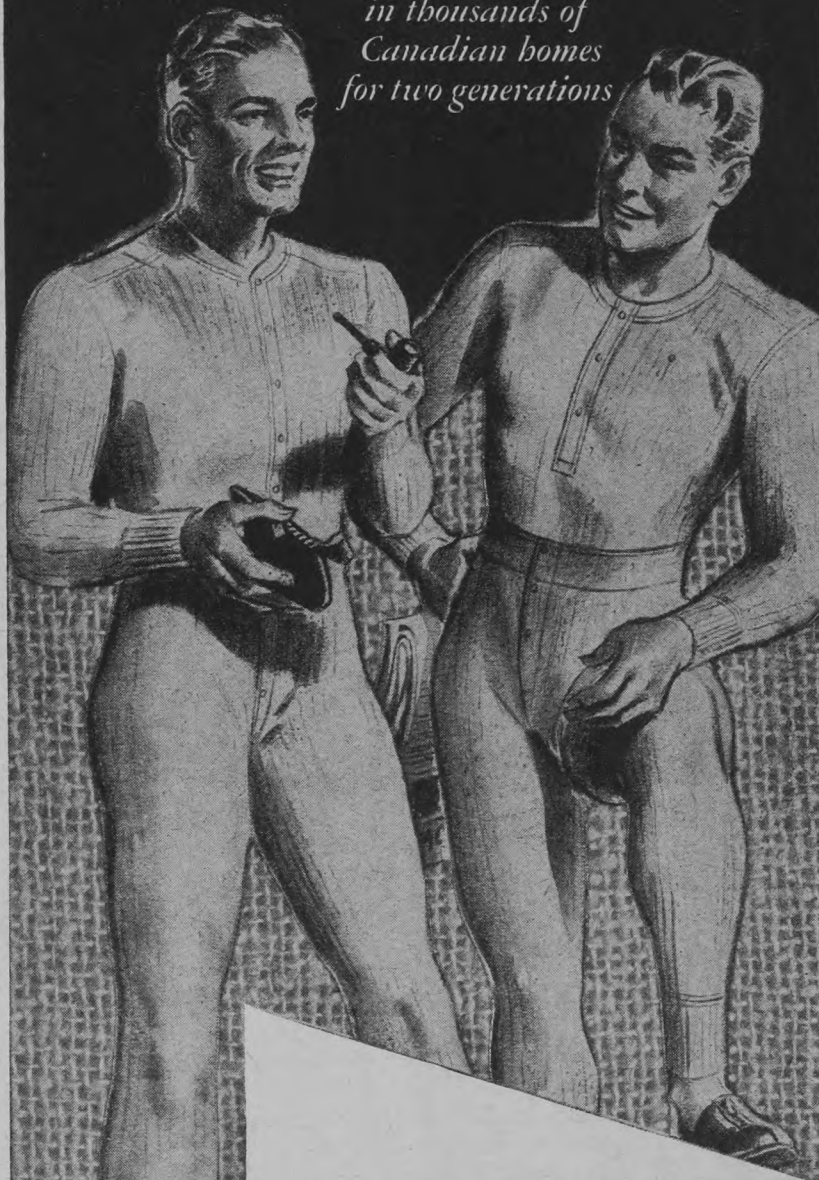
It is a great setup—if they can only agree to make it work.



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He paved the way for the Electric Age

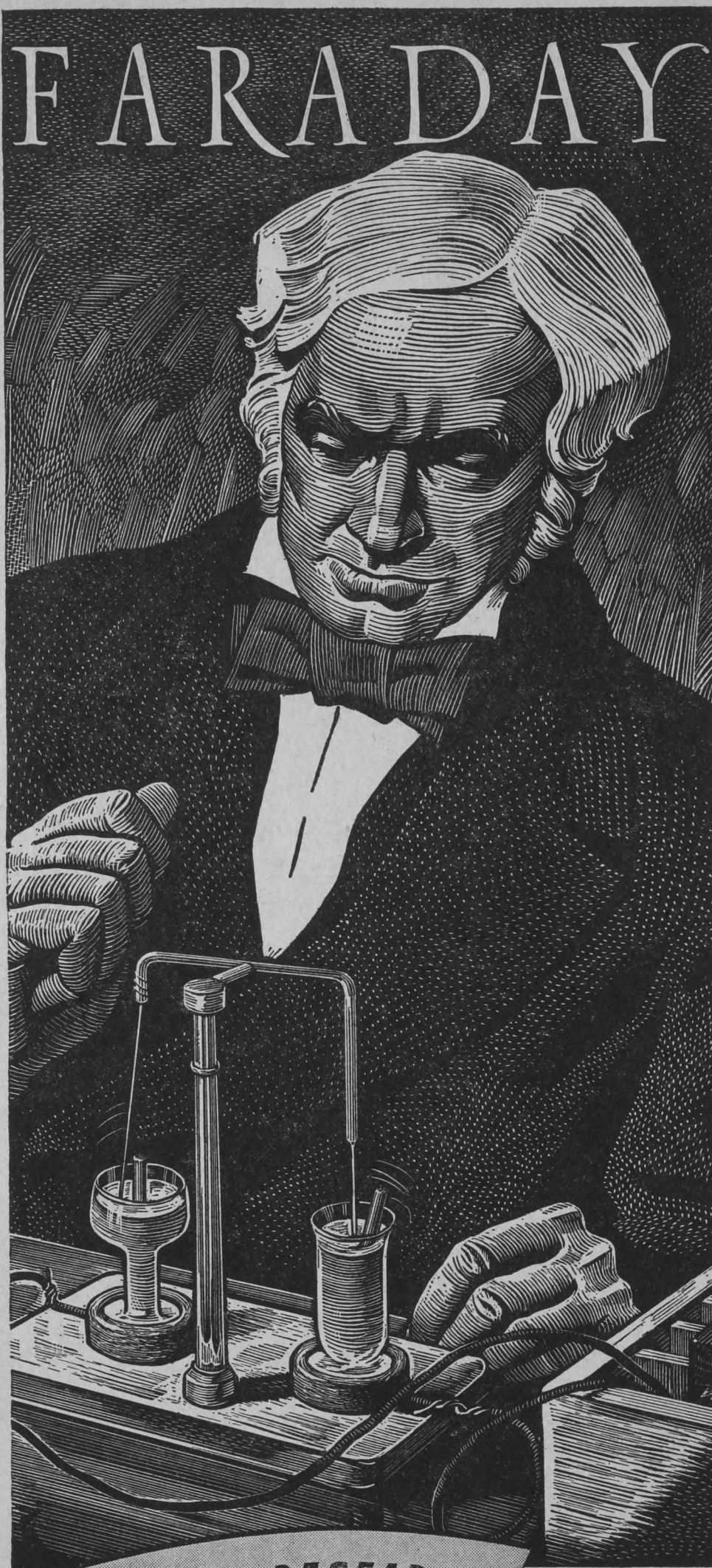
The son of a blacksmith, Michael Faraday (1791-1867) went to work at thirteen. As an apprentice in a book bindery he read scores of volumes, especially those on scientific subjects. He attended some lectures given by Sir Humphry Davy, and wrote to him and asked for—and obtained—a job in his laboratory. He carried on research in chemistry, investigated the alloys of steel, and produced several new kinds of optical glass. His most important research work was in electricity and magnetism. His discoveries paved the way for the development of electro-plating and the widespread use of electric power today.

BECAUSE of Faraday's discoveries, the great electrical industry has grown up in modern times. Because of discoveries about Nickel made in research laboratories, the Canadian Nickel industry has grown into one of the world's great industries.

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Yield Is Not Enough

ONLY a few years ago, most of us were inclined to think that a bushel of grain or a tomato grown on one kind of soil was a valuable and helpful as the same quantity grown on another soil. Today, many serious-minded scientists are studying the nutritional values of crops from the point of view of public health, and careful observers in this and other countries have noted that certain soil deficiencies tend to be reflected in types of illness common in those areas to livestock or human beings.

Take tomatoes, already mentioned, whose particular value as a food is due very largely to its content of ascorbic acid, or vitamin C. Three small tomatoes, properly grown on suitable soil, would supply enough vitamin C for an adult person for one day. The same would be true of approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of properly canned tomatoes, or tomato juice. However, tomatoes that have been analyzed and have come from different sources, have been found to vary widely in their vitamin content, and this variation depends on several factors. Some varieties, of course, are higher in vitamin C content than others, but if grown in different parts of a fairly large area, any variety will show considerable variation in the amount of vitamin C it contains. Light greatly changes the vitamin content of any variety. Low vitamin C content results from dull, cool and rainy weather, and is found in tomatoes harvested late in the season. Tomatoes grown under glass in the winter months have only about one-third the vitamin C content of summer-grown tomatoes. Fertilizers will affect yield, but appear to have little effect on the vitamin C content.

It is almost certain that in the years to come varieties of both fruits and vegetables will be grown at least partly and perhaps primarily for their nutritional value; and it is not at all unlikely that as scientific knowledge permeates the agricultural industry, the value of farm lands will be determined partly by their ability to produce crops and food of high nutritive value rather than for yield alone.

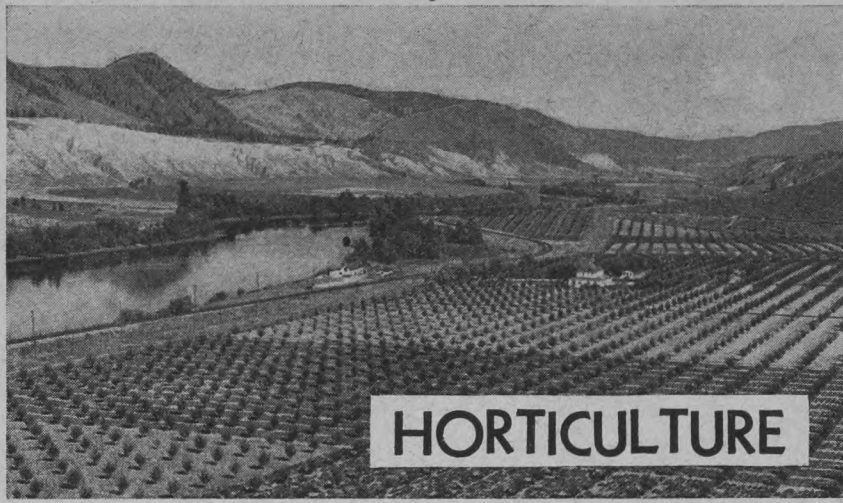
Did you get a Hard September Freeze?

GROWERS in all parts of western Canada where danger from so-called winter injury exists, will be interested in some comments recently received from the veteran nurseryman, F. L. Skinner, of Dropmore, Manitoba, with reference to the effect on fruits and other trees, of the frost occurring in some parts of the prairies in September, 1945.

It would be appreciated if as many of our horticulturally minded readers, as have been able to notice injury of the kind Mr. Skinner speaks of, in their own trees, will write to The Country Guide, so that as much information as possible may be gathered on the subject. Mr. Skinner says, in part:

Society of Horticulture Meets

A MOVEMENT which promises more, perhaps, for the development of horticulture in western Canada than anything which has occurred in quite a few years, was inaugurated in Regina in 1943, when the Western Canadian Society of Horticulture was formed. The first annual meeting of the society was held in Winnipeg last year, and on November 19 and 20 this year, the second annual meeting was held in Edmonton. Membership in the society is not large, and though there are a number of associate members drawn from nurserymen and practical growers, active membership is limited to those engaged in technical and scientific work in horticulture, who are specialists in this field, or who are charter members of the society. The logic of this limitation is explained by the fact that the primary purpose of the society is to draw together horticultural workers and authorities engaged in breeding new fruits and developing horticultural knowledge by experimentation and research at our universities and experimental stations. Without an organization of this kind, such men and women who should be constantly working in co-operation with each other, and exchanging ideas and information, tend to become isolated from each other and to lose contact with



This fine irrigated orchard is sheltered in the valley of the Thompson River, a few miles east of Kamloops, B.C.—National Film Board photo.

"We have again had a bad freeze in September, the thermometer dropping to two above zero at the nursery, and it is quite apparent that plants which can stand 50 degrees in mid-winter, cannot take zero while still in growth. On the day after the freeze, and again later on, in company with D. A. Brown, Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, I examined some of the damage. I found, for example, that Raddisson, Pembina and Granville plums had the inner bark badly discolored on all the young wood. Young trees of all these varieties, though they look all right externally, were shown to be dead right down to the stock, when the wood was cut into. Some trees of the Japanese larch were badly injured, while others seemed all right. Poplar (robusta) trees six to eight feet high, had the inner bark badly browned to the ground, though this tree has stood 50 degrees in winter without injury. Some Chinese junipers that had also stood our winter, had all young growth completely destroyed, and young plants of the Snowball lost their new wood.

"With apples there was a great deal of difference in the way the varieties reacted, some losing all their new wood while others are apparently uninjured. One of the bright spots was the way the Manchurian plum stood up, which corresponds with our findings in the spring of 1943. At that time, with the exception of a few of the very hardy of the native varieties, the Manchurians were the only plums that came through alive to the tips, although they did lose their flower buds that year. Apparently our only hope in these parts for really hardy plums of high quality lies with the progeny of the better selection of the Manchurian varieties. Most of these are very good to eat out of hand, and a few are extremely good as preserves. Incidentally, no injury has so far been noticed in bearing trees of Opata."

velopment of inspected nurseries. It is known that there are numbers of conscientious and reliable nurserymen operating in the three prairie provinces who do not willingly distribute nursery stock that is not true to name, or hardy, without specifying the degree of hardiness in their catalogs, as they know it. Others, sometimes through inexperience, offer stock which has not been thoroughly tested, either for trueness to variety, or as to hardiness. When this occurs much disappointment results for the purchaser. It is possible to identify varieties of fruit in the nursery row, but there are not many who can do so. As a result of all this, the need for nursery legislation, which should be uniform over the three prairie provinces, is constantly becoming more urgent. Even if such legislation were to provide for nursery inspection on a voluntary basis at first, it would be very beneficial; and the society proposes to draft a trial act for study and examination at the next annual meeting, before making a formal request for legislation to provincial governments.

Associated with this thought is the difficulty in keeping track of varieties offered to the public, by individual growers, as well as by nurserymen. It was revealed by The Country Guide Fruit Survey made two years ago that there are now planted in the prairie provinces more than 800 named varieties of fruits, or more than four times the number of varieties recommended for planting in all three prairie provinces combined. Each year additional varieties are being named, in many cases by individual growers who have had seedlings growing in their gardens, which have fruited and have appealed to the taste of members of the family. Unfortunately, almost none of these seedling fruits have been tested, and in many cases they are not at all suitable for planting in other districts. The society recommends that such seedlings be not named, but that they be given a number instead, until they have been widely checked and proven. If, for example, a man named Smith, somewhere on the prairies, believes he has a seedling good enough to name, it would be better to call it Smith No. 1 for a time, until it can be adequately tested. It will never find its way into a list of recommended varieties until it is tested; and meanwhile, if it is named too soon, confusion will be added to the confusion already existing.

The society decided to set up two special committees to study very carefully the question of the control of rodent pests such as mice and rabbits, and the difficult question of chlorosis and other disorders of plants associated with unbalanced plant food. At the next meeting of the society these committees will be expected to present clear, concise and practical control methods based on the best information available.

Many other subjects were discussed during the three-day meeting. A very much appreciated contribution to the success of the meeting was made by M. B. Davis, Dominion Horticulturist, Ottawa, and D. S. Blair, Assistant in Entomology, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. The next meeting will be held at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, and the 1946 President will be Dr. C. F. Patterson, head of the Department of Horticulture of that institution.

Other officers include Dr. J. S. Shoemaker, University of Alberta (Past President), W. L. Kerr, Forest Nursery Station, Sutherland, Saskatchewan, who is Vice-President; and Charles Walkof, Assistant to Vegetables at Morden, P. D. Hargrave, Superintendent, Provincial Horticultural Station, Brooks, Alberta, F. V. Hutton, Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Prince George, B.C., and W. H. Cram, Assistant in Horticulture, Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, all of whom are directors. The Secretary is C. R. Ure, Assistant in Tree Fruits, at Morden.

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Eggs for processing into egg powder, transferred to breaking pails prior to breaking. Dom. Dept. of Agriculture photo.

The Role of Feeding Management

IN a recent issue of "The Egg and Poultry Market Report" there appeared a statement to the effect that poultry are very temperamental and that they are not machines, but rather living units which require consideration and treatment peculiar to themselves if they are to do their best. This is very true and extreme care must be taken in order to prevent any upset in our birds. For example, a sudden change of feed may result in a decided and prolonged drop in production.

Recently a test was conducted at this University to determine what effect a sudden change of feed would have upon production and its related factors. Three groups of birds comprising six pens were used. These pullets were placed in their winter quarters in the fall as they commenced production. From that time until late December they were fed the University breeding mash, supplemented with whole grain, morning and evening. In addition, two of the groups received a mash composed of the dry mash mixture moistened with water each day at noon. The amount fed was six pounds of the dry mash per 100 birds per day. Production increased during this period to 55 per cent. Then, over night, the mash of the two groups (four pens) was changed to two different commercial concentrates which were mixed with chopped grains in the proportions recommended by the manufacturer. The third group was continued on the same diet for the duration of the test. Group 1 received one of the commercial concentrates and wet mash. There was a slight decrease in production within two weeks of the change; this became very evident within the next two to three weeks when production dropped to 40 per cent. Group 2, which received the other commercial supplement and no wet mash, dropped to 31 per cent production in two weeks. The third group, which was continued on the original mash, increased its production to over 60 per cent during the same period. It was not until mid-March that Groups 1 and 2 completely recovered in production. Symptoms, other than a lowering of production, were neck moult, small eggs and no increase in body weight. These were all due to the refusal of the birds at first, to eat the new mash. The most striking difference between the mashes was the color. This one factor alone was the contributing cause. It must be understood that these commercial supplements were very satisfactory when the pullets became accustomed to them; hatchability trials in April and May revealed no differences whatsoever. If a change in feed is contemplated, dilute the new with the old mash and allow 7 to 10 days for the change.

No Green Feed Last Fall

MANY poultrymen, although they may not realize it, are just now beginning to feel the effects of our dried out pastures which were very common throughout sections of the prairies.

Green feed, in addition to supplying some protein and minerals, is a rich source of vitamins, particularly vitamin A. One of the main functions of this vitamin is to build up resistance to certain infections such as colds.

Because of the lack of green feed during the latter part of summer, many pullets were placed in the laying house this fall, with very little, if any, reserves of vitamin A. Coupled with this, unfortunately, has been the lack of a proper diet for the layers as well as drafty and poorly ventilated houses. Colds have often appeared which, if unattended, soon developed into roup.

The symptoms are quite characteristic and are recognized by the plugging of the nostrils, breathing through the mouth and swelling of the head. The nutritional form of roup is distinguished from ordinary roup, in that no offensive odor is apparent. On opening the mouth of the bird, white pustules can be seen in the mouth and throat. The swelling on the face may be lanced from the lower side, the exudate squeezed out and the cavity then irrigated with a 10 per cent solution of argyrol. This may have to be repeated in several days. In order to eliminate the cause it is recommended that a well balanced diet be fed and additional sources of vitamin A provided. Dried alfalfa or green oats sheaves will be helpful; and an extra one-half pint of 1500A-200D fish oil mixed with each 100 pounds of laying mash, will do much to overcome the deficiency. Check also on the amount of whole grain the birds are receiving. Depending upon the breed, not more than 11 to 14 pounds per 100 birds per day should be fed. Dampness in the house due to poor ventilation or insulation should be eliminated as much as is practical.

Can't Overfeed Balanced Dry Mash

NO attempt should be made to feed laying birds without the use of self-feeders and a suitable dry mash to which the birds have constant access. There is no danger of over-feeding with this kind of feed. The greater part of the mash is made up of ground grains, but in the mash, also, are the supplements that are needed to balance the ration. The protein content of cereal grains is approximately ten per cent and the protein content of dry mash should be 17 or 18 per cent. Sufficient meat meal or concentrate should be added to the mixture to bring the protein up to this level. The addition of 12 to 15 pounds of meat meal or 20 pounds of concentrate as at present being manufactured, are required in each 100 pounds of feed. The mash should also contain about one-half pound of fine salt in each 100 pounds and the addition of two pounds of fine bone meal is advisable. The meals should be thoroughly mixed together in preparation for feeding. Where some milk is available for feeding, the amount of meat meal or concentrate used in the mash may be reduced.



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THE DUTCH RE-CAPTURE HOLLAND

Continued from page 5

home made and brought from Germany. Throughout the course of the war the supply of nitrates and phosphates went from bad to worse. The Germans maintained potash shipments—at a price. But Dutch yields are woefully down. Green crops are 80 per cent normal and grain crops 60 per cent.

The feature of Dutch agriculture which is bound to strike any western Canadian with force is the high percentage of light soil in the country. Food for millions of humans comes from light sandy soils that would not pay for the cost of cultivation in Canada. So much for a climate which knows no drought, and a water table everywhere a few feet from the surface. But of course, sandy soil shows the lack of fertilizer more quickly and more decidedly than do the small patches of sea-coast clays and the river valley loams which are Holland's best soils—her wheat lands.

The Nederlanders are getting a little nitrate now, and the phosphorus position is improving even more rapidly. The key to the difficulty is shipping. Holland's enterprising prewar merchant navy is now at the bottom of the sea or in the international shipping pool. Dutch farmers do not expect normal sea-borne fertilizer supplies till 1947. Potash depends on German industrial recovery.

The future availability of shipping will also determine the rate of reappearance of American and Argentine corn and barley, without which Dutch livestock growers are hamstrung. Their cattle are down to 75 per cent of normal in numbers. In milk production—and they are all dairy cattle—the drop is even greater. The universal practice in Holland is to stock up to the limit of green crop production and to purchase concentrates as required. In the present circumstances a Dutch farmer can maintain a 75 per cent herd but its performance will be well below normal because the concentrates cannot be bought.

Holland had a thriving pig business before the war. The country was self-supporting in pork and exported \$15,000,000 worth of fresh and cured product, all of it to Great Britain. Incidentally, Canadians aren't the only people outside Denmark who know the virtues of Landrace pigs. The Dutchmen have been assiduously working that mine too. But the disappearance of foreign grain forced a drastic cut in herds. Whereas the Dutchmen had 2,000,000 pigs before the war, numbers are down to 500,000 now. They are serving us notice, however, that they will be back on the British market in 1947.

The poultry business is relatively more important in the low countries than in Canada. For every dollar's worth of pork the Hollanders sold abroad before the war they sold two dollars worth of eggs, and eggs are a very important item on the domestic dietary. Here again the feed situation has been decisive. Dutch flocks are about 30 per cent of their prewar numbers, but there will be a big drive to rebuild numbers next year because of the improvement it will work in the national ration.

Hollanders are now getting 2,100 calories a day, a vast improvement over wartime meals and just a little below what Britons in the homeland were allowed throughout the war. There are enough potatoes to go around out of home production, and white bread is again making its appearance, not the luxury product that appears on Canadian tables, but a vast improvement over Holland's wartime staple compounded out of wheat, rye and potato flour, with all the coarse by-products left in, producing a loaf black, tough and sour. But the present day ration is badly balanced for lack of protein. In prewar days eggs, cheese and Argentine beef fortified the protein content. The Dutch hen is expected to do some pinch-hitting at an early date.

Sugar beets are an important crop in Holland. The country was never entirely self-supporting in sugar. Shortages were made up with cane sugar

from her wealthy East Indian Empire. Early reports after the liberation alleged that the Javanese had 1,500,000 tons of the stuff awaiting shipment. The report appears to have been exaggerated. In any case transportation is so scarce that the European Dutch will have to depend largely on their home supply which is less than half the normal.

Here the difficulty is more than that of producing a crop. Beets have to be processed and that requires coal. All over western Europe the coal situation is desperate. I was at the Friesch-Croningsche Co-Operative beet factory in early September, the largest in the world, slicing 5,500 tons of beets daily and turning out 200,000 tons of sugar in a season. On the day of my visit their first beets were nearly upon them and there wasn't a pound of coal on the place. But the management did not seem unduly concerned. Beet factories have first priority.

Holland has limited coal deposits of her own in Limburg, the neck of land that stretches down toward Luxembourg. The Germans had to get out of Limburg too quickly to damage the mines as they did their own in the Ruhr. The Dutch had modernized their pits just before the war, and they are now nationalized, providing the workers with probably better living conditions than miners enjoy in any other country in the world. The result is that output is booming. The coal is floated down the Maas to Nijmegen and distributed by canal from thence all over Holland, making a cheap and satisfactory source of heat and power as far as it goes. Coal will still be difficult in Holland this winter because the Limburg mines are not extensive. Holland requires 40,000 tons of coal daily. Limburg can produce 23,000 tons of it, foreign supplies will fall far short of the balance.

When one lists the inundations, the fertilizer famine, and the disappearance of foreign feed grains, one has catalogued the main handicaps under which Dutch farmers are laboring. There are plenty of others of a minor character. For instance, in some localities, the Germans took all horses between four and twelve years of age, so that tillage has to be done with colts and long-toothed stagers.

In Friesland also, the home of the Holstein-Friesian breed, one hears of local difficulties. The Dutchman is a great believer in cow testing. He has perfected his breed by the unremitting use of the Gerber test—not dissimilar to our Babcock test except that both sulphuric acid and alcohol are used as reagents.

The Frieslanders are very exclusive cowmen. They have a separate herd book for cattle of their province, and are quite proud of the fact that the cows in it average 3.8 per cent fat as well as 10,560 pounds of milk. The grades in the same province average 7,000 pounds milk and 3.2 per cent fat. The milk tester in prewar days used to visit every herd of pure-breds every two weeks. If there were any grades on the place they were tested as well. To their distress, war conditions shut off the supply of both sulphuric acid and alcohol and the Frieslanders slipped back into the dark ages so to speak where herd improvement was by guess and by gob.

The Dutch suffered another vexatious loss on their very important potato crops. The Colorado potato beetle was unknown in the Low Countries before the war. When he made his sudden appearance the German overlords were too busy finding munitions for Russia to provide insecticides for Holland. Canadians who have a familiar knowledge of "potato bugs" can imagine the extent of the ensuing damage. Since the liberation arsenical poisons have been obtained from Belgium and the Dutch now have the pest well in hand.

Canada has a special interest in Holland now that our army has been there over a year. If one accepts some reports, this visitation might count as another of the disabilities imposed on that unfortunate country. Of course incidents have occurred. In the nature of things they are bound to. An army is a cross section of the country it represents, an amalgam of good and bad. It might be interesting to have Scotland's opinion of the Poles whom they have entertained for five years. England herself has been an occupied country since Pearl Harbor,

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and there are both lights and shadows in that picture. For that matter it is doubtful if the troops from Lower Canada have been unflinchingly popular in Toronto to the Good, and the wild denizens of Alberta must have been a doubtful quantity in the sacred purlieus of Dominion Square.

With a few exceptions the Canadian Army has behaved singularly well under trying circumstances. Over against the occasional lapses there is a heavy credit balance built up by individuals who will be long and affectionately remembered, and by units which have pooled their strength in unpaid public service. The Fort Garry Horse adopted a town, and at time of writing are making a park out of a bit of woodland. The Regina Rifles are building pre-fabricated churches. The Fourth Division engineers are pulling stumps with their Scammell tractors, and the R.C.E.M.E. are repairing sadly neglected farm machinery. These are just a few names in a long list.

In point of fact Dutchmen with whom I talked are more concerned about the behaviour of their own countrymen than about the foreign soldiery. Dutch labor did not step back into its familiar industrious ways with the flight of the Hun. In the closing months of the war the Germans employed Dutch laborers from town and country in constructing military defences, and paid them well with printing press money. As there was little to be bought, most of these naturally frugal laborers had a bit of a stake on the day of release, and they preferred enjoying their new found ease to the resumption of the daily grind.

In the cities the Communists were an important element in the Resistance. They were a close knit and disciplined group trained for underground activity. They had less to lose. When speech was free again they were the most vocal and did not forget to remind the community of their unswerving resolution. But it would be a complete misreading of events to regard the resistance as mainly, or even largely communistic. Splendid resistance was offered by sections of the populace violently opposed to Communism, but it did not get so much publicity.

But too much has been said about the spread of Communism in postwar Holland. It is the model capitalist country where church and sovereign are held in high popular regard, a poor soil for any extreme political movement. The farm boys who stayed in town this summer to spend their pocketful of guilders weren't indoctrinated Marxists. When the pockets are empty they will be back milking cows again.

The Dutch efforts to put their currency in order again by calling in all paper money seem to have been attended with a fair measure of success. This policy had a sobering effect on all who were unusually flush of cash, even down to the little pikers with a few hundred guilders. To a casual observer Holland has made more headway against that most insidiously disintegrating phenomenon, the Black Market, than either Belgium or France.

Everywhere in the liberated countries civil order must be upheld by a weakened police force. The police have been through the sieve twice, Patriotic and conscientious men did not last long under the Nazi regime. The opposite kind have been ousted by the returning civil administration. The demands made on the slender remnant have been great and if the response hasn't been as quick, as usual some timid soul concludes that the country has been given over to subversive elements.

Truly Dutch agriculture has suffered more than that of any country in western Europe but its losses are relatively much less than those of Dutch industry. The 140,000 Hollanders who will never return from concentration camps were nearly all townsmen. The looted factories must be refitted and the wrecked transportation systems reorganized. It will be a slow and painful process and the work people concerned will have to rust in relative idleness on public charity in the interval. Canada's \$20,000,000 loan, along with others, will help in the restoration. Dutch agriculture took in \$240,000,000 of foreign money annually before the war. It will climb steadily back to the old figure beginning in 1946, but it will be many years before its counterpart, industry, can regain its position in the national economy.

Christmas Legends

By WALTER H. RANDALL

YULE logs and Christmas trees, turkey and plum pudding; Christmas cards and gifts; Christmas candles and Santa Claus; mistletoe and hanging stockings—how did they all become associated with our celebration of Christmas?

The Druids of early England were probably the first to dedicate the Yule log, now such a popular part of Yuletide festivities in many parts of the world. These ancient priests blessed the ceremonial log, and proclaimed that it should ever keep burning. Today it is the custom for the men to bring home the Yule log. It is kindled by the women from the remains of the previous log, and must be touched only by clean hands.

In many countries, the entire family helps carry in the Yule log, with the oldest and youngest supporting an end. Some customs dictate the pouring of wine on the log by the oldest man, and the drinking of the first toast to the newly lighted fire by the youngest.

Other customs are for the Yule log to be placed in the fire for only a few seconds. Then it is removed and covered with a cloth. The children of the family beat the cloth-covered log to drive all the evil spirits out of their lives forever. Afterwards, the children go outside and when they return they find their presents under the Yule log cover.

Kissing under the mistletoe, joyously exchanged everywhere, originated with the Druids. In those days, a man was allowed to claim as many kisses as there were berries on the branch of mistletoe. He kept a record of his kisses by plucking the berries.

The original Santa Claus—a Greek Bishop named St. Nicholas of Myra—is said to have started the custom of hanging up stockings because he drop-

ped a surprise gift of gold down a poor man's chimney and it was caught in a child's stocking hung by the chimney to dry.

Santa Claus with his scarlet coat, jolly beaming face, and white beard, along with his miraculous reindeer, was invented by the Swiss, Dutch, German and Scandinavian settlers spread the spiritual figure in America and later it was introduced to England.

And did you know that your real old-fashioned Christmas dinner would not feature turkey? No, peacocks and swans were the original main dishes of the Christmas dinner in Europe. Turkeys were introduced to Christmas dinner tables by America, for which we are all duly thankful.

Christmas trees first appeared in Germany, and later in America, being introduced by German settlers. The first Christmas tree appeared in England in 1827, but the custom did not spread until they were used by Queen Victoria twelve years later.

The first candle-decorated tree, complete with presents, is said to have appeared in Germany sometime around the year 1604.

Carollers or Waits, as they were originally called, are as old as Christmas. The word, carol, is of French origin, and comes from Breton French "koroll" meaning a dance. In England, the term Waits is applied to small groups of wandering musicians who sing and play outside private homes during the Christmas season.

The earliest carol was written in the fourth century!



MONTHLY COMMENTARY

By UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.

Resolutions passed at U.G.G. Annual Meeting throw light on several aspects of present and prospective grain marketing situations.

Important resolutions were passed by the delegates at the annual meeting of United Grain Growers in Winnipeg on November 7th and 8th, which throw light on several aspects of the present and prospective grain marketing situations.

One of these, dealing with the price basis for the 1946 wheat crop is as follows:

"WHEREAS the government of Canada has announced a minimum guaranteed price basis for western wheat of \$1.00 per bushel for No. 1 Northern in store at lakehead or Pacific Coast terminals up to and including 1950, on authorized deliveries for each crop year,

"AND WHEREAS for a period of three years commencing in 1943 the minimum guaranteed basis has been \$1.25 per bushel and no necessity has yet arisen for a lower basis,

"AND WHEREAS it is desirable that by an early announcement of a satisfactory price for the crop of 1946 maximum agricultural production in western Canada should be encouraged.

"WE RECOMMEND that the initial Wheat Board price for the crop year 1946-47 should be continued at \$1.25 per bushel."

When the government in October of this year announced the guarantee above referred to the announcement was not fully understood everywhere. On the one hand some people attributed too great value to the guarantee. That was because they failed to note that it is to apply only to the authorized deliveries of each crop year. Whether such deliveries will be so restricted as to limit the value of the guarantee cannot yet be predicted. On the other hand some people assumed that the Wheat Board initial price during the remainder of the guarantee period, would be restricted to \$1.00 per bushel, and that any higher initial payment would be precluded. That is not the case. There is nothing in the announcement of government policy to prevent a higher basis for initial payment being set in any crop year when conditions seem to warrant it. Under conditions which actually exist there is good reason to believe that if farm organizations press for it, the price basis of \$1.25 can be continued.

Under the Wheat Board Act, as it stands on the Statute books, a basic Wheat Board initial price of 90 cents per bushel is legally established, and there is nothing in the Act to authorize limitation of deliveries. The government has taken power, by order-in-council, under the War Measures Act to provide a higher basis for initial payments, to require all deliveries to be made to the Wheat Board, and to limit deliveries. Its powers in these respects depend upon the War Measures Act, and such legislation to cover the emergency period of readjustment as may be passed by parliament. The guarantee above referred to was given as an offset to the fact that the government decided to place a ceiling of \$1.55 on the export price of Canadian wheat, thereby limiting the returns to wheat farmers. That situation was covered by another resolution as follows:

"WHEREAS under the price ceiling recently announced this country is now selling its wheat at the lowest export price level in the world;

"AND WHEREAS, in spite of the recent failure of the Committee under the Washington Wheat Agreement to agree on an international wheat price level, further international efforts in that direction are to be expected under the leadership of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations,

"BE IT RESOLVED that the government of Canada in negotiations on this subject should endeavor

"(a) To secure from wheat importing countries assurances against restraints in the future on international wheat trade

"(b) To obtain assurance of practicable measures designed to maintain a reasonable minimum level of wheat prices in international trade, in return for which this country might reasonably agree to measures designed to prevent prices becoming unduly high during periods of scarcity, and

"(c) To bring about a system of international wheat marketing based on such principles, which would be re-

garded by producers as superior to the system which has prevailed in the past, which has resulted in very wide price fluctuations."

The situation described in the first paragraph of the resolution above quoted, with Canada selling wheat at the lowest export price in the world, and other exporting countries charging considerably more for their wheat, was hardly expected when the ceiling price basis of \$1.55 per bushel was announced. It was generally supposed that other countries would meet the Canadian price, or possibly offer to sell at less or else that they would have to wait until Canadian supplies should be exhausted before exporting wheat. That has not been the case. The reason is that, rapid as the rate has been at which Canada has been exporting wheat, this country has been quite unable to meet the tremendous demand that exists. Importing countries naturally buy all the Canadian wheat they can. Unable however to get wheat as rapidly as they want it they have been buying wheat from the United States, on the basis of current market prices there, approximately equivalent to a basic price of \$2.00 for Canadian wheat. Apparently Argentina and Australia expect to follow the lead of United States rather than that of Canada in pricing their wheat. Recent quotations have been considerably higher than the Canadian basis, and just enough under the American level to make up for additional freight costs of getting wheat to British and European ports. Another indication of the current urgency of overseas demand for grain is provided by recent European purchases of rye, both Canadian and American, although in both Canada and the United States rye has been a higher price grain than wheat.

While immediate need for food supplies is the principal reason which makes possible such a price condition, present methods of financing grain exports are also important. Most grain exports from this continent now have to be financed by export credits for different countries arranged by the governments of Canada and of the United States, and such credits are available only in the countries granting them. That situation makes it to the interest of the government of Canada to put some limitation on export prices. The higher these rise the greater the strain on the Dominion treasury in arranging the necessary credits. Moreover other exporting interests in Canada are affected by the level of wheat prices. The greater the amount of export credits which is absorbed in wheat purchases, the less is available for other purchases. This is illustrated by limitations which Great Britain has already placed or is planning to place on the import of certain goods from Canada.

The resolution above quoted does not attack the present policy of the Canadian government. It does however, help to emphasize the fact that the income of western wheat growers is now being limited by government wheat policy as has been the case since September, 1943, when the Canadian market was closed to prevent a further advance in prices. It may be necessary later, to remind both the government and other interests of that fact, and to point out how by reason of such limitation some of the cost of war and of the aftermath of war has been borne by such producers.

Such a price situation as now exists, and such varying methods of determining wheat prices in international trade cannot long continue. It is natural to look for some international agreement on the subject, but as the resolution points out the committee set up under the Washington Wheat Agreement for the purpose of arriving at an international price level has failed. That fact throws doubt upon the future continu-

ance of the Washington agreement and would tend to cause doubt as to whether any such agreement can be made to work. However, further international efforts in this direction are likely to be made, as the resolution suggests, under the leadership of Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations. That raises the question of the attitude of Canada in discussions on such matters. There will doubtless be widespread agreement with the views expressed by the U.G.G. delegates in the above quoted resolution, which points out the willingness of producers to accept measures designed to prevent prices becoming unduly high in periods of scarcity provided that they can obtain from other countries assurances of practicable measures designed to maintain a reasonable minimum level of wheat prices in international trade. Probably the majority of western wheat producers would accept the declaration of the meeting that a system of international wheat marketing based on such principles would be regarded by producers as acceptable.

Disparity between Canadian and other export wheat prices places a duty on the Canadian Wheat Board to police its sales to make sure that the ultimate buyers actually get the benefit of the price ceiling otherwise the opportunity would be created for large profits to handlers through buying Canadian wheat and re-selling it at prices 40 cents a bushel or more higher, as American wheat. Farmers who are accustomed to seed malting varieties of barley will recognize at once the need for some such action as is suggested in the next resolution to be quoted, as follows:

"WHEREAS it has for some time been impossible for producers of malting grades of barley to obtain therefor more than could be obtained for feed grades, inasmuch as there has been only one ceiling price for barley of all types and grades, and low grades of barley have been selling at such ceiling price,

"AND WHEREAS the production of malting barley is endangered by conditions which deny to producers any compensation for the additional trouble and expense of producing malting grades and for the lower yields obtainable from malting varieties in comparison with other varieties of barley,

"AND WHEREAS unless there is reason to expect a change from present conditions farmers will have no incentive to seed malting varieties of barley in 1946, or to take precautions to have a high quality product to market,

"AND WHEREAS the current price of barley amounts to little more than 10 per cent of the total cost of malt to brewers, which includes an excise duty of 16 cents per pound on malt, equivalent to \$5.76 for each bushel of barley malted:

"BE IT RESOLVED that the government be urged to take steps towards correcting the present situation in order that the benefit may be retained of work extending over many years towards the improvement of barley production in western Canada—which steps might reasonably include a removal of or an advance in the ceiling prices for malt and malting barley—in order to preserve to producers of such barley the full value of their product, whether marketed in Canada or in the United States."

Possibly some producers will be startled to observe the extent of the excise tax on malt, and to note how much more is realized by the treasury of Canada from malting barley than by the producer. It seems unlikely that the situation described above will be allowed to continue for any very long time. Because feed grains were scarce this year, barley which otherwise would have been sold to the United States for malting

has been diverted to the eastern feed market and its export to the United States prevented. This resolution will be followed up in the hope that before another seeding season government policy will be announced that will tend to encourage continued production of malting varieties.

The excise tax on malt was dealt with in another resolution. Its purpose is to promote the use of malt in other commodities than beer through a shift in the method of collecting excise tax which would make easier such employment of malt. It is as follows:

"WHEREAS the excise tax on beer produced in Canada is imposed indirectly by way of an excise tax on malt, instead of directly as is done both in Great Britain and in the United States, where malt is not subject to excise tax,

"AND WHEREAS such procedure makes malt a difficult and expensive commodity to handle, and tends to prevent the development of its use in Canada for other commodities than beer, even where tax remission is granted:

"BE IT RESOLVED that we urge the government to study the possibility of transferring the excise tax from malt to beer."

Declining hog production in the West, which has been worrying a great many observers, is directly related to grain marketing problems. Western farmers producing feed grains have to make a choice between selling their grain and selling hogs to which such grain has been fed. Lately a very large number have been choosing the former course, in fact so many as to create a great deal of worry as to how satisfactory production of Canadian bacon for Great Britain can be maintained. A resolution in this connection passed by the meeting recited facts known to everyone familiar with this western problem. But it included one probably unknown to most people, the extent of the assistance which the government has given to eastern livestock production through its free freight policy on feed grains. It came as a surprise when the Minister of Agriculture announced in Parliament recently that \$64,000,000 had been spent in this way. Would not more hogs have been produced in Canada if such an amount had been applied to encourage western hog feeders, rather than those in other parts of Canada? From such a question there naturally arises the suggestion, incorporated in the resolution of the annual meeting that there should be provided an additional premium on the top grades of western hogs marketed. The resolution on hog marketing passed by the meeting was in the following terms:

"WHEREAS it is in the national interest to maintain Canadian hog production on a sufficiently high level to meet the effective demand from Great Britain for Canadian bacon

"AND WHEREAS special encouragement has been given to hog production in other parts of Canada by assumption on the part of the government of the freight cost of moving feed grains from western Canada, to the extent of \$64,000,000, and corresponding encouragement to hog production in the prairie provinces would be equally justified,

"AND WHEREAS demand for bacon on any large scale can only be met by a high level of production in the prairie provinces where there has recently been a strong trend on the part of farmers to go out of hog production for reasons quite apart from low grain production in certain areas,

"BE IT RESOLVED that bacon hog production in western Canada could be stimulated either

"(a) By providing as an encouragement to production of high quality bacon hogs in western Canada an additional premium per head on the highest grades of bacon hogs; or

"(b) By the government absorbing the cost of freight on the movement of export bacon from western packing centres to the Atlantic Coast, with a view to equalizing the prices for hogs on western markets with those prevailing in eastern Canada, just as the cost of feed grain in eastern Canada is equalized, by the absorption of freight cost, with the price prevailing at the head of the lakes."

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Delegates to U.G.G. Annual Meeting Hear of Progress



R. S. LAW
President and General Manager,
who presided.

Delegates attending the annual meeting of United Grain Growers in Winnipeg on November 7 and 8 showed a high degree of satisfaction with the reports of the Company's business presented to them. This was indicated not only by their adoption of reports and by expressions of appreciation for the work of the board of directors and the staff during the year under review. Without any other nominations the meeting unanimously re-elected to the Board for a three-year term the four retiring directors: Messrs. R. S. Law, Winnipeg; J. E. Brownlee, Calgary; E. E. Bayne, Winnipeg, and R. C. Brown, Pilot Mound. The other directors, who can be regarded as sharing in this vote of confidence are John Morrison, Yellowgrass, Sask.; J. J. MacLellan, Purple Springs, Alta.; C. E. Hope, Fort Langley, B.C.; M. T. Allan, Neville, Sask.; R. Shannon, Grandora, Sask.; S. S. Sears, Nanton, Alta.; J. Stevens, Morinville, Sask., J. Harvey Lane, Huronville, Sask.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. R. S. Law was re-elected president, Mr. J. E. Brownlee as first vice-president, and Mr. John Morrison as second vice-president.

The financial statement and the Directors' Report presented to the meeting covered the fiscal year ended July 31, 1945. It showed a net profit for the year after all charges, including provision for taxation on income, of \$290,510.58. Out of that an annual dividend had been provided on the Company's capital stock, amounting to \$162,391.80. Prior charges taken care of before arriving at the net profit for the year included \$300,000 for patronage dividend, interest on bonds \$99,999.99, and provision for depreciation of capital assets \$501,665.40. Provision for estimated taxes under Dominion Income and Excess Profits Taxation Act amounted to \$225,000. The earned surplus account at the beginning of the fiscal year had stood at \$499,066.99 and the addition of profits for the year brought this to a total of \$789,577.57. In addition to the dividend on capital stock above mentioned, appropriation was made for the purpose of redeeming and cancelling 1,287 Class A shares of the Company's capital stock \$19,948.50 and the amount of \$15,116.16, amount written off bond discount and expenses. The earned surplus account is accordingly carried forward in the amount of \$598,457.91. The balance sheet showed current and working assets of \$11,466,530.43 against current liabilities amounting to \$9,269,013.67, representing a working capital of \$2,197,516.76. Grain inventory at \$9,608,325.93 contrasted with the corresponding figure at the close of the previous year of \$17,387,100.38 and for two years ago of more than \$19,000,000. This was a reflection of the extent to which the wheat carryover in western Canada had been reduced from the high point at which it formerly stood. Against capital assets amounting to \$11,983,115 a reserve for depreciation has been established of \$6,773,913.22. These assets are accordingly carried in the balance sheet at \$5,209,201.78 and are considerably less than half the original cost.

The Company's bonded indebtedness stands at \$2,400,000.00, considerably less

than half the total at which it stood a number of years ago. These bonds, of varying maturities, carrying interest rates ranging from 3½ per cent to 4¼ per cent. As the Report pointed out, the low rates at which the Company has been able to borrow and the high market value of the bonds are an indication of a high credit standing.

The shareholders' equity in the Company is represented by capital reserve and surplus amounting to \$5,490,737.90. Of this \$3,106,185.00 is represented by capital stock outstanding and \$2,384,552.90 by reserves and surplus.

Addition this year of \$300,000 brings the Company's patronage dividend reserve to a total of \$2,300,000. Payments from this reserve are temporarily in suspense pending settlement of the problem of income taxation thereon which has now been a matter of doubt for a number of years. The report pointed out that now that the report of the Royal Commission on Co-operatives has been completed it may be expected that definite decisions in connection with taxation will be arrived at before long. Mention was made of the fact that other co-operatives have found it wise to carry patronage dividends in reserve instead of paying them out until the tax situation is clarified.

Reference was made to action taken last year to reduce handling charges and street spreads on grain by two cents a bushel. That had meant a reduction during the past year of more than \$900,000 of the Company's earnings which amount would otherwise have been available to add to the \$300,000 set aside for patronage dividend. Attention was called to one of the peculiarities of the present tax situation under which the Company must dispute with the Income Tax Department as to liability with respect to the amount set aside for patronage dividend but no corresponding question arises with respect to additional payments made to customers during the fiscal year, at time of delivery of grain instead of afterwards by way of patronage dividend.

A separate report was presented by the first vice-president, Mr. J. E. Brownlee, and endorsed by the meeting, dealing with the Royal Commission on Co-operatives and the Company's presentation thereto. Copies were placed in the hands of the delegates of the presentation and of the argument given by the Company's Counsel and these are also available for distribution. In summarizing the Company's position it was pointed out that United Grain Growers Limited is a co-operative, one of the oldest and one of the largest in Canada, and has always been recognized as such by authoritative writers who have dealt with co-operative institutions in this country. It pioneered co-operative development in the handling of grain, farm supplies and livestock. It is as fully entitled to exemption as any other farmers' co-operative organization with which it competes. There is nothing in its organization, capital structure or method of business, which would justify a different treatment of it for tax purposes. The report went on to say:

"Having outlined its general position, the Company stated that it was neither practicable nor opportune to try to remedy the situation by taxing co-operatives completely. Rather, it thought, the solution was to be found somewhat along the lines adopted in Great Britain. It, therefore, recommended:

"1. That there should be recognized as a deductible expense patronage dividends paid by any co-operative authorized to make such payments by the legislation under which it is incorporated.

"2. By recognizing as a deductible expense interest or dividends paid by a co-operative up to five per cent on capital.

"4. As the Commission was charged with the duty of investigating the position of businesses in close competition with co-operatives the Company took

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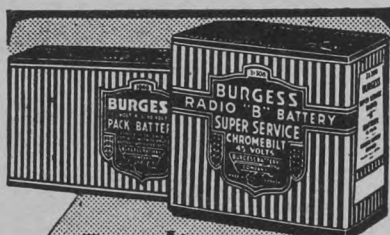


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J. E. BROWNLEE, K.C.
Vice-President.

the position that it was quite content to have such concerns also empowered to make payments analogous to patronage dividend and to be afforded such other relief as might be granted by a semi-judicial body such as a Board of Referees.

"The Company was glad that certain members of the Commission visited England for it enabled the Company to say that in that country, the home of co-operatives and the land where they have had their greatest development, the Commission had found that all co-operatives were organized on a share capital basis, paid a dividend of four or five per cent on that capital and such interest was regarded as a deductible expense. In fact, the Company felt it could rest its case on what the Commissioners found in England, for if the Company was barred from the same tax treatment as other co-operatives then the entire body of British Co-operatives would have to be regarded as not entitled to such equal treatment."

The delegates' annual dinner, presided over by Mr. Law, heard an important address from Premier Garson of Manitoba on the subject of Dominion-Provincial relations and various problems of finance which it is hoped will be settled at the present conference between the Government of Canada and the governments of the different provinces. Another speaker was James Turner, president of the National Farmers Union of England and Wales, who also addressed the delegates at the Thursday afternoon session. His remarks are dealt with elsewhere.

The election of Directors brought the first day's session to a close. The delegates spent a busy day on Thursday dealing with a number of resolutions. One of these, on the subject of encouraging hog production in western Canada was passed after hearing an address from Hugh Allen, president of Alberta Livestock Co-operative Limited on the present livestock situation. That is dealt with on the Monthly Commentary page along with various resolutions dealing with grain marketing, passed after discussion devoted to this subject.

That western farmers have not changed their historic position on the question of tariffs and trade was shown by passing of a resolution to the effect that the Government of Canada be requested to do away with tariffs and restraints of trade.

Nearly 300 delegates attended, representing the locals into which the 35,000 shareholders are organized in the western provinces. This was the 39th Annual Meeting since the Company's original incorporation in 1906 and the 29th meeting held since the amalgamation in 1917 of the Grain Growers Grain Company and the Alberta Farmers' Co-operative Elevator Company Limited to form United Grain Growers Limited. In that connection, the Directors' Report concluded with the following:

"As your Company enters upon its 40th year of service opportunities for usefulness quite as great and quite as important as those of past years lie ahead. The shape of future world organization is at the moment so uncertain as to leave in doubt the type of conditions that will be encountered in the future and the nature of readjustments that may have to be made by Canadian agriculture to meet them. We can be sure of this that the problems now facing the peoples and the governments of the world are so great as to call for all the goodwill and all the wisdom that can be mustered to deal with them. We can be equally sure that

western agriculture, in the future, as has been the case in the past, will need to be constantly well informed and alert to see that its interests are taken care of. Changes in coming years are likely to be both numerous and rapid and attempts at this moment to lay down positive programs for any long period in the future would be premature. Rather we must be prepared to cope with various changes as they arise. The shareholders of this Company will expect it to play a full part in dealing with the succession of problems that is sure to be experienced."

Head of British Farmers' Union Addresses Delegates

An extremely interesting feature of the annual meeting of United Grain Growers Limited was provided by the presence of James Turner, a Yorkshire farmer and president of the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales. Mr. Turner, by his engaging personality, his ability as a speaker, and by the interest of his remarks won the friendship of the meeting. He had been one of the advisers at Quebec to the British Delegation of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations and had flown from Quebec to be present at the meeting. In a brief speech at the annual dinner Mr. Turner dealt with the achievements of British agriculture during the war and the transformation which had taken place from an agriculture, which he said in prewar years had been distressed and tending to be derelict, to one which during the war years had been able to provide 80 per cent of the food requirements of Great Britain. Although British farmers, he said, were determined to keep up their production the expansion of wheat acreage which had taken place during the war would not be a threat to the interests of Canadian producers. There would be a decline, he predicted, from British wheat acreage so that only such an area would there annually be seeded to wheat as would correspond with sound farming practice and the maintenance of a necessary balance between grain and livestock. He did not envisage the soft wheat of Great Britain as competing importantly with that of Canada and pointed out that much of it would be fed to poultry and other livestock.

Mr. Turner made a longer speech to the delegates of the Thursday afternoon convention and expressed high hopes of success for the Food and Agricultural Organization, both in bringing about a higher nutritional standard for the peoples of the world, and in developing methods of international trade in farm products which would tend to bring about more stable level of prices than have prevailed in the past. Mr. Turner's visit to Canada earlier in the year as a member of the Delegation of British Farm Organization is well remembered. That was with a view to long term plans for an international organization of primary agricultural producers. In his speech he dealt at some length with that project and declared that the work of the Food and Agricultural Organization should be supplemented by the assistance of such an organization, towards forming which a meeting of representatives of organized agriculture in different countries is planned to be held in London next May. In the course of his remarks he declared that a saturated market means economic chaos in agriculture. A saturated market is not the result of over-production, but of under-consumption. There would be no such thing as surpluses if the people of the world had an adequate diet and production was intelligently planned to supply the diet. He looked forward to obtaining world freedom from want through intelligent direction of production, world distribution and the education of consumers in food habits and requirements. The production however of sufficient quantities of food for world needs would require economic inducement of farmers to produce. He saw great hope in the fact that governments are now realizing the importance of agriculture and of food supply on economic situation of different countries and that they have a united determination to free the world from hunger, something that would require vastly greater agricultural production than had been known in the past.



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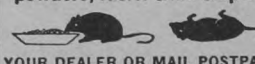
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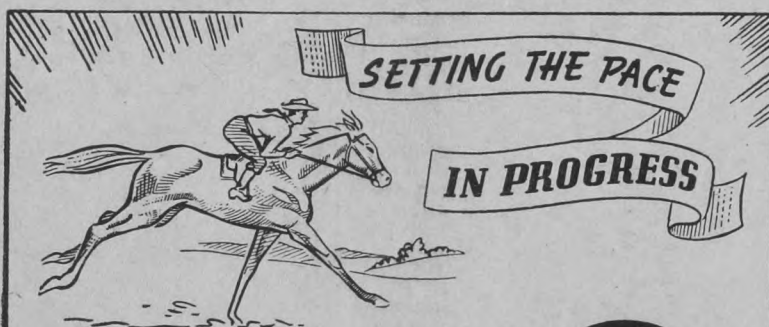


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"BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME"

Continued from page 10

would be another Tom Hammond, who had spent his mature life in domineering all who'd let him, and grasping everything he could. But those who criticized overlooked the fact that Tom Hammond's father had left him a legacy of debt and impractical training, and that in overcoming these handicaps he had swung too far to the hard side. And now Hill had been left a legacy of ill opinion.

When he had started training dogs the people of Bitter Creek put bad meaning to it. Sim Crutcher said, with typical humor, "Well the last of the Hammonds is goin' to the dogs!" And Sam Hurley, who had nursed a years-old grudge against Tom Hammond, said, "Well, them Hammonds'll do anything fer the almighty dollar! Hill'll be peddlin' chickens next!"

Nor had Hill improved his standing by posting his land so as to have quail for his training needs. "He'll be brandin' the fish in Bitter Creek, next thing!" Buck Tomlinson predicted. That was how things stood with Hill Hammond and his neighbors.

The next morning was bright and cold. Walking to school, Mayran tried to think of plans for the community tree, scheduled for Monday afternoon at the schoolhouse, but her mind kept going back to last night; Hill standing there with the ring in his hand . . . his twisted smile . . . the look in his eyes . . . the words he had said, "*Better luck next time.*" And the words he had said before she had given him back the ring: "It's a world that makes a man hard, Mayran. He's got to be selfish to win. A man can't be soft."

Those words had started it. More words had come, one leading to another, and Mayran had rebelled. The Winslow in her had rebelled against the Hammond in him. The woman in her had rebelled. John Lane wouldn't have said such things. Mayran thought of the difference between the two, John was gay and light and tactful; Hill was quiet, lashing out with bitter words, blunt, hard.

Topping the rise that led to the school house, she looked across the hollow to her left and saw Hill over there, walking with long steps, following a pair of rangy pointers. She looked away, not needing the sight of him.

The day dragged by. Lessons were poor, for the pupils were excited over the coming holidays. But there was one who didn't share the general happiness. Jeffie Taylor sat at his desk and looked out the window, his face tight, his light blue eyes filled with worry. In class, he answered all questions with "I don't know'm" and during recess and noon he and Pete, his frisky young black-and-white setter, took no interest in play, but wandered about in the grove of pine and scrub oak. Occasionally the setter leaped eagerly about his master, yipping to be off across the quail-fringed sedge fields, but Jeffie did not respond.

School was out at 3:30 that afternoon. The pupils raced from the little building, shouting joyously. In the grove, they scattered into groups of two's and three's and took the hard, narrow paths that led to the various homes in the Bitter Creek neighborhood.

Mayran called to Jeffie to wait. "I want you to help me pick out the Christmas tree for Monday afternoon," she said.

"Yes'm. I know where there's one," Jeffie told her. "I'll wait outside, with Pete."

Mayran fastened the windows, pushed back the fire in the iron stove, tended to this and that before coming out and locking the creaking door. Only Jeffie and Pete remained in the grove, the others having gone.

"The tree's down on the creek," he told her. "It's a holly that's bein' stunted

by a post oak. Won't be harm to cut it down."

Mayran nodded. "What's wrong today, Jeffie? Tell me."

"Pop says he's goin' to sell Pete, to get some Christmas money."

"Sell Pete?" Mayran exclaimed. "He must have been teasing, Jeffie, or does Pete kill chickens? Some bird dogs are bad . . ."

"That's not it," Jeffie cut in, blinking fast. "Pop says I don't need the dog as bad as we need the money. So . . ."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Jeffie! Who wants to buy him?"

"Hill Hammond. He offered Pop twenty-five dollars."

Then Jeffie rammed his hands deep into his overalls' pockets and wheeled on Mayran savagely. "But I ain't goin' to let him! I ain't . . ." He choked on helpless anger.

"So, it's Hill Hammond!" Mayran said slowly. "I thought he had enough dogs to worry with now."

"He hasn't got any like Pete, though. Pete's got real blood. He'll find more birds

an' hold 'em longer'n any other young dog around here. Hill wants him, to enter in the Puppy Trials at East Junction in February." And, proudly: "I been trainin' him. I work him ever' day, goin' home from school."

"Where did you get Pete?"

"From a stranger that come through here last spring. I helped him get his truck out of a mudhole, an' he give me the runt of a litter he was haulin'. He said it was registered stock. I raised him from a little bitty thing, Miss Mayran, an' now . . ."

"Let's go look for the tree," Mayran broke in. "We can talk about it as we go."

"Yes'm." Jeffie led the way down the hill, toward the creek, beyond which lay Hill Hammond's land. Pete ran on ahead of them, hunting out thickets, racing into the keen breeze, head high, seeking the odor he loved so well. Somewhere beyond the creek, a light-gauge gun "*crack-ed.*"

"I reckon that's Hill now," Jeffie said. He kicked at a tuft of sedge. "I wondered if you'd talk to him an' ask him not to say any more about buyin' Pete. Would you?"

"It would be better if I talked with your father, wouldn't it?"

"No'm. Pop's awful head-set." "I'm afraid Hill is, too. I'd rather not. . . ."

"Look!" Jeffie broke in. "Yonder's Pete across the creek. He's down on birds. See how he holds 'em, Miss Mayran! Ho, boy!" he yelled. "Ca'ful!" He started for the footlog at the bottom of the hill. "C'mon, Miss Mayran, an' see how sta'nch he is." And to the dog: "Hooold um! Ca'fulllll, suh!"

Mayran watched the statue-still, black-and-white figure of Pete. His head, back, and tail formed an almost straight line; his right forepaw was raised daintily.

Suddenly, on the slope beyond the creek, two pointers appeared, swinging in a long, tireless lope toward Pete. Ten yards from the setter, they saw him and fell on point, "backing," with the amazing politeness of good quail dogs.

"Steady, boys!" a man called from the top of the rise. It was Hill Hammond.

Jeffie stopped midway to the log. "Here, Pete!" he called, frightened. "Pete, come here!" Pete was not only trespassing on posted land, he was also revealing how good he was. "Pete!"

"Let him alone, boy," Hill ordered. He came on down.

Then, from up the creek, racing wildly, came an excited Irish setter. He cut past the pointers and drove straight for Pete and deliberately leaped ahead of him.

The covey roared up. The red setter yipped and gave chase.

A man yelled, "Mike! You, Mike!"

Mayran gasped . . . John Lane's voice! He was hunting on Hill Hammond's land. She saw Hill lean his pump-gun carefully against a sapling and turn to wait for the trespasser to come up.

Jeffie went on across the footlog. "I didn't send Pete over here," he begged, catching the setter's collar and holding him. "Honest, he crossed the footlog before I knew it."

"That's all right," Hill told him. "Dogs follow their noses."



John Lane, heavy-set and puffing, came up then. "I'll thrash him when he gets back, the crazy, wild fool! Which dog found the birds?"

"That pup, with the boy," Hill told him. "Did you know this land was posted?"

"Yes, I saw a sign or two along the fence," Lane said easily. He reached down and broke off a thumb-sized pecan sprout. "Mike!" he yelled. "Come here, Mike!"

"Why did you hunt over here after you saw the signs?" Hill asked quietly.

"Say, you must want to make something of it!" the trespasser exclaimed, as if Hill had been guilty of heresy. "I'm John Lane. I belong to the Carlton Gun Club, of East Junction. You're Hammond, I judge. We've given you considerable business." His meaning was clear. It was a thinly veiled threat.

"You need to give me some more. Your Mike needs straightening out."

"I'll take care of him," Lane snapped. "He's coming now, sneaking back through the brush. Knows he's done wrong. I'll . . ." He turned to Jeffie. "What'll you take for that dog?" he asked, indicating Pete. "I like his looks. Fifty dollars?"

Jeffie shook his head and gripped Pete's collar tighter. "Nobody's goin' to buy Pete," he said flatly. "I raised him, an' I trained him, too."

"I'll see your dad about it," said Lane. "What's his name?" He was clearly irritated.

"You needn't bother," Hill intervened. "I bought the dog this afternoon."

Jeffie paled. His freckles stood out. "No! He wasn't Pop's dog to sell. He's . . ." But the sentence never came; something had risen in Jeffie's throat, damming off words.

Mike came crawling and cringing to his master. He had been thrashed before, and he was begging for mercy, his plummy tail wagging in supplication.

Mayran, her lips parted, fists clenched, was watching. She had heard it all. They didn't know she was over there. She was seeing a new John Lane now; he was not the light, gay one she had known. She saw him raise the sprout over Mike's waiting back . . .

"Don't hit that dog," Hill said so quietly that Mayran could scarcely hear him.

John Lane stared at him. He was angry in three directions now: with Mike, with Jeffie Taylor, with Hill Hammond. "What?" The word crackled. "You tell me not to thrash my own dog?"

"You need training worse than the setter," Hill said slowly. "Hit him, and I'll start the job."

MAYRAN couldn't see Hill's eyes at that distance, but she knew how they looked . . . hard and cold and level, like his voice. And another thing she knew: There was something soft and fine deep within Hill Hammond, that had risen between the sprout and the erring setter. Yet, last night, Hill had said: "A man can't be soft." He was risking loss of his best clients now, yet he had said last night: "You've got to be selfish to win." Last night's words and today's deeds were at wide variance!

"Are you threatening me?" John Lane asked hotly.

"Telling you," Hill replied. "A dog gives a man according to what the man has given him. Whip Mike, and I'll use

the same sprout on you. On top of that, I'll prosecute you for trespassing."

"You'll lose by this, Hammond!" Lane threatened. But his arm came down. "Dad's president of the Carlton Club. I'll . . ."

"Why not leave Mike with me?" Hill broke in, ignoring the threat. "I'll make him steady . . . free of charge . . . and I won't use small saplings on him."

"I'm not a charity case," Lane snapped. Then he picked up his automatic and turned back the way he had come. Mike, his tail still tucked, followed at heel.

Mayran felt guilty . . . but she was glad she had eavesdropped. She knew two men better now, but only one of them mattered.

Jeffie's voice broke into her thoughts: "You can't have Pete!" He was crying. "Pop had no right to sell him to you. He's mine."

"Keep your shirt on sonny," Hill suggested. "Take the pup on home with you. I'll get him later. Right now, I'm busy with these pointers."

Jeffie and Pete came back across the footlog. Mayran signalled for silence, to keep Jeffie from revealing her presence to Hill, who had started down the creek after the scattered covey.

"I heard," Mayran said quietly. "Isn't it better for Hill to get Pete than for someone to get him who'll whip him?"

"Yes'm," Jeffie admitted. "That part's better."

"Let's go look at the tree," said Mayran. "I must get on home."

MAYRAN drove to East Junction the next morning to do some last minute Christmas shopping. Returning, she stopped by the Taylor place, to see Jeffie.

"Hill ain't come for him yet," he told her. "He will, though. He paid Pop the money."

"You must look at it this way," Mayran begged: "Worse things could happen to Pete."

"Yes'm I reckon so." Jeffie appeared more resigned now.

During the afternoon Mayran brightened the old house with cedar and holly and mistletoe. She popped corn and strung it for the school tree. She assembled decorations for it. Then she wrote a stack of Christmas cards to be mailed on Sunday.

Monday morning was cloudy. Snow began to fall as Mayran walked to the schoolhouse to see after putting up the tree, which three of the larger boys had promised to cut and bring up.

Jeffie was at the schoolhouse when Mayran arrived. But Pete was not. "Hill come an' got him at sun-up this mornin'," Jeffie told her, trying hard to keep his voice from shaking. "Led him off with a rope."

"There they come up the hill with the tree," Mayran exclaimed, trying to divert Jeffie for a while. "Isn't the grove pretty and Christmasy in the snow?"

By ten o'clock, presents were coming in fast. The people of Bitter Creek came and went, bringing presents . . . offerings to the happiness of eager children. Mayran with the aid of two larger girls, hung them on the sparkling tree.

The crowd gathered at 2:30 that afternoon. Mayran turned things over to old Dr. Puffley, who looked the part of Santa Claus, being short, ruddy, abundantly bewhiskered, and of impressive circumference at the equator. Capacious red suit, boots, and toboggan completed the illusion. A wild cheering went up as he entered, puffing and blowing, snow on his shoulders.

And Mayran, waiting by the tree to introduce "Santa," was happy to have a part in so much joy. Then she started in surprise at sight of a tall figure in khaki, who had entered behind "Santa." It was Hill Hammond. He sat in the back of the room. Mayran tried not to look in that direction.

She tried to speak calmly as she thanked the crowd for their help in the occasion, but her voice wavered. She knew it did. Nor was she quite sure of what she said. Words came, though, and she introduced "Santa."

Then "Santa" was calling names . . . children were coming forward to receive their gifts: a red toy truck for first-grade Joey Tucker . . . a candy-stuffed doll for second-grade Elsie Hope . . . a drum for tow-headed Jack Holman . . . a striped horn for Sammy Weeks. Things like these. And the tree was emptying fast. Only a few gifts re-

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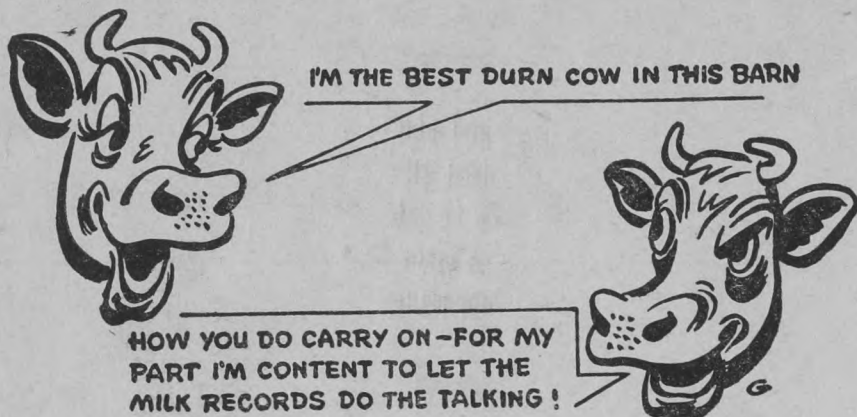
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maintained when Dr. Puffley turned toward the crowd.

"I carry the mail too," he announced, smiling broadly, "and I've a letter here for a boy named Jeffie Taylor." He fished an envelope from his hip pocket. "Come forward, Jeffie. I picked this up just south of the Arctic Circle."

Jeffie came to the front and received the letter. He was puzzled. Turning it over, looking at it, he went back to his desk. Dr. Puffley turned back to the tree and resumed his labors.

Mayran watched Jeffie. She was puzzled, too. She saw him tear off the end of the envelope and remove a folded page. Then...

His eyes popped wide and his mouth flew open. He looked at Mayran, started to say something, but held the words unspoken. He was grinning and fidgeting happily, looking out the nearest window, half rising from his seat and craning his neck. Then he left his seat and almost ran down the aisle to the door, and on out into the snow.

Mayran wished she could follow and know the answer to this riddle. Her curiosity was mounting fast.

The next five minutes, while "Santa" passed out the last gifts, seemed an age. But finally it was over and the crowd was milling about, noisy and pleased with the beginning of Christmas on Bitter Creek.

Having thanked Dr. Puffley for his aid, Mayran hurried out the rear door, looking for Jeffie.

There he was, by the front corner of the building, bareheaded, kneeling in the snow. And with him was Pete, forepaws on Jeffie's shoulders, long, red tongue licking Jeffie's face. A boy and his dog, together again.

"Jeffie!" Mayran called, going toward him.

Jeffie scrambled up. "Look, Miss Mayran!" he yelled, fishing a crumpled page from his pocket and running toward her. "Look! I got the best present of all!"

As she took the page, Mayran recognized the bold scrawl of Hill Hammond. She read eagerly:

Dear Jeffie,

Santa will hand you this note. You'll find Pete outside the schoolhouse, waiting for you. I bought him to keep an outsider from getting him. Let's make him a partnership dog... you keep him; we'll train him together and enter him in the Puppy trials in February. I took him out this morning and found him great. Maybe you're a better trainer than

Yours truly,

Hill Hammond.

P.S.—If anybody tells you there's no Santa Claus, don't you believe him.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Mayran said softly... but she meant much more than Jeffie suspected. "You must thank him, Jeffie. He..."

"I'm goin' to. Yonder he comes down the steps now. I..." He turned and ran that way yelling words that were lost in the noise of the crowd... for a snow-fight had started. Pete, fearing another separation, followed him.

Mayran went quickly back into the schoolhouse, now empty, and to her desk. She had made up her mind... she knew. She sat in the creaky chair at her desk and scribbled with pencil at the foot of Hill's note to Jeffie:

"Santa doesn't always wear whiskers, but he does always have a big heart. He's a softy, and so are you. Be as good to me as you've been to Jeffie: You gave him back what was rightfully his."

To this she signed her initials. Jeffie would come back into the building for his cap. She would give him the note to take to Hill, and...

But wait! A postscript... "Better luck next time!"

* * * * *

Author's P.S.: The story's over, but we must add this: Hill couldn't get over to Mayran's till after dark that evening. He had to go to the station and get an Irish setter named Mike, that had been shipped to him from East Junction. The consigner's instructions read: "Straighten Mike out for the Puppy Trials."

SCHOOLING FOR FARMERS

Continued from page 11

co-educational, and Crookston takes students as young as 13 years of age. So, in fact, does Morris, provided a student reaches the age of 14 during the first term. At Crookston the average age is only slightly over 16, whereas at Morris it is 17. These schools have associated with them branch experiment stations, involving several hundred acres of land in each case. Each teaches a three-year course, with a fourth year advanced course if desired; and each has an attendance of from 380 to 400 students, of whom about one-third are girls and two-thirds are boys.

Costs Are High

Each of these two schools at Morris and Crookston, if established today, would probably cost two million dollars; and at Morris, land, buildings and equipment are even now carried at \$981,944. The annual cost of operation is about \$125,000, of which \$89,000 is paid in salaries and wages to 23 teachers (many part time) and for labor of various sorts. The farm consists of 823 acres.

THE Crookston school, with buildings not of fireproof construction, carried at \$750,000 after standing 40 years, has a salaries and wages bill of \$82,000, a total annual expenditure of about \$117,000, and a revenue of about \$32,000. Its teaching staff numbers 24. Many of these also serve only part time.

Agitation has existed in Minnesota for the establishment of a fourth school in the southeastern portion of the state. Probably because its wisdom was doubted, a committee of three distinguished agricultural educationists from outside the state were invited to survey the situation and make recommendations. We later had the opportunity of interviewing two of the members of this committee, Dean H. H.

Kildee, Agricultural Division, Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, and Dr. Lyman E. Jackson, President, South Dakota State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Brookings. From these conversations, from our own observations made at the Minnesota Schools of Agriculture that we visited, from many interviews which we had with University officials, not only at St. Paul but in all the other states visited (in each of which, courses of from one to two or three years are given to farm boys and girls who intend to return to the farm), and from our own special interest in and knowledge of conditions in the prairie provinces, the three of us reached our individual conclusions. Happily, there was a large measure of agreement in these conclusions, but for this article and the views presented, the responsibility is solely my own.

Canada at the Crossroads

I AM not aware of any country, province or state wherein a system of agricultural education exists which is perfect, or even near perfect, for the conditions in which it is applied. This condition is symbolic not only of the lack of money available or appropriated by governments for this purpose, and of the comparatively low economic level characteristic of agriculture to date, but of the failure of farmers and their organizations to give sufficient encouragement to education, and to needle and prod their legislators with sufficient energy and persistence. Knowledge makes wealth, because all wealth comes from human effort of hand or mind. If both hand and mind are trained, wealth grows as knowledge increases.

In Canada we seem to be standing at the crossroads. In Alberta, a system of schools of agriculture has existed since 1913. Of the six schools originally established, four have fallen by the wayside, a fifth has opened and closed several times, and only the sixth has had a continuously successful career. This year, between the two schools at Olds and Vermilion, 330 students have been accommodated according to recent reports, and a further 170 turned away. There is talk of additional schools in the province, and also of the creation

of a board for co-ordinating agricultural education in Alberta. There is no school of agriculture at the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

In Ontario, a Committee of Enquiry, appointed by the Ontario Government two or three years ago, and representative of all phases of agriculture, has reported against the establishment of further agricultural schools in that province (in addition to the schools at Kempsville and Ridgeway and the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph). The Committee favors, as a much more economical policy of education, the holding of numerous short courses throughout the province, of several weeks, or two to four months' duration. More recently, the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. T. L. Kennedy, has announced that agricultural centres will be erected experimentally in one or more counties, for the accommodation of such short courses and for other agricultural purposes throughout the year.

In Saskatchewan, a School of Agriculture is conducted at the University of Saskatchewan, at which farm youth who intend to farm may take a course of five months' duration, in each of two years. In Manitoba the situation is quite similar. What is known as a diploma course is given at the University of Manitoba—also a two-year course of five months each year. In both these provinces, the establishment of schools of agriculture throughout the province is being discussed, and in each province, the idea seems to have received some measure of approval from the Provincial government.

Results Are What We Want

It seems needless to say that agricultural education is primarily a matter of education, not agriculture. If true, this means that it is our universities, through their Faculties of Agriculture, which should do the teaching. As organized in this country, our Departments of Agriculture are not only regulatory and administrative but extension agencies. They are not teaching institutions, and never should be so regarded. On the other hand, Departments of Education are not suitable agencies for training young men and women for farm life. Their primary function is the supervision of primary and secondary education and the training of teachers for this purpose. This much was made clear to me in Minnesota and in the other states we visited. A university, if it is to fulfill its function, is the fountainhead of knowledge, and must be the mainspring of educational practice.

The Central School of Agriculture at St. Paul, Minnesota, takes boys and girls, when they have reached the age when they should have completed high school training. If they have not had this training, a school of this kind can take them anyway, but it does not compete with the high schools, as do the branch schools at Crookston and Morris.

Moreover, this system of branch schools does not seem to have helped materially the educational level attained by farm boys and girls in Minnesota. Census figures for 1940 show that only 18.7 per cent of Minnesota farm folk 25 years old and over had any high school or college education, as compared with 24.1 per cent of farm folk in this age group for the United States as a whole. In this respect, the State of Minnesota stood 42nd among the 48 states of the Union. Moreover, in the percentage of native white farm boys and girls 16 and 17 years of age attending school in 1940, Minnesota stood 47th among the 48 states, with only 43.9 per cent of such farm youths attending school. This low percentage compares with 85.8 per cent for the State of Utah, which ranks first, not only for this age group, but also for percentage of the total population 25 years old or over who have had some high school education. Moreover, 60.7 per cent of Minnesota's 16 and 17-year-old farm youths were not attending school; and this in a state with a population at that time of 2,792,300 of which 32.4 per cent was rural farm.

The total enrollment in the four Minnesota Schools of Agriculture, runs about 1,200 per year, including boys and

girls of ages from 14 to 20 or more. In spite, however, of large, well-built residential schools, excellent supervision, long experience, and very high cost per pupil graduated, the four schools combined reach, in any one year, only one farm boy or girl for every 15 in the state who are not attending school at the age of 16 or 17.

It is difficult to escape the logic or the common sense of the idea that in provinces with limited budgets, the development of schools of agriculture at our provincial universities to the limit and the capacity of a single school, is advisable before establishing additional schools outside.

The Central Minnesota School at St. Paul draws on the time of about 80 people, including about 18 of its own general staff and 60 or more from the University College of Agriculture, including the most distinguished professors and subject matter specialists in the State. This compares with about two dozen persons teaching at each of the larger branch schools, of whom the majority are employed for only six months of the year.

I did not obtain figures as to the cost of establishing the central school at St. Paul, but it stands to reason that the further development of our university schools of agriculture at Saskatoon and Winnipeg could be accomplished much more economically than could the establishment of entirely separate and complete schools at points throughout these provinces. Accommodation for 500 to 700 students on a university campus, together with any extra teaching staff, can be provided for at a great deal less money (and serve an entire province for some time to come), than would be the cost of establishing a complete institution, equipped with dormitories, equipment, laboratories and land, in order to make it competent to teach vocational agriculture as an outside school.

Let Us Be Sensible

THE argument is sometimes used that farmers will not send their sons and daughters so far away from home and subject them to the temptations of city life. Another is that it costs more at a university. Neither argument is necessarily valid. The contacts with university student life, the outstanding subject matter specialists and members of the university faculty, the opportunity of hearing and seeing speakers and persons of outstanding ability who appear from time to time at our universities, the ability to take advantage of the more complete equipment and to come into contact with the research and experimental work under way at our universities, have a combined value sufficient to outweigh many smaller considerations.

Our university schools of agriculture take young men at an average age of about 19, when they have become vocationally conscious. They do not compete with our high schools for pupils of younger ages. They supplement the basic high school course; and when we



"Wonder if that bull hasn't upset my position as head of the house—Susie's actin' mighty perk!"

have learned how to teach agriculture properly in elementary and in secondary schools, a university school of agriculture will still further complement and round out the vocational training which the young farmer of tomorrow will need.

There is also a further and very important reason why our provincial legislators and the governments they support, would be well advised to go slowly, for a time at least, before providing agricultural education in the form of outside schools. In any one of the western provinces, for some years to come, the raising of sufficient money to meet the many problems of our modern

society, will constitute a very serious problem in itself. Our regular school systems and our universities are even now inadequately supported. It is difficult to see where the money is to come from to adequately support these institutions, and at the same time establish a number of vocational schools for agriculture which will, at best, serve only a pitifully small proportion of those who need vocational education in agriculture, and that at a very high cost per student. The time may come when such a course may be desirable, but no evidence that I have yet been able to admit, suggests that it is now warranted.

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THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

FARMERS' BULLETIN

MAXIMUM WHOLESALE PRICES FOR DRESSED TURKEYS

Maximum wholesale prices for dressed turkeys are fixed by zones, and according to the grades set forth in the Federal Livestock and Livestock Products Act. The prevailing maximum wholesale prices for young hens and toms, delivered to the buyer's place of business, are as follows:

Zone where buyer's place of business is located (cents per pound)

Grade	Maritimes and Gaspe	Ont. and Que.	Alta. and Man.	Sask.	B.C.
Special Grade...	39 $\frac{3}{4}$	38 $\frac{3}{4}$	36 $\frac{3}{4}$	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	37 $\frac{3}{4}$
A. Grade.....	38 $\frac{3}{4}$	37 $\frac{3}{4}$	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	34 $\frac{3}{4}$	36 $\frac{3}{4}$
B. Grade.....	36 $\frac{3}{4}$	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	33 $\frac{3}{4}$	32 $\frac{3}{4}$	34 $\frac{3}{4}$
C. Grade.....	33 $\frac{3}{4}$	32 $\frac{3}{4}$	30 $\frac{3}{4}$	29 $\frac{3}{4}$	31 $\frac{3}{4}$

The ceiling on old hens is 3 cents per pound less than the prices shown above; on old toms 4 cents per pound less. When turkeys are box-packed the price may be increased $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent over the above schedule. When in doubt as to price, zone boundaries or other poultry regulations, write or call your local or regional office of the Wartime Prices and Trades Board.

TO CONTROL SHOW BEEF SALES

The following changes in the regulations governing the sale of show beef became effective on and after November 19, 1945.

1. Only beef from cattle exhibited at an authorized show may be classed as "show beef". Authorization for such classification must come from the Administrator of Meat and Meat Products, Wartime Prices and Trade Board.
2. The secretary of an exhibition which has been named as an "authorized show" shall have from the Administrator of Meat and Meat Products a written notice of such authorization. The notice must be displayed in a prominent place where the show is being held.
3. All carcasses classed as "show beef" must have a cold dressed weight at the place of slaughter of not less than 300 pounds, and must be in accordance with the specifications for either "Choice Beef" (red brand) or Good Beef, (blue brand) as set forth in the Livestock and Livestock Products Act. All cattle coming from such shows must have been ear-tagged before going to the place of slaughtering.
4. All beef from cattle exhibited at "authorized shows" held in Saskatchewan, Alberta or Manitoba must have been slaughtered in an inspected plant situated in one of those provinces in order to qualify as "show beef."

BUTTERFAT FOR CREAM PRODUCTION

On November 1 the order restricting cream sales to 100 per cent of a distributor's June, 1944, sales (in pounds of butterfat) was amended to allow an increase of 10 per cent over the basic period. The revision was made to relieve shortages of cream in communities where returning servicemen and other population shifts had swelled the demand. No change in the maximum butterfat content of cream has been authorized, and all cream sold must not exceed 18 per cent butterfat strength. The sale of whipping cream is still prohibited. Cream distributors may, however, sell up to 110 per cent of their June, 1944, quota.

FARMERS' RATION COUPONS

Coupons covering farmer sales or farm household consumption of meat and butter, and sales of preserves must be forwarded to Local Ration Boards in primary producers' envelopes (RB-61). Reports for December should reach the Local Ration Boards not later than January 10. Following are the valid coupon dates for December:

	Butter	Meat	Sugar	Preserves
December 6	Nos. 132	14	—	—
" 13	" 133	15	—	—
" 20	" 134	16	—	P22-23-24-25
" 27	" 135	17	—	—

Instead of one sugar coupon and two preserves coupons becoming valid during December, four preserves coupons have been declared. This gives the same amount of sugar but allows greater choice if more preserves are desired for the Christmas season.

For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

WE NEED MORE PROFITABLE HOGS

Continued from page 8

that two and two do not always make four in establishing type. The best scientific and practical experience will have to be applied and the effort carried out on a comprehensive scale.

Cross-breeding Not Recommended

NOW, what swine breeding methods have been tested and what are they likely to contribute to our objective in western Canada? Cross-breeding, or the mating of different pure-breds, has been recommended as one solution of our problem. This system has been applied on a considerable scale in some countries and has been studied experimentally in different part of the world, including Canada and the United States. The results of cross-breeding, as reported, are very conflicting. In certain tests it has been found that cross-bred pigs are thrifter, faster growing and more economical feeders than pure-breds, while in other instances the results show that good pure-breds are equal to cross-breds in all respects. Many of the experiments in cross-breeding of swine have involved the use of colored breeds which could not be utilized in swine breeding in Canada. Trials conducted with such white breeds as Yorkshire and Landrace have been carried out in Denmark and in Canada. In Denmark it was found that in most characteristics of economic importance, the cross-bred pigs were intermediate in performance between the two pure breeds. The trials conducted by the Experimental Farms Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture confirmed the Danish findings that the cross-breds did not noticeably excel the pure-breds in most features of practical importance. In view of the conflicting experimental evidence and on account of the danger of this system of breeding contributing to a lowering of Canadian bacon quality, it was the opinion of the Committee that the crossing of pure breeds of swine should not be encouraged in western Canada at the present time. It was suggested, however, that the use of this system in the production of market hogs should be further investigated.

It has been mentioned already that one of the main jobs facing us in swine breeding is that of locating superior strains of pure-bred stock; and at the same time developing a plan which will make it possible to bring together animals possessing desirable characteristics and mate them in such a way that "elite seed" will be produced. There must be a continuous search for outstanding individuals which have the ability to transmit features which are highly desirable from the standpoint of production and carcass quality.

THAT a well planned breeding program will lead to worth-while improvement, is indicated by the results of swine breeding research. A few examples may be cited. An examination of the results of litter testing in Denmark shows that the length of the average pig in that country was increased by one inch. At the same time the thickness of back fat was reduced by 25 per cent and the thickness of the belly increased by 15 per cent. Through a similar system, the efficiency of Swedish hogs was improved from a feed requirement of 4.15 pounds of feed per pound of gain, to the economical level of 3.35 pounds per pound of gain. Improved fertility and an increase in the number of functioning teats on brood sows have been brought about by careful selection of breeding stock. Most well defined hereditary characteristics in swine can be intensified by careful, systematic mating.

The Advanced Registry Policy for pure-bred swine has served as a means of measuring the performance of a certain percentage of the pure-bred swine in Canada; and at the same time it has directed the attention of breeders to sows and boars which have shown superior performance. Until 1929, when Advanced Registry for Swine was placed on an official basis, the only standard

available for guidance in the selection of breeding stock was the show ring. Our system was weak to the extent that we could not measure officially the productiveness, the feeding qualities, the early or late maturing tendencies, or the slaughter merits of our foundation breeding stock.

Follow-up for Advanced Registry

THE Committee was of the opinion that during the past fifteen years Advanced Registry has played an important and valuable part in the improvement of the pig stock of this country. At the same time an examination of the results of official tests at the feeding stations located throughout western Canada, suggests that there is immediate need for the placing of greater emphasis on a "follow up" program of breeding, which will make possible a concentration of the desirable blood located by Advanced Registry. This national policy has done much to eliminate many undesirable strains of Yorkshire swine in western Canada and to focus attention on a type which meets the demand for a high standard of performance. Locating the proven stock is not enough in itself. It would seem that steps should be taken to more actively tie in the Advanced Registry Policy with a broad, national, constructive breeding program to bring about general improvement in: (1) uniformity of type, (2) uniformity of litter size, (3) freedom from hereditary unsoundness (ruptures, ridglings, etc.), (4) feeding ability, and (5) carcass quality.

It is encouraging that a start has been made in Canada in connection with a national breeding plan along the lines just mentioned. The Experimental Farms Service and the Production Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture have laid the basis for an inbreeding project. Yorkshire boars which have shown up to excellent advantage under Advanced Registry testing have been bred back to their own daughters. This system of intensive breeding will serve to speed up the accumulation of desirable characteristics when accompanied by rigid discarding of undesirable individuals. It will result, too, in bringing to the surface strains which are carrying in a "dormant" fashion, such hereditary unsoundnesses as ruptures and ridglings, which are becoming altogether too common. Such a scheme must be carried out on a considerable scale if it is to eventually make an impression on the rank and file of the Canadian pig population. The Committee recommended that this plan be enlarged in scope and that the process be speeded up generally.

Swine Breeding Research Station Needed

A COMPREHENSIVE program of research in swine breeding was started in the United States in 1937 under the direction of what is known as the Regional Swine Breeding Laboratory. Ten State Experiment Stations are co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture to explore the possibilities of further improving swine through breeding. It was realized at the beginning, by those who planned the investigations that progress would be slow. Sufficient progress has been made, however, to indicate that there are real possibilities in the breeding methods which are being used and to suggest their possible application to the task of swine improvement in Canada.

The detailed findings of the laboratory are too extensive for review at this time. A few may be mentioned briefly. Inbreeding was found to be a useful procedure in supplementing regular breeding practices; and, if rigid selection is applied, it can be expected to result in a marked speeding up in swine improvement. "Hybrid vigor" can be expected when inbred lines, developed from unrelated stock, are crossed. On the whole the results with inbred lines of swine are similar to the results with hybrid corn, though further tests are necessary to determine the value of using inbred lines in various breeding plans.

With reference to the work in the United States, the Committee was of the opinion that the tests which were being carried out on such a broad scale should be investigated at first hand, to determine how applicable the procedures and results might be to problems of swine improvement in Canada.

Plant breeders have developed many new and superior varieties within comparatively recent years. They have had an advantage over animal breeders in being able to work with large numbers of individual plants. If really noticeable improvement in swine breeding is to be brought about within the lifetime of those now engaged in the business, it will be necessary to utilize larger numbers of animals than are available in the average herd. It was the opinion of the Committee that a special swine breeding research station, co-ordinated with the Dominion Experimental Farms Service and other institutions which might be able to co-operate, should be established in western Canada. It was recommended that such a scheme be started out on a scale sufficiently large to insure results of practical worth to the commercial swine industry, at as early a date as possible.

Private Swine Breeder Important

ALTHOUGH it was recommended that the development of superior breeding strains be undertaken as a national plan, this should not be taken to mean that the efforts of the private swine breeder were not recognized and fully appreciated. Much constructive work has been done through private initiative. Indeed, successful livestock breeding in any country depends, to a very large extent, on the skill and enthusiasm of the average breeder. The suggestion that what might be called a large-scale breeding program be started, developed from a belief that the number of animals which may be maintained in the average private herd is not large enough to permit rigid culling and at the same time hope for the survival of several more or less unrelated lines of breeding. A swine breeding station could work with and for the private breeders; the work of one would supplement the activities of the other.

Breeding is only one phase of swine

production which requires careful study on a national scale. Feeding and management and disease control contribute in an important way in determining quality and profits. Problems related to marketing require consideration on a dominion-wide scale from time to time. As a means of co-ordinating the efforts of all agencies engaged in swine improvement, it was recommended that a National Swine Committee be established.

The main findings and recommendations of the special Committee may be summarized as follows:—

1. The production of a utility bacon hog which will yield a high grade carcass should be our aim.

2. We have in our better herds breeding stock which meets the fundamental requirements for a western Canadian bacon hog.

3. Advanced Registry has been a factor contributing to the improvement of Canadian swine and will be of service in expanded breeding programs which are suggested.

4. In the face of the evidence at hand, the cross-breeding of swine should not be encouraged in western Canada at the present time. The system should be further investigated.

5. The inbreeding tests being conducted on a co-operative basis by the Dominion Experimental Farms Service and Production Service should be expanded.

6. The methods being employed and the results secured by the Regional Swine Laboratory in the United States should be studied at first hand, to determine their applicability to the problem of swine improvement in Canada.

7. A special research swine breeding station should be established in western Canada.

8. A National Swine Committee, similar to the National Sheep Committee and other comparable bodies, could function to advantage.

THE VOYAGE OF THE GOLDEN HIND

Continued from page 7

"Aye!" Nora said to herself, "and you'd have blue shoes on—if you could find them!"

She watched him while he paid off the compass man. His blackish jowls shook in hearty laughter while he pulled the bills out of his big wallet. He passed an extra one to the compass man and laughed even louder when the little man shook his head. She heard Parran say, "Ah, go on! Buy yourself a blue coat like mine. Blue's very nice. Don't like grey."

There were two men left in the *Doubloon's* pilot-house. Nora gave only a casual glance at the spray-marked windows; with the thought half-formed, that she might ask them something about the weather outside. It interested her, in a mild way, that one of them opened the portside door and made more than a careless scrutiny of the *Hind*. That is, he was not merely admiring her salty good looks.

Nora knew that extraordinary face, a cross between a dead haddock and a grinning fox. It was Billy Atkins, a man whose past held more shadow than light. He had once been a top-notch doryman. Long ago, he had given up the dories for the easier, better-paid work on the druggers. There was queer blood in that man. Some people said that it was an odd strain of the Canaries. More than that, he and Parran had been as thick as thieves. They had sailed together for some years. They were cronies ashore and were often seen in the Nova Scotian fishing ports. They had turned a few neat tricks in their time. In one case, they had saved their own skins on St. Pierre Bank at the cost of three fishermen's lives. By some men with long memories, Atkins was regarded as a criminal. That's why she gave him a second glance. But not a third. She didn't care to speak to him. She waited for the second man to come out. Atkins, however, said something over his shoulder and closed the door. He had seen her.

The second man remained inside.

Nora hailed Parran, as soon as the compass man was out of earshot. Parran was trying to stuff the money back into the wallet.

She said bluntly, "Good morning, Cap-

tain. Have you any of that to spare for a time?"

He jerked gallantly at the blue brim and gave his customary boom of laughter. His laughter suited him. It was big. So was his mouth; and the teeth that flashed there were good big ones, too, conservatively adorned with new gold. His big, black eyes became wet with good feeling, easily summoned up. "For you, Cap'n Nora? For her?" He bent his head toward the *Hind*. Always! Yes! Sure! Why not?" He thrust out his wallet.

She replied, "For me, Captain. And for her." She bent her head, just as he had and made the bending such a pretty action that he quickly gave her a male look. She said, "Come aboard for breakfast, Captain, and I'll sign my life away. Collateral—an immortal soul."

"Ho! Ho!" He held a hand over his blue corporation to hold its jolly shaking down. "Breakfast—yes! Why not? Sure! But you don't sign your life away, Miss Nora. You sign nothing. Take what you need, eh? For as long as you like."

"One thousand. Ninety-day note. Six and a half cents on the dollar. That's the story, Captain."

"No cents on the dollar. This is not business. Miss Nora. This is—"

"What?"

"This is love. I love"—here he inclined his head toward the *Hind* again in a really fancy manner—"I love her. Very much! Why not? I sailed on her when I was wing-high to a duck!" He belowered at the thought of big Captain Parran ever having been such a mite.

Nora said, "I do, too. I love her." Since a share of her inner desperation had come into her voice and had thinned it, put an edge on it, he at once became solemn. She said to herself, "What an actor we have here!" It was a shrewd, haphazard observation, but it made her a little cold inside, just the same.

He followed her to the galley. She broke a dozen eggs into a pan and put bread over the coals to toast. She pulled down the table and secured it, pushed a dish of oranges toward him and he peeled a couple. She poured coffee and sat down beside him on the locker. When he had eaten a little, he took out his wallet and counted a thousand dollars

The money has to be "raised," too.



When there's a barn to be raised a man's neighbors . . . sometimes a whole community . . . often pitch in and help him do the heavy end of the work.

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LF-35

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LIFE INSURANCE

A Message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada.



IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

71st ANNUAL STATEMENT

Year Ending October 31st, 1945

THE statement of Imperial Bank of Canada shows public deposits with the bank have increased more than Fifty Million Dollars in twelve months. The assets of the bank have reached an all-time high of \$379,179,568.

After Dominion Taxes of \$501,285 and provisions for bad debts and for Staff Pension Fund, profits remaining amounted to \$915,420. Dividends of 80 cents per share were paid, and provisions made for depreciation of Bank Premises. The final result was an increase in profit and loss account of \$141,000.

Investments in securities total \$205,488,417. These are 65% Dominion and Provincial Securities maturing within two years. Loans to the public

generally, including farmers, manufacturers, grain buyers, etc., are now \$81,564,699, and are up about 18 millions for the year.

These commercial loans have a significant bearing upon the country's efforts towards reconversion, and show an ever-increasing utilization of the Bank's facilities by Canadian businessmen and Agriculturists.

Summing up, the statement shows the sound financial condition of the country. The increase in bank deposits added to the outstanding success of the Ninth Victory Loan is a fair indication of Canada's ability to withstand and overcome the stresses of reconversion to peacetime production.

CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT, OCTOBER 31, 1945

ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	\$ 42,964,902.53
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	12,454,088.25
Other Cash and Deposits	17,586,746.96
Government and Municipal Securities, not exceeding market value	203,043,028.91
Other Bonds and Stocks, not exceeding market value	2,445,387.84
Call Loans (secured)	8,508,325.99

TOTAL QUICK ASSETS \$ 287,002,480.48

Commercial and Other Loans (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	82,464,530.39
Bank Premises	5,532,893.44
Liabilities of Customers under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per Contra)	4,043,193.57
Other Assets	136,469.91

\$ 379,179,567.79

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	\$ 1,177,287.50
Deposits	357,694,614.95
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding	4,043,193.57

TOTAL LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC \$ 362,915,096.02

Dividends due Shareholders	140,765.24
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	16,123,706.53

\$ 379,179,567.79

R. S. WALDIE
President.

W. G. MORE,
General Manager.

before her. She stuffed the money into her trouser pocket and asked for his pen, an ornate ivory and gold affair. She scribbled the note and slipped it into his wallet.

"If you insist," said he.

"I do," she replied. The signing made her tremble a little because she had an image in her mind of other notes of the same kind at home. Her heritage. She thanked him earnestly. "No one else in Gloucester would lend money to the owner of a vessel still under sail. You are very kind."

"Ah, the *Golden Hind*!" He held up his coffee mug and drank from it and began a genial account of the day he first stepped aboard the vessel.

IT was Hardeggon who saw that second man come out of the *Doubloon's* pilot-house. And not by chance. After Nora and Captain Parran had gone below, he had taken another look at the new manila. His first glance at it, the night before, had caused him some anxiety. Good manila twine had become scarce. The navy had built up a great stockpile for ropes. The intensity of fishing had taken more than usual. There was some talk of a new sort of cotton twine coming into use on the draggers for nets.

Hardeggon didn't want to make a change. All his work on the big-meshed cod-end had been done with good manila. He was pleased now to find that this new shipment was as good as the old. He rubbed it between his fingers and sniffed it.

This satisfaction naturally made him think of his breakfast. He went to the loft window again. He also wanted to take a look at the *Doubloon*. The truth of it was that he had long since considered Captain Parran to be no friend to the *Hind* or to Nora. Hardeggon had been shocked to learn that old Doonan had become deeply indebted to Parran. For this reason Parran had no vessel of his own. The *Doubloon* was the property of a Boston syndicate. It had earned a hundred thousand dollars net the year before. Parran had made a great deal out of the captain's share and commissions. Yet he was greedy. All Gloucester knew that he was wild to get a vessel for himself. None could be built and none could be bought. The shipyards were too busy on war vessels and every schooner afloat was either earning a great deal or had gone to the wars. The *Governor Fuller* had gone. So had Ben Pine's famous *Thebaud*. In fact, a man had said to Hardeggon that very morning, "Parran would give his right eye to get the *Golden Hind* away from that girl."

It made Hardeggon uneasy even to see the *Doubloon* lying so close to the *Hind*. While he was watching, giving the dragger a careful going-over, Atkins stuck his head out of the pilot-house again. To Nora, this had been a not unusual action. To Captain Hardeggon, anything that Atkins did was important. He knew his background and despised the man, which was partly the cause for his long-standing distrust of Captain Roades. He had often seen them ashore together along the Nova Scotian coast, always in Parran's company. He had heard some hints of their doings, but in recent years he hadn't been in the provincial ports very often. He knew that both Parran and Roades were from Newfoundland trader families, nothing against them in itself, for Gloucester had taken many a fine skipper from the colony. But Hardeggon hadn't the life-long friendship with Roades that he had with the native-born. He was wary of him.

Now he stepped back a little from the window when he saw that there was a second man in the *Doubloon's* pilot-house.

Atkins looked up and down the wharf; it was deserted. He spoke to the man behind him and a figure came out at once and jumped to the *Doubloon's* rail.

Hardeggon swore under his breath when he saw the man was Roades. He didn't know what to make of it, furtive as the whole thing had been. Of course the skipper of the *Hind* had a right to go out on a compass run with Parran, especially since they were friends, a thing that Roades had never denied.

Yet it seemed hardly a proper action on that very day when the *Hind* herself was making ready to go.

Hardeggon said to himself, "They must have needed a talk pretty badly to get up in the middle of the night for it!"

Roades' next action surprised Hardeggon even more. He hurried across the wharf and ran through the open door of the last shed, closed it behind him. At the moment he turned to reach for the door, Hardeggon saw his face distinctly. There was a queer look of anxiety showing in the mouth and eyes, pinched up and half closed by cunningness. It was clear enough that he didn't wish to be seen by any of the *Hind's* people.

Hardeggon knew what Roades was going to do. He'd go through the sheds, by passing from one building to another, until he came to the head of the wharf, where he would be hidden from the *Hind*.

Hardeggon waited. Presently he heard a door open and close. Then another door opened and closed directly beneath him. He edged a little nearer to the window and looked toward the head of the wharf. The last door in the row opened and Roades hurried out. He crossed the upper street and turned into a seaman's bar.

Hardeggon swore again and said, "You need a drink all right you, you—!"

He boarded the *Hind* and went down into the fore-castle. He greeted Parran in the same cool fashion that he always did, called out to Nora, who was in the galley again, "I'll have mine scrambled, cook!"

"Aye, sir! Coming up!"

Hardeggon filled a mug with coffee. Before he could drink it, a voice hailed the vessel. "Anybody aboard?"

"Why," said Nora, "'tis Captain Roades for breakfast, too. What luck! Three men and all devoted to me."

Captain Parran roared with laughter. He winked at Hardeggon and said, "Jack Roades? Good!" He pushed his coffee mug toward her. "Fill up, Miss Nora. I'll stay a bit. I haven't seen Jack for a long time."

Hardeggon didn't say anything but the lie helped him make a decision. Nothing, now, was going to keep him off the *Hind* for her next voyage.

BEFORE noon, the bills were paid, the dorymen were on hand, and the top-mastmen were working aloft. Yet the *Hind* could not stir. No men had been found to take the places of the drowned Corkery and his sullen, wretched brother. Their shipmates were already breaking out new hooks and gangings for the trawls. The smoke of burning gangin tips filled the salty air. But there was a dory out of action and new hands had to be found for it.

Captain Roades had twice gone ashore in his search for John Corkery. He hadn't found him. Worse still, he could find no one who had seen him. Every man young enough to haul a trawl had been roundly beseeched to make the voyage. None would go on such a long and chancy cruise. Some of them laughed in Roades' face at the odd notion of standing by a mainsheet on freezing nights.

Urged by Nora, Captain Hardeggon joined the search for a doryman. He almost solved part of the problem. He came upon a middle-aged fisherman idly chipping rust at Mellon's Yard and, by a brisk use of Doonan, persuaded him to come to the Parran wharf. The fisherman, hearing the loud hails from dorymen at work on the *Hind's* deck, seemed to brighten up. He became less eager when he learned that there was, as yet, no dory-mate for him, that one was to be found. He balked altogether when he was told that Nora was to be taken along as a passenger to Nova Scotia.

"Not a chance!" he said. "'Tis the worst of luck to take a woman aboard a fishing vessel. A man would have an awful jag on to do such a thing."

"Besides," he added piously, "sailing on a Sunday ain't to my liking."

He hurried away.

During this uneasy time, there was a lot of talk aboard the *Hind* and on the wharf. Too much talk, for Nora. She was at her wits' end. Captain Roades had fallen abruptly into the black, listless



mood that had marked his home-coming. He stalked up and down by himself and would not meet her glance. This had always been one of his faults. She laid it to the endless anxiety caused by the vessel's failure to earn money. She was, by this time, accustomed to his moodiness. Today it made her more eager than ever to get the schooner away; because she saw that her dorymen were in no mood to take any of his short temper or sullenness. The breach between them and their captain hadn't been closed during the night. The long talks in the night past, talks with wives and cronies, had added a mysterious quality to their behavior, which made her think that more of them might take their gear ashore. Some were angry enough for that. She didn't like the way certain of them gathered in groups and held themselves aloof. Nor did she care for the over-the-shoulder glances that they gave, now and then, to Captain Roades. Even the best of them—the Lisbon—had been affected by the bad feeling. He stood apart.

Then, quite suddenly, John Corkery appeared. No one had seen him come down the wharf. No one had heard him speak. He was in poor shape; seemed, in fact, to be a little on the mad side. In a way, this was to be expected because he had really loved his brother, not only as a brother, but also as a skilled and courageous dorymate, which was a bond equal in strength to the blood tie. Grief had made inroads on him during the night. It hadn't sent him to the bottle, but it had taken away his sleep, had made him gaunter and had deepened the black pits in which his eyes lived out their misery.

Captain Roades was the first to spy the doryman. He hurried toward him and said roughly: "Where the hell you been?"

Corkery held up his reply briefly to let the people understand that nobody could swear at him. Having made this point, he answered, "I been in church all night, Captain. Praying for him. Where you should have been. He then came forward an inch or two, making his way by a shuffle, his eyes looking downward.

Wise heads among the staring throng shook in warning at this answer. Not because they disbelieved him. On the contrary, it was because they knew he spoke the truth. And the truth alarmed them. Corkery was no churchgoer, in the ordinary course of events. The chief effect of his stealthy arrival and of his words was fear that he actually had gone mad, a fear that had been whispered on the *Hind* after the terrifying hour when he, by himself, had tipped the death-board for his brother's burial and, for the first time, had cursed Roades.

Nobody seemed lively enough to crack the deathly silence that he now created and drew over them. In truth, Corkery looked a little like old John Death himself, standing there with a pocketful of curses for all on deck and wharf. His staunch legs and arms, now clad in black shoddy, seemed to have thinned out in the night. He kept his hands clasped behind his back as he bent forward. He changed his gaze and kept it unwaveringly on Roades' ruddy face. It was uncanny the way he kept them enthralled; and even managed to gain another inch or two in his advance without alarming them.

The *Hind's* cook was the man who saw what the others couldn't see: Corkery's hands. The cook had just come up with a hod and was about to dump the ashes over the rail. The queer silence made him look up. Reddened by the gallery fire, his face, for that moment, beamed like a moon all filled up; then something more than the sou'wester cooled it off, opened it up. He howled.

Nora had been standing almost between Roades and Corkery. At the warning from below, she had just time enough to turn toward Corkery as he leaped forward. His right hand swept around. It held his bait-knife. He, too, let out a howl and closed in on Roades.

Nora cried, "For God's sake—no!" She struck savagely at Corkery's rising arm.

Captain Roades was not the man to let her stand in the way of such a fight. He had obviously been watching Corkery out of the corner of his eyes, had perceived his murderous intention and was ready. He jerked back his reefer, made a twisting, fancy step to the right and thrust Nora away so violently that she fell headlong.

ROADES jerked out his own knife. It was an extraordinary weapon, a French trick that he had picked up after a brawl in the cod fleet at Miquelon years before when some mainland scrape or other had kept him off shore for a time. That knife had had a drink or two before now. The ivory handle was just as long as the wonderful blade, and it was carved into a gargoye shape, a Breton death's-head. He could handle it, too. He was no fist-fighter. That style meant broken hands and spoiled livelihoods. It hadn't been favored by his Miquelon cronies.

He shouted, "Stand away!"

He jumped backward a good stride to baffle Corkery's headlong charge. Then he laughed wickedly at Corkery to taunt him into carelessness.

"I'll make bait of you, you crazy mick! Come on again!" he shouted.

Corkery lunged forward. They grappled and each man lifted a hand to seize the other's knife-hand. They were strong and well-matched, one by coolness and hate, the other by the desperation of his madness. Their lithe bodies clashed gracefully. Both the knives glittered aloft against the blue. The little carved eye in Roades' knife stared down over his knuckles into Corkery's distorted face.

It had taken only the split of a second for the fighters to move into this lock.

It took no more for Captain Hardegan to settle their hash for them. He drove his right knee between them, rammed it against their bellies. And in the same powerful, upward movement, he struck each man hard on the chin with his fists. They groaned and fell apart. The knives came down. The ivory weapon turned skilfully in to the Miquelon twist at the hip.

Captain Hardegan at once revealed his skill in the handling of men. Instead of striking another blow, he turned his back toward them and said to Nora, "Get up, you goose!"

He stretched out his hand to her and helped her rise.

At once, an uproar started among the men.

Hardegan gave them a portion of his scorn by saying, "Oh, you talk now, do you? Shut up!"

He kept his fists handy, so that it was plain to Roades and to Corkery alike that, should they join up again, there would be worse cracking of jaws and no mistake about it.

Captain Hardegan could see that there was no easy way for either Nora or Captain Roades to do the business which had to be done hastily. Therefore, he did it by saying to Corkery, "John, will you take the hell out of your heart and go aboard the vessel?"

"I will not!"

"I ask you again, will you go aboard your vessel and let her make a trip? One good trip is needed by us all."

Hardegan's voice trembled in earnestness, in his passionate desire to smooth the way for Nora and the *Golden Hind*. Yet he made no stir in the Corkery depths.

He then said something which made the others murmur even louder, in astonishment and in admiration. Quite as if he hadn't had this very move in mind, he calmly said, "John Corkery, you know me and I know you. You go

aboard your vessel and I'll go dorymates with you."

Even Corkery, in the dullness of his waning fury, jerked up his head at this sentence. A skilled captain's offer to go back into a dory was a rare event. Of course, there had been captains who had drunk themselves back into a dory. A sound skipper took such a step down—or, rather, backwards only under extraordinary compulsion. Hardegan did it because of his devotion to Nora and his determination to save the *Hind* from whatever deviltry Parran and Roades were cooking up. None of them could understand, of course, that such a force was working in his heart. There were others who became aware, at the moment of his speech, that something of desperate meaning was going on.

Roades was one of these. He sent a signal across to Captain Parran, who stood aloof, backed by his crew.

That wary twitch of the eyeballs whipped Parran into action. He stepped forward in the grand manner and opened his mouth to speak a few words. However, his inner agility couldn't do double duty. He couldn't drum up some scheme to keep Hardegan off the *Hind* and, at the same time, pretend that he loved the *Hind* and meant her no harm. The result of his brain-storm was, for once, a sudden splash of frankness all over his face. This left a loutish look for all to see.

Nora gasped.

Parran's expression set Hardegan ablaze again. He almost made Parran jump out of his 'longshore shoes by



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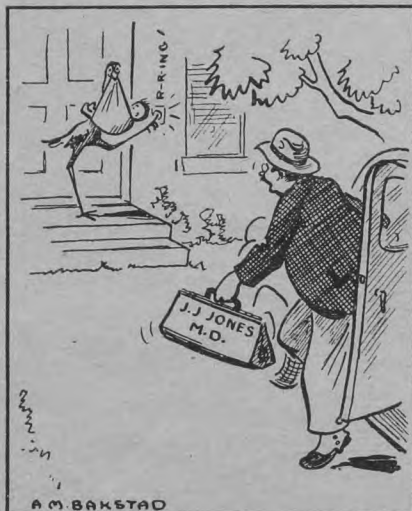
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stepping lightly forward and shouting, "What you going to say? Hey?"

Parran was twice Hardegons age and also exceeded him in bulk. For that matter, he outranked him in authority, and prestige, since he had, at least, a vessel to command. Nevertheless, he couldn't get organized. Hardegons words, in themselves, were enough to make a decent man laugh. For how could a man be gaffed for words he hadn't even spit out?

Parran had an inkling of what had happened in Hardegons mind. He knew that Hardegons had worked up some suspicion and that there was now hatred between them. He withstood the force of this knowledge rather awkwardly. Warily avoiding a two-sided exchange with Hardegons, he said to Nora, "Miss Nora! Under the circumstances—that is—why—sure! Why not? Oh, I ain't going dorymates with nobody—" Here he roared and his own men had the grace to laugh at the thought of his giving up thirty thousand a year for a doryman's pittance. "But here's a man who can bait a trawl and haul it and he'll go for you Cap'n Nora!"

Without turning his head, he held out his blue-clad arm and let it fall in jovial fashion on the shoulder of the man next to him—Billy Atkins.

YOU could tell, in that jumpy moment, that Atkins was ready to drop dead in his tracks. Up to then, he had no more idea of going on the *Hind* than he had of trawling on the moon. His boots slowly keeled together, as if the weight of that beautiful arm was something more than he could bear. Which was true. Yet he had to bear it. In doing so, he made it perfectly clear that he wasn't his own man any more and that he had to back into a dory at his master's word.

Atkins closed up that fishy thing which, for him, passed as a mouth. It had opened in a haddocky gasp. He grinned and whispered, "Sure! Sure! Why not?"

Somebody among the *Hind's* people said, "That's one man!" There was impatience in that voice; and there were other sounds from the dorymen which meant, "If we're going—let's go!"

Nora said, "All right."

Captain Roades repeated her words.

Captain Parran said, "Good! Now I'll find the other."

At this, one of his men said in a cool manner, "And find another to take Billy's place, while you're about it. For we don't sail short-handed. Not on the *Doubloon* we don't."

Others near him nodded vigorously at this hint concerning the fierceness of labor on the *Doubloon*.

Captain Hardegons turned to the *Hind's* dorymen. "Have any of you gone dorymates with Billy Atkins?"

There was a natural delay in the answer. Nobody wanted Atkins aboard the *Hind* yet there was no chance of finding another. There were two or three men who had been in a dory with Atkins. Only one answered. This was the Lisbon, the same Portuguese who had been put in such a bad light by Roades' story of the death of James Corkery.

The Lisbon said, "I have, Dan."

"And is he a good man in a dory, Terry?"

"He was with me. Rigged for halibut, we was. The *Rachel*."

"And a good man aboard a vessel?"

"He was then, Dan." This was damnation by faint praise. Hardegons didn't falter over it. He was resolved to go with Nora aboard the *Hind* if he had to steal below and hide with her secret recruits. He said, "I've got no work and I could use a couple of hundred bucks." A *Hind* man laughed at this cheerfulness. Hardegons went on, "Billy, if you go dorymates with me. I'll go dorymates with you. And we'll set fifty hooks to a string and get rich honest."

The dorymen laughed at this jibe for lazy men who shirked a full set of trawl hooks. The draggermen sneered at his sneer for them and their slaughter of baby fish.

Atkins signified his acceptance by cordially running his red tongue out and drawing it in. He raked Corkery with a mean glance and whispered a word that could not be made out.

"It is agreeable to you, Captain Roades?" Hardegons asked the necessary

question with some coldness. Yet it would take an extremely keen eye to perceive that he meant, "I think you'll hate it, you so-and-so, but take it!" His respectful attitude was more than the traditional bow to the captaincy and to the law of the Gloucester fleet. It was also a doryman's way of buttering up a captain whom he had just slugged on the jaw. Thus Hardegons showed them all that he had become a doryman again.

Captain Roades responded nobly to this treatment. He swallowed the Irish pill, and, a moment after, nodded his blond head.

Hardegons had one last use for his skill in such circumstances. Knowing that the *Hind* had to be sailed by an even-tempered lot of men, he sang out cheerfully, "Well, then! Twelve dories.

Twenty-three men and boy! What more can you ask?" He scraped the scowl off his face, and, by so doing freshened up all the others.

All save one. Corkery. His listless stand, by Nora's side, made it plain that he was once more in communion with a newly made ghost. Nevertheless, he, too, had to be swept up in the embrace of good feeling, had to be made happy and resolute again. It might have been Hardegons work, but he had swiftly assumed his new role. His instinct for what was proper had already made him drift a step or two toward his shipmates.

Nora, rising herself out of the gloom that had beset her, left off gazing at Roades and took a step toward Corkery so that her hand could touch his arm. She said, "There's more mouths for you to feed now, John Corkery, and the *Hind's* not done too well."

The doryman made no reply.

Nora went on in an even gentler tone. "Come back from where you are, chum!"

Corkery lifted his head and came alive. "Aye, Cap'n Nora!"

"Then where's your gear, John?"

Corkery took up her gaze in the growing strength of his own and answered, "Tisn't far away. No!"

"Well," said Nora, without a by-your-leave to Parran, "you go aboard the *Doubloon*, John, and take Billy Atkins's place."

"Why," said a *Doubloon* man quickly, "John Corkery's a good man with a needle and fine at a winch brake!"

"Why not?" cried Parran. "Yes! Sure! Come aboard, John, and help us make a big trip!"

Corkery swung on his heel and, in a livelier measure, strode to the wharfshed. He reached within and pulled his gear out of the dark beyond the door.

"I'm obliged to you, Captain Parran," he said. "I can do the work fine. I did it on the *Esmeralda* until she burned in Tor Bay." He then made his farewells to Nora and to Hardegons; and to Hardegons he sent a signal with his eyes: "You've a chum aboard the *Doubloon*, where you'll need one."

At this, Captain Parran gave the nod and his crew began to drop aboard the dragger. Parran said, "We'll be fishing the Middle Ground in a few days." He tugged at the blue brim and said to Nora, "Maybe we'll be meeting you there. Good luck to you and the *Hind*, miss."

The *Doubloon's* engine, which had been idling, opened up and the dragger turned out into the stream.

Hardegons waited by Nora's side until all the *Hind's* men were aboard and at work on her sails. Then he said, "You can take your gear out of the dead man's bunk, Nora. I'll get mine."

She nodded in a happier way. It wasn't happy enough for him. He grinned and said, "Didn't I tell you to wipe that pout off your handsome face, miss?"

She gave him half a smile. He took her arm and whispered, "Cap'n Nora, do you know, by any chance, what destiny is?"

"You tell me, Dan."

"Tis timing!"

LIKE a ballerina gliding in her first, free carelessness toward centre stage, the *Golden Hind* began her departure, quite concealing in the gentle drawing of her headsails the fury of strength and beauty that she contained. She slid away from the Doonan wharf in a waltzing turn; and took along her attendant gulls, soaring and crying among

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her spars, where the topmastmen lay at ease. In an idle motion, the schooner swung her bow out of the lane between the wharves, where Gloucester citizens, in Sunday best, shouted across the widening space and told their children to wave their hands.

The *Hind's* forefeet touched a strong whirl in the tide. She courtseyed gravely to the tune of sou'wester music in her shrouds. Jib and jumbo filled again and pointed her toward the open sea, which changed from blue to green as she went on. A shout rang down her deck; and her foresail, flashing like the whitecaps far away, ran up boisterously. It had been swayed up so suddenly and smoothly that the *Hind* seemed surprised, seemed to have missed her cue. She tarried a while in a foolish way, careened to the east, splashed, and then began shooting for the passage. A new shout, louder than the seas which sprang to meet her, pealed away from the main-boom; and the mainsail's enormous shadow darkened her blue waterways.

The mainsail roared and filled. Rain-bowed spray arched over her. A boarding sea struck at her lee dory-nest. She cleared herself; and, in a last furious plunge onward and upward, leaped into the Atlantic. Knot by knot, the *Hind* lifted her pace until her lee rail went under. She plunged along on the same tack until she dropped the land, put all ledges and dunes out of sight, so that nothing showed except sun flashes off old Thatcher's walls. These dwindled soon.

Not until then did Captain Roades speak.

All the fast work had been done without an order from him. At least, nothing more than a nod or a wave to Hardegon, who had taken John Corkery's place as mate.

As soon as the schooner sailed free of the land, Roades made a sign to Hardegon that he should take over. Roades shouted above the pounding of the spray, "I want to take a look up forward! Put her on the other tack. And tell them!"—he jerked his hand toward the topmastmen—"tell them to go ahead, if you want to. She can stand it yet a while."

Hardegon had been standing near the mainsheet gang, who were trimming her a bit. He came aft a step and lifted his voice above the din of water and settling sails.

"Staysail, too? Will you want it on, Captain?"

THERE was nothing in Hardegon's words to stir a man up or cast him down. They were said with the utmost respect and in the usual course of his duties. The staysail was often added after the tack because it saved the shifting of that sail for the new tack, which would leave the vessel on her course for Nova Scotia.

Nevertheless, Roades didn't answer, even when Hardegon slid another step down the slanted deck and repeated his words.

Roades became listless. He kept his grip on the spokes and, in his curious forgetfulness, failed to hand over. That is, he gave the *Hind* another spoke or two, looked at the sun, and then gazed dully into the binnacle, as if he really didn't care what story the compass told him.

Once the *Hind* splashed badly. He didn't do anything about it.

In his bewilderment, Hardegon faced Nora, who was braced against the lee rail. She was strapping her sou'wester on, for the sea kicked up a good deal of spray and they had to oil up to keep dry.

She hadn't missed any of that exchange. Her face had brightened in the excitement of the race for the open sea. Now her face darkened again and she asked herself anxiously the same question that she had openly asked Roades the night before, "What's eating him now?" Something was, indeed, gnawing at him. Once again, she took the blame for it and ascribed his behavior to the fact that he had set out on another hard voyage too soon after the exhausting effort of the last.

Roades then called out in a surprising return of cheerfulness. "Nora! What do you say?"

By a wave of his hand, he invited her to take the wheel, a courtesy that was part of the *Hind's* famous hospitality.

Although she was naturally eager

to have that pleasure again, she shook her head. She could tell that Hardegon, who was a great sailing-master, was anxious to take over. He hadn't had much to do with such a helm for some seasons. She nodded her head toward him.

At this, Roades beckoned again to Hardegon, quite as if he hadn't done so before.

Hardegon took the wheel. He held it a while to get the feel of it, then raised his hand to the foresheet gang.

Captain Roades began to go forward slowly. In passing the men at the main-sheet, he came face to face with Billy Atkins, who was standing by for the tack. Atkins had noticed the change in Roades' behavior. There was a strong and familiar meaning in it for him, possibly because he had seen it on other occasions when they were with Parran ashore. He sneered openly and said something to the Lisbon, who was standing at his side. The Lisbon rebuked him by an angry shake of his head.

Nora saw this. The exchange between the new hand and the skipper freshened her anxiety and made her feel, more strongly than ever, that she was being drawn into some mystery that, in the end, would bring no good to her or to the *Hind*. Had one of the *Hind's* own people acted in that way, she could have understood the meaning. Now it angered her that the man she loved, and who loved her, should be exposed to a crafty insult by a stranger on her own vessel.

She drew nearer to the wheel.

Hardegon saw her gloomy expression deepen. He called out, "O.K., chum?"

"O.K., Dan."

"Here we go, then!"

He brought the schooner up into the wind. Booms and sails came roaring across the deck. The *Hind* began to fall gracefully onto the new tack. She stayed in the wind a little longer than was good. Her canvas slatted, then took hold. She came around handsomely.

Hardegon waved his hand again. Presently the topsails bloomed against the sky. A little later, the staysail went swaying up. Now under all her muslin, the *Hind* sped toward her landfall five hundred miles away.

NORA took the wheel at his bidding.

For her, too, it had been long since she had felt the powerful drive of that hull beneath her. The force of it passed through her hands and into her body like a charge of electricity. She laughed aloud and swayed easily to the easy sway of the vessel. Once she had to lighten the *Hind* up a bit. When the schooner settled again, she saw Hardegon's look of pride in her seamanship. This made her so happy that she laughed again over the dewy spokes. She couldn't help that swift buoyance which lifted her own heart into the old, bright confidence, a faith in the vessel and in her own destiny. And she thought resolutely of the secret recruits in the schooner's hold and of the venture into which she now plunged headlong. It seemed impossible that all this strength and beauty in the *Hind* should be taken from her.

Hardegon came close to her and said, "That's the way to drive her, Nora!"

She gave him a driver's wink as payment for his compliment. She steered the *Hind* onward, watching for the rise of a boarding sea. Something in the fore weather rigging caught her eye. She leaned out to get a clear look. A man was climbing. Halfway up the shrouds, he paused and gazed ahead. For a while, he searched the Atlantic; and then he faced aft. She saw that it was Atkins. She knew what he was looking for.

She shouted to Hardegon, drew him even closer. She asked, "You know how the *Doubloon* goes?"

He nodded.

"I'd like it if we could overhaul the *Doubloon*. And pass her!"

This hint of her instinctive knowledge astonished him. He kept his face calm and laughingly asked, "Why? What don't you like there?"

"The *Doubloon*!"

"The *Doubloon*?"

"Aye! And those aboard her!"

A sea leaped in at the break and swirled against her knees. She eased the vessel. When the rattle of her clearing ended, he shouted, "I'll take you past the *Doubloon* before nightfall!"

"Do that!"

Hardegon climbed into the main rigging. He stopped under the crosstrees and looked westward. He came down again and made her change the course to the north. He waited by the wheel for some time and then passed the word along to the bow-watch that he was to sing out if he sighted a dragger on that course.

When Hardegon came coasting by the port dory-nest, he saw Roades straddled there. At first, Hardegon thought the captain was drunk. He was staring in perplexity at the top dory. It was a stranger. Moreover, there were seven in that nest, not six, as usual. This was such an odd thing that Hardegon himself passed beyond perplexity into astonishment. He would hardly believe his eyes. He even stepped forward on his tiptoes and tried to touch the strange dory.

Roades cried out, "What do you know about that?"

"Don't know anything about it!"

Hardegon didn't face the captain immediately. When he did turn, the look of suspicion on Roades' face had been changed to a studied blankness.

Roades said, "Seven dories!"

HE then recalled something else that he had obviously startled him. He snapped his fingers and shouted some word that the breeze took away too soon. He hurried between the dory-nests and went down into the galley.

He wasn't gone long. Yet he had time enough to let his anger bloom. He grasped a foremost hoop to hold himself and shouted, "Who in hell is captain of this vessel?"

Hardegon couldn't catch those words either. The downdraft pelted away. He came nearer and said, "Hey, Captain? What's that you say?"

"There's stores enough aboard this vessel for the Labrador. And an extra dory! What's going on here?" Roades was keen enough to see that Hardegon knew as little as he did. He cursed and hurried to the quarter.

Hardegon followed closely and heard him open up on Nora with, "You responsible for that stranger dory?"

She nodded and shouted her answer. "Yes, Jack! I had it put aboard. I meant —"

"What's it for?"

"Business!"

"The vessel's business?"

"The firm's business."

Although this answer was six of one and half a dozen of the other, it served her purpose, which, just then, was to let him have his say, as long as he didn't blow up and drop the dory over the side.

She added, "What with all our trouble getting away, Jack, and that Corkery business, I didn't have time to explain what I wanted to do. What I had to do."

He listened with an air of reserve, a sort of unbecoming impatience.

She went on, "I had to have extra stores put aboard. Didn't cook tell you, Jack?"

"No! I found out for myself."

Her obvious alarm at his anger seemed to satisfy him. He even managed to work up a smile when she laughed and said, "I've a secret, Jack. I'll explain—that is—well—I want to leave the *Doubloon* behind us first."

"The *Doubloon*?"

"Aye! That one, my dear."

Roades braced himself, leaned against the companionway, and then, without a



Porky: "These hunks of sod are dee-licious—the boss stacked up so many, I guess he's goin' to eat some himself!"

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look or a word, pushed back the slide and went below.

The bow-watch sang out and a man aloft sang out, too. A doryman at work on the bait-knives shouted, "Dragger! Dragger!"

The man aloft held his arm out stiffly to the westward.

Nora gave the wheel over to Hardegon and went forward to the main rigging. She hauled herself up to the swifters and looked westward.

A dragger lay sparkling under the sun. She was making knots. Her smoke ran off in a flat stream.

The *Hind* lay on about the same course. Hardegon brought the helm up. This made the *Hind* nearer and she began to close up. In half an hour, Nora made out the *Doubloon* clearly in the long rays. There was no one on her deck, except a man hammering at her winch with a sledge. He was too far away to be made out. A mile or so later, she saw the leeward door of the *Doubloon's* pilot-house open. A man gazed at the *Hind*. As soon as the door closed, the *Doubloon* changed course abruptly to the eastward, a change which would bring the vessels closer together in a while.

Nora heard her dorymen talking rather loudly at the rail about the *Doubloon*. She bent her head and said, "I don't like that lad. I'll tell you that. I don't want him even to look us over."

A doryman replied, "So I say, miss! We've got his bloody Jonah aboard this vessel and we want no more of the *Doubloon*."

This allusion to Billy Atkins and the evil luck that had followed him on the Banks was the first she had heard from her crew on that score. It didn't make her any happier. She looked about for Atkins and found him up forward. He was alone in the lee of the jib. His furtive air and the steadiness of his gaze toward Parran's ship made her glad that she hadn't yet revealed the presence of old Ambrose and his men. She was sure that, had Parran ever found out about her plan to obtain the keel of the *Western Star*, he would have beaten her there. And she regarded Atkins as the link between the *Hind* and Parran.

The dorymen had drifted aft and now dallied by their stations.

Nora wasn't surprised to hear Hardegon shout, "Hard-a-lee!"

The signal spread fore and aft, "Hard-a-lee! Hard-a-lee!"

The schooner fell over onto the other tack with such force and smoothness that she raced by the *Doubloon* on her weather quarter. No signals passed between the vessels. Nora watched for one. In the first minute on the new tack, she was close enough to see the man at work on the winch. It was Corkery. He ceased his work and gazed at the *Hind*.

The schooner drew away from the *Doubloon* at such a fast gait that you'd think Parran had his anchor down. The seas began to run high between the vessels. Nora kept her gaze fixed on Corkery; for she felt, even across that widening space, a bond between herself and that solitary, staring man, who had been her father's top hand. And this union, even though it had been hurt by the death of his brother and the quarrel with Roades, gave her such cheer that she held up her hand to him. A while passed before his answering hand gleamed in the twilight. Spray and night blew between the vessels.

THE wind having increased in force, they clewed up the topsails for the night and hauled down on the staysail also, so that the *Hind* sped on under a whole mainsail. The cook came up with the lanterns for the running-lights. Soon the ruby gleam beat up and down against the seas to windward and the green burned on her leeward froth. A hunter's moon, red as galley coals, came swaying up. The rising of the moon gave such new strength to wind and tide that the *Hind* began fighting her own shadow. In the end, she made such a fuss that a reef was taken in the mainsail.

Soon after she found herself, the call came for the first gang to go to dinner. This was the captain's table, of course. Nora and Hardegon were at it because they were, in a way, guests aboard the vessel.

It was the first set meal of the day. Ac-

cording to the *Hind's* custom, there had been nothing but the traditional mugs-ups so far; that is to say, kettles of coffee and tea simmered on the stove and biscuits and cake lay at hand in the pantry. The old idea was to let cook have a real chance to show his skill and to display the *Hind's* hospitality.

When Nora backed down the companionway steps into the forecabin, she found that everything had been done in the true *Hind* style. The long table, hung between the lockers that ran under the bunks, was set with a new cloth. There was good china, instead of glass, and ivory-handled knives and forks rather than the metal ones that would serve thereafter. At each of the fourteen places, there was the deep white plate that must be used for all the courses. More than that, the men had made up their bunks neatly. All stray gear had been carefully stowed in the peak; and the smelliest pipes were up there also, where the ventilator could get at them. This was the proper thing, according to the host laws laid down by Grandfather Doonan generations ago.

The venerable cook stood by the foremast butt. He had put on the easy air of a man who has done nothing much in the day past. It would have been wrong had he indicated, in any way, that something impressive had been achieved on the great stove behind him. Once or twice he lifted his apron to touch away the beads of sweat that slid down his forehead and red cheeks.

When the table had filled up, he waited until the chatter and the laughter ceased, waited until they assumed a respectful, expectant attitude. In that silence, the harsh harmony of the Atlantic against the bow came beating through. Echoes sang it over again in the peak.

The cook then hauled around in regal style and came forward with the first immense tureen of fish chowder. This was a daring beginning; for such Gloucester vessels usually ate fish when all other stores were gone. Such a practice was, however, a clear libel against Yankee chowder; and this serving, at the outset of a voyage, was cook's challenge to himself.

One glance along the two rows of lifted faces gave him his triumph. He tasted the triumph gracefully, smiled shyly, and then, by a series of portly turns and advances, he served three yard-square trays of beefsteaks, broiled and fried, to which he added bowls of succotash, green beans, and pan after pan of hot biscuits, all backed up with platters of butter.

The teapots passed up and down. Nora poured for her captain and for Harde-

gon and passed it along. She emptied her plate of chowder and swiftly scoured the dish with a biscuit, which she then popped into her mouth. A doryman, who had been politely waiting for her, speared a steak on his fork and dropped it into her plate.

The *Hind* hadn't sailed two miles before the whole banquet had gone the way it should. Six apple pies, nearly half a fathom wide, came in then with a loaf of store cheese. The pies ran with cinnamon. The crust had the lightness of foam.

"What you think, Cap'n Nora?" The Lisbon, seated on the port side, asked the question. For this part of the *Hind's* genial ritual, he had worked up a black air of dissatisfaction, mixed with famine looks. He gazed in mock despair at the lamps overhead.

Nora shook her head in sadness. She knew this game of old. "Cook," she said in a tone of regret, "is not what he used to be. We must look for a new one. My father always said so and my grandfather before him."

All the slicked-up heads nodded and the flushed faces grew brighter as they waited for the next line.

"Why you say that, Cap'n Nora?" "Because—by the Lord Harry—we'll all be so fat we can't get into a dory!"

They burst into laughter and broke away from their places.

The cook bowed solemnly and returned to his stove, where another such abundance was reaching its climax for the second table.

This was the moment when Nora had to surprise them all. She called out, "Cook! One moment, if you please."

He lifted a ladle in quick response. "Yes, Miss Nora?"

"There'll be five more men to fill up the second table."

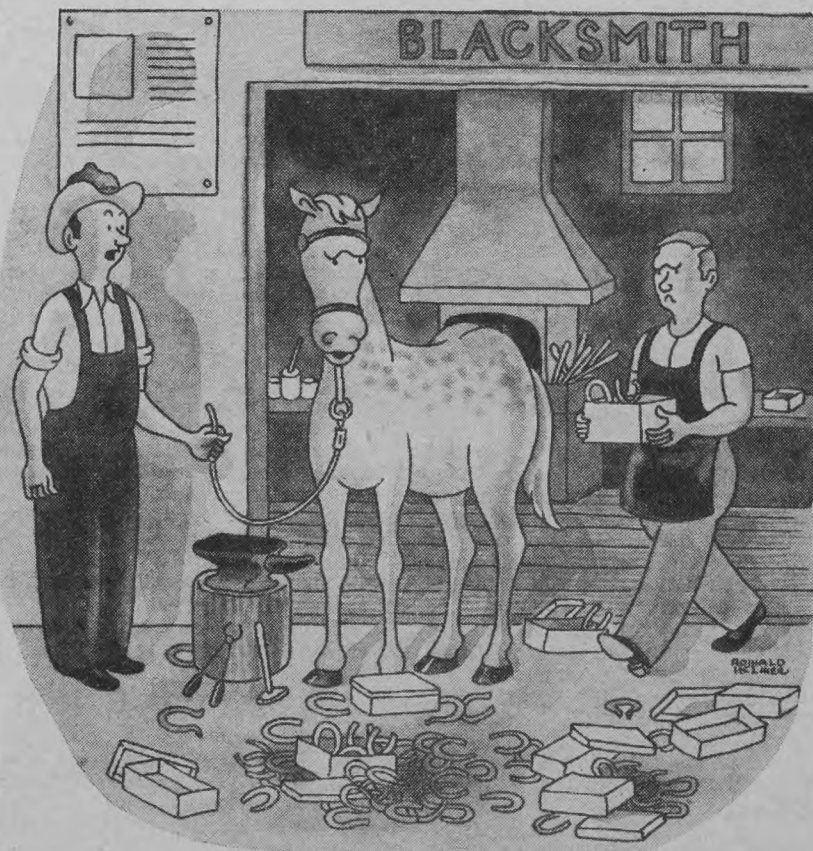
She might just as well have announced that five bull whales were coming aboard for a bite.

The cook had tasted fifty years of Grand Banks salt and knew the various flavors of surprise. He merely bowed and said, "Five more to fill up. Certainly, Miss Nora." He could not, however, prevent the slight widening of his eyes which was his way of asking, "How in the name of halibut did she get five secret men aboard this vessel? And why?"

Hardegon concealed his knowledge with a look of astonishment and a shouted, "Hey!"

The dorymen became uneasy.

ONE man stood grotesquely with his leg flung into an upper bunk, his head twisted down. The new watch paused with oil clothing hanging on



"She's been acting this way about her shoes ever since the gas rationing."

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, JULY 31, 1945

ASSETS

CURRENT AND WORKING ASSETS:

Cash on hand and in banks	\$ 310,798.34	
Dominion of Canada bonds	200,000.00	
Par value \$200,000.00 at cost—quoted value July 31, 1945, \$199,500.00		
Accounts and Bills receivable	605,283.44	
Including storage and carrying charges and other accruals, after providing for doubtful accounts.		
Inventories:		
As determined and certified by responsible officers of the Companies.		
Grain	\$ 9,608,325.93	
Representing net book stocks of (a) wheat and flax acquired on behalf of and deliverable to The Canadian Wheat Board, valued on basis of fixed prices set by that Board; (b) wheat originally acquired by the Company on its own behalf, but now held on behalf of and deliverable to The Canadian Wheat Board (Order-in-Council P.C. 7942), valued on basis of cost; (c) coarse grains valued on basis of quoted market prices.		
Twine, coal and sundry merchandise—at cost	649,794.50	
Deferred and prepaid charges	10,258,120.43	
	92,328.22	
		\$11,466,530.43
INVESTMENTS:		
Memberships	\$ 1.00	
Mortgages and agreements of sale	96,829.81	
Other securities—common stocks	1,661.00	
At book values.		98,491.81
EMPLOYEES' PENSIONS		225,049.74
Representing payment to the Annuities Branch of the Dominion Government—less amounts written off		
BOND DISCOUNT AND EXPENSES—less amounts written off		67,201.88
CAPITAL ASSETS:		
Country and terminal elevators, sites, warehouses and other equipment, etc.—at cost	\$11,983,115.00	
Less—Reserve for depreciation	6,773,913.22	
	\$ 5,209,201.78	
Publication establishment account	93,275.93	
Establishment costs of "The Country Guide"—net		5,302,477.71
		<u>\$17,159,751.57</u>

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:

Bank loans and overdrafts—secured	\$ 2,988,757.03	
Grain cash tickets and orders outstanding	2,256,110.94	
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities	1,085,301.52	
Reserve for income and excess profits taxes	470,242.40	
NOTE: Instalment payments in respect of estimated income and excess profits taxes have been suspended as from October 1, 1944.		
Patronage dividends	2,300,000.00	
Amounts allocated hereto for the 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944 crop years but held in reserve pending clarification of the question of the Company's liability, if any, for income and excess profits taxes in connection therewith.		
Shareholders' dividends	168,601.78	
Including unclaimed dividends of prior years.		\$ 9,269,013.67

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS:

Authorized \$7,500,000.00		
Issued		
Serial bonds—maturing annually in the amount of \$200,000.00		
3½ per cent bonds—due March 1, 1946, 1947, 1948	\$ 600,000.00	
4 per cent bonds—due March 1, 1949, 1950	400,000.00	
	\$ 1,000,000.00	
Sinking fund bonds:		
4¼ per cent bonds due March 1, 1958	1,400,000.00	
		2,400,000.00

CAPITAL, RESERVE AND SURPLUS:

Capital stock:		
Class A non-cumulative preferred redeemable shares:		
Authorized 200,000 shares—par value \$20.00 each		
Outstanding 142,443 shares—	\$ 2,848,860.00	
after redemption of 5,838 shares to date.		
Class B (membership) shares:		
Authorized 200,000 shares—par value \$5.00 each.		
Outstanding 51,465 shares—	257,325.00	
exclusive of 2,983 shares acquired and held in Treasury.		
General reserve	\$ 3,106,185.00	
Capital surplus	1,647,057.42	
Including amount of \$25,740.00 arising from redemption of class A shares during the year.	139,037.57	
Earned surplus:	598,457.91	
In terms of separate statement.		5,490,737.90

Approved on behalf of the Board of Directors:

R. S. LAW
J. E. BROWNLEE } *Directors*

\$17,159,751.57

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of United Grain Growers Limited and its Subsidiary Companies for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1945, and all our requirements, as auditors, have been complied with.

The cash in banks was confirmed by certificates obtained by us direct from the Companies' bankers and adequate provision has been made, in our opinion, for possible losses on accounts doubtful of collection. The stocks of grain, twine, coal and sundry merchandise have been certified by responsible officers of the Companies and we have taken reasonable care to satisfy ourselves that all liabilities as at July 31, 1945, have been taken up on the books as at that date; the question of income and excess profits taxes in relation to patronage dividends as noted above, awaits final clarification. Depreciation for the year has been provided for in full at the customary rates and the accumulated reserve for depreciation at July 31, 1945, amounts to \$6,773,913.22.

We have obtained all information and explanations we have required and, subject to the foregoing remarks, we report that, in our opinion, the above consolidated balance sheet as at July 31, 1945, is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Companies' affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Companies.

Winnipeg, October 23, 1945.

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their arms. At first, they stared in rather dumb fashion at her. These men had duties in mind and were not easily switched away. Others, who had been thinking of pipes and bunks, threw off their surprise and began to add things together with shrewd looks at one another. Eventually, all eyes came to a stop on their skipper.

Captain Roades had slowly lifted himself out of his place at the galley end of the starboard locker.

Every man in the fore-castle knew at once that their captain hadn't been told about the secret men. This knowledge, added dramatically to their fresh store of distrust for him, gave such force to their bold glances that he couldn't help answering in kind. He jerked back his head from the full flush of the lamp-light so that his face had the shelter of the lesser light. The blaze of his yellow hair and flat, high-colored cheeks was thus dimmed. The anger in his eyes made them burn in the half-shadow.

Nora waited for him to speak.

In that disturbing moment, she saw new proof that there was more hidden in the canny hearts of her men than their memory of James Corkery's death under the orders of her captain. She knew absolutely that the dorymen would not permit a captain's mistake, even a fatal one, to stand between them long. Habit was strong amongst them, as it should be. They lived by habit and steered and fished by habit. And the most inflexible habit of all—the ancient rule of the Gloucester fleet—was the one that forced them to wipe out anything that might hamper them in their search for fish.

Nora gazed unflinchingly at that mask beyond the golden circle of light. She asked herself sternly, "What else has Jack done to them? And to the *Hind*?" Long afterwards she remembered that this was the moment when she began to form her determination not to leave the *Hind* at Shelbourne for long, but to stay aboard until she found out what was hidden from her. Yet, even in this fresh thought of the *Western Star*, she kept her gaze on Roades' sullen, handsome face and thought, "How weary he is!"

Captain Roades did not include Nora in his strong, hateful glare. When his eyes, in their slow survey, reached her, he took all meaning from them and let the lids fall halfway. He then turned on his heel and reached for the companion-way rail. The schooner lurched. He waited in a graceful, careless pose. When the vessel came up, he swung onto the steps and climbed away.

The cook's bell clanged. A man above cried out, "Dinner! Dinner! Second gang!"

Nora climbed the steps. On deck, she waited until Hardegan came out. She heard the relieving watch repeat their orders, "North-north-east! One hour! One hour!" She breathed the biting frost.

THE moon, lessened and yellowed, had passed over and was swiftly falling down. Companies of stars beamed hard and cold where the moon had been. Black and cold, the following sea poured over the *Hind's* wake. Because of all of these things—night and cold and the fateful landfall soon to be made—Nora's heart became chilled again. She went slowly aft in the darkness. Spray bit at her cheeks. A flurry of snow came whirling down in the mainsail's draft. She shivered and struck back the slide of the cabin companionway. In turning to go down the steps, she saw that Hardegan had stopped near the helmsman. She called out, "Come along, Dan, will you?"

He followed her.

Captain Roades waited in the cabin. He had taken the same position there; that is, beyond the stove and beyond the golden circle of light from the brass lamp which swung stiffly in answer to the swaying of the vessel. His face had grown even harder. It was like a vivid mask nailed to the dark panels.

Nora feared that she had unwittingly caused him a loss of dignity. She was sorry for it, but she didn't know how to mend matters. She therefore passed him without a word and went down into the hold. She found her old dorymen drowsing in their blankets. She called them up. They answered cheerfully when she said night had fallen and that their day

in the hiding-place must have been a poor one.

She led them into the cabin.

Shaking heads and arms and stamping their boots hard, they filed past the stove. Old Ambrose gave them respectful greeting to the young captains and said, "A long kink we've had below there!"

"Long kink!" said the man straddled behind him.

Captain Hardegan and Captain Roades returned the greetings. Roades said, "Ambrose Cameron!" in surprise and, a breath later, "Peter Lord!" He spoke the others' names in a grave tone.

NORA watched the dorymen narrowly to see if their natural responses might be affected by the talk they had heard in Gloucester concerning the *Hind's* previous voyage. They gave no such sign. They stood in simple, dutiful silence, gazing into the lights with blinks and yawns. Thus they waited for her revelation of the mystery into which they had been drawn by their need and by their devotion to her family.

But that revelation was not to be made at this time.

More than ever, Nora was keenly aware that she had a promise to Hardegan that she would not tell a soul about her Nova Scotian venture and why she chose to have five old dorymen go aboard hugger-mugger in the secrecy of dawn. Now she coldly determined that she would say nothing of it. The secret was to remain hers and Hardegan's. Her added reason was that, although the *Doubloon* was far behind the *Hind*, the dragger and her ambitious captain were, in effect, right there with her, menacing her. "Even now he might know, might be heading for that port!" This was her wary thought. The cause of it was again Billy Atkins, slouched on deck in the tilt and slant of the *Hind's* fast sailing. It seemed to her now that it had not been purely chance which made Parran choose Atkins to serve on the *Hind*.

She spoke to Roades, sent her words out calmly from under the sagging brim of her sou'wester. "These men are aboard the *Hind*, Jack, as the firm's passengers. Just as I told you on deck. Their names are on her list and have been given to the Coast Guard. I've work for them to do at a certain place, which I simply can't reveal to you or to them right now. Although I'd like to, Jack, I'd like to very much. All I can say is this: that the job I have for them is a hard one. A dangerous one. It's something that the *Hind's* crew can't be asked to do. Even these men, who are our old friends, may refuse to do it—"

"We will not!" Old Ambrose jerked his fist up roughly.

She went on without looking away from Roades' impassive face. "I asked them to stay below because the venture is a matter of cold cash. A lot of it, to my way of thinking. If I do what I hope to do, the *Hind* will live and she'll stay mine. For a good time longer, whether she earns her own way or not."

She faced the dorymen and said, "Go to dinner now. Be sure to praise the cook and gain your welcome."

They climbed the steps and closed the slide behind them.

She again spoke to Roades. "I'll tell you this much more, Jack. I need these men for the job. I need that dory and I need the extra stores. The thing I'm going to pull off, if I can, is a simple one. It's so simple, in fact, that if anybody on the Doonan wharf saw extra men and dories aboard the *Hind*—well—they might figure it out and beat me to it. But not now!" Her voice grew louder to beat out her confidence strongly. "Now I'm in the clear! But I'm still on my own—and there's an end to talk! Now, Jack dear, I hope that's all right with you. It is, isn't it?"

He laughed pleasantly and touched her arm. "Anything you say goes with me, Nora. You know that. You mustn't forget that you're the owner of the *Hind* now. You do what you please and we carry out your bidding." He turned to Hardegan and said, "Isn't that so, Dan?"

Hardegan was so taken aback by Roades' easy change from sullenness to genial acceptance of a hard situation that he could hardly get out an answer. For the first time since he had perceived the relationship between Roades and Captain Parran, he felt a subtle touch

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of fear, a fear that he might not be able to forestall the trickeries which he was sure lay in the offing for Nora and her vessel. However, he grinned amiably and said, "Right! Her iron word is the iron law!"

Nora was vastly cheered by their words. She said in impulsive frankness, "Jack, I must confess that's why I wanted to get clear of the *Doubloon*!"

"Ah," he said, "I wondered about that. What's the matter there?"

Nora replied, "I know Parran's a good friend of yours. And he's been a friend to us—to my grandfather and to me. Now and in times past. Just the same, he loves money too much for my taste. And you know—just as everybody in Gloucester does—how much he wants to get the *Hind* for himself. That's no secret. He made an offer more than once to Grandfather. The answer was always no! He never made me an offer for her. Because he knows the answer would be the same. And double! I hate to say it, Jack, but I must confess that I wanted

to keep clear of the *Doubloon* so he couldn't possibly learn about my business."

"Good for you!" Captain Roades hung up his cap. He stretched his arms idly and looked down into his bunk. He changed the subject by saying in lazy good nature, "The bunk looks good to me, chum. I just can't say how glad I am to be away from that wharf. I thought we'd never make it." He yawned behind his big hand. "I'll turn in now, friends."

Nora sat down on the locker near her bunk, stretched out her trousered legs and said to Hardegon, "Dan, do a tired greenhorn a favor, will you?"

HE knelt and pulled off her dorymen's boots. He hung up her slicker and her oilskin trousers to dry behind the stove and then he turned in. According to his word, he had taken the gone Corkery's bunk. It was a double bunk; and another doryman lay sound asleep on the inside, thus leaving no room for any poor ghost

that might have come aboard in the passage of the night. Hardegon had time for only a blink at the lamp before his eyes sought out the glass, which stood at *Fair*. He smiled, closed his eyes and fell away into slumber.

Sleep stayed away from Nora only a little longer. She made a pillow of her jacket and secured the blankets against the chill that flowed down from the skylight. A long time had passed since she had slept in the *Hind*. It had always been a sweet experience because of the powerful lulling that came out of the schooner's flight before a fair wind. The *Hind* rocked her gently now and, seemingly, with such care that her thoughts went gently backward in time, went circling until she was again in her mother's arms and hearing from her lips some such music as came faintly down to her from the deck, music of wind in shrouds, and a song, half sighing, half humming, out of her mainsail. This was her frequent reverie, one that she sought more eagerly in such times as these,

when the struggle to keep the *Hind* became so keen that her heart was emptied of all things else.

She pressed her legs and hips against the rough bedding until she found more comfort. She closed her eyes. Halfway into a dream, she heard the watch enter and speak to the captain. "A big convoy on our course. We'll be in it soon. 'Less they send us home."

She heard Roades say, "Ah, Billy!" And, "Get around it. Shake that reef out of the mainsail. Steer east. Call me if you are challenged."

"How long, Captain?"

"All night. She'll drop them. And then—Seal Island."

"All night. East. Seal Island. Yes, Captain."

She heard the watch withdraw, heard the work go forward on the sails. A little later, the *Hind* lay over to gain her new course. Soon her customary rhythm returned and this gave to Nora her exit from troubles and high hopes.

To be continued



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AUTHORITIES on the diet of young children are definite in acclaiming the value of such foods as Rogers' Golden Syrup to supply energy and warmth. Rogers' Golden Syrup is, in fact, ideal for these purposes, because within a few minutes after eating, it is assimilated and becomes available to replenish muscular energy and bodily warmth . . . For the farm home, the 5-pound and 10-pound tins will be found more economical. Grocers now have ample stocks of Rogers' Golden Syrup.





Hugh Bower, well known farmer of the Red Deer district, looks over the remains of the heap of elk antlers on Horn Hill.

HORN HILL is the name of a farm district eight miles east of Penhold, Alberta, and the name commemorates an unknown event that happened there more than a hundred years ago when the Cree Indians roamed this region. The hill was called "Horn" Hill because of a huge heap of elk antlers piled on the crest of the great height of land—the hill is one of the highest points in central Alberta, and from it one can see a vast stretch of territory embracing five townships. The heap of elk horns was discovered by the first settlers almost 60 years ago, and at that time the antlers were so numerous that old-timers say the accumulation would have filled a large hayrack. Over the years the best trophies have been carried away as souvenirs of the spot, and today only a wheel-barrow load of bleached and broken antlers remain.

Those familiar with Indian life and ritual are at a loss to explain this strange collection of antlers. Adding to the mystery, another hill about ten miles to the south of Horn Hill had a similar heap of elk horns. Known as Antler Hill, this point is a few miles east of Innisfail, Alberta. Pioneers of the region estimate that the antlers of more than a hundred bull elk were heaped on each of the two hills when Alberta was first settled.

Did the long-dead Indians of this territory stage a great ceremonial feast near the two hills, commemorating a victorious battle with a rival tribe? Or was it a burial ground for some famous chieftain? Western Indians are known to have favored high hills with a western outlook as burial spots, wanting a height where the Four Winds could blow away the evil spirits from the dead's resting place, and requiring a western view so that the Spirit Canoe, coming from the Land of the Setting Sun to collect the spirits of departed braves, could easily find the region. Mostly they favored hills overlooking water, so that the Spirit Canoe would have no trouble reaching the sacred ground.

Some think that the Indians may have made their winter camps at these two hills and the accumulation of elk antlers was the natural result of the food-hunts staged by straight-shooting Indian archers of a by-gone day. But why would they take the trouble to carry the heavy antlers up to the crests of the two hills and heap them into giant markers? Incidentally, dozens of Indian relics have been found on the farm near the two hills, relics like flint arrow-heads, spear points, stone skinning knives, hide scrapers, stone axe-heads and stone mallets or pemmican-pounders.

The elk was an animal known to be extremely plentiful in the region near the hills during the years before the coming of the white settlers. The Red Deer River flows a short distance to the north of the two hills, and the first white explorers to learn about the river were told by the Crees of the large variety of deer that roamed the beauti-

ful river valley and its environs. From the description given the explorers thought that this large member of the deer family was a red deer, similar to the giant stags of the Old World. They could not translate the Cree Indian word for elk, Wah-was-kah-soo—now shortened into Waskasoo in name use today—into anything else but a "large red deer." Hence the river became the "Red Deer" River, though the Crees had more properly named it the "Wah-was-kah-soo" or "Elk" River. Elk antlers were a common find on the farms and fields of this region when the first homesteaders moved in.

But why did the Indians heap up the elk antlers to make antler monuments on Horn Hill and Antler Hill one time in the far away past? There you have the makings of an old mystery story of the West!

Gold Crops from Western Rivers

By AUBREY FULLERTON



IT is likely that washing for gold in rivers of Alberta and British Columbia will be one form of job that will help to provide postwar employment. Several hundred men will probably take up such work for the next few years, as in the period following the first world war. Some have been working at it in wartime, for this kind of gold-hunting is a permanent industry in the Canadian West.

Scooping up gravel from the river shore, washing it out with river water, and then watching for little flecks of yellow stuff that are left in the process—that is a sort of harvesting that means hard work but has a golden reward. It all rests upon the fact that the Saskatchewan and Fraser rivers, in particular, have gold in the gravel beds over which they flow and by their own erosion sometimes expose it or carry it in their current downstream.

These river gold-beds have been placer-mined almost ever since there have been white men's settlements in the country. The industry was once fairly substantial, and it is said that

more than \$3,000,000 was taken in this way from the Saskatchewan river alone in a 40-year period. Even yet more than \$5,000 a year is the estimated value of a year's washings on the 150 miles of river frontage between Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House. British Columbia streams have yielded up to \$10,000 in years between the two wars.

It is slow work, to be sure, with hard-luck days when not a speck of gold is taken. Average earnings per man are from fifty cents to one dollar a day, and two dollars in a day's work is big money. Some men make only five to ten dollars a month. In depression times gold-washers often did no more than keep themselves off the breadline—but they preserved their independence and led a healthful life to boot.

The gold recovered in this way is usually marketed locally, with jewellers or at provincial assay offices, but eventually makes its way to Ottawa. Government prices have ranged in the past ten years from \$25 to \$35 per ounce.

Not much is required by the gold-washer in the way of working equip-

of the plant or plants which the horticulturists wish the bees to visit.

After a few days of this treatment the bees, when liberated, give their old favorite, white clover, the cold shoulder going on instead to the plant for which they have acquired a taste. This has resulted in a great deal more seed being obtained from a much smaller area than before, an important consideration for wartime Britain and for some time to come.

At present the attraction lasts for a week or so but it is believed that, in four or five months the British method of bee direction will be so perfected that the bees will stick to one type of plant for a much longer period. So there the bee sucks—directed!

ment. He can make his own "grizzly," or sluice-box, into which he puts the gravel and in which he washes it with water scooped from the river. For other tools he needs only a shovel, a bucket, and a piece of velvet to catch the tiny bits of yellow. Such accessories as a tent for shelter, if camping on the river, and a grubstake, a few dishes, and a blanket or two are additional.

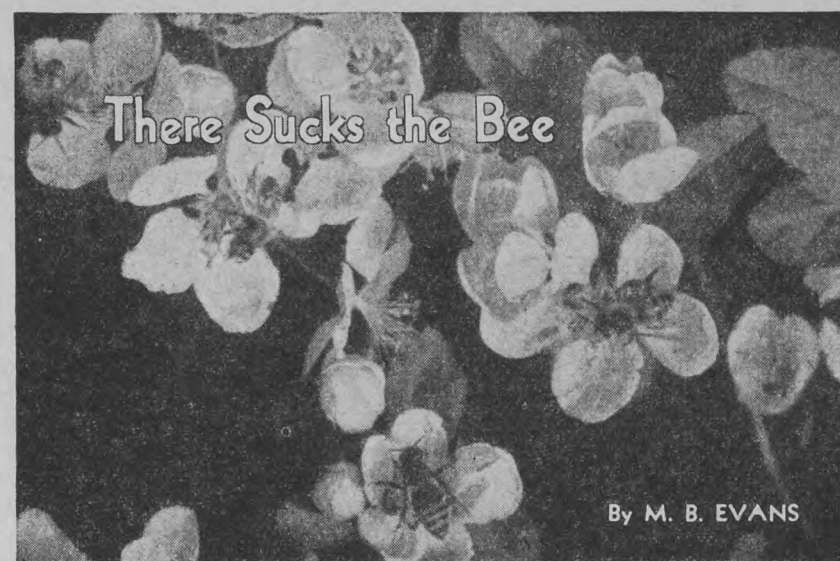
The man in the picture had a story of tough luck some years before. He had been working up-river on the Saskatchewan for two months and was coming out with an output of about \$25 worth of gold nuggets. In an upset he lost it all in the river and was unable to recover it. But he had kept on gold-washing every year since, the thrill of making his living thus adventurously having held him to it.

Why there is gold in the rivers has been something of a wonder. There used to be an idea in local lore that the gold was washed down from one or more of the mountains, and it was thought that if one could only get to where the washing-down began one would find, like the treasure at the end of the rainbow, a vast supply that could be mined more easily than by the grizzly method. Now it is explained, however, that it was glacial action in the long-ago that put the gold in the gravel beds. The only way to harvest the crop seems still to be by washing it in scoopfuls along the upper river courses.

Age of Miracles

THE blind will be able to see by means of a hearing device and the deaf to hear through visual speech. For the blind man, the white cane and the dog will be replaced by a sensory device that makes it possible for a man to locate all obstacles within a radius of 20 feet. The model weighs nine pounds and when turned from side to side in the path of the blind man, it detects objects and conveys the intelligence to him through a coded tone signal by means of an earphone.

Visual speech is a development of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and it is claimed that through it the deaf will be able to carry on a conversation over the phone or otherwise. Sound can be recorded in various ways and through this new mechanism it appears as some kind of a pattern which can be read directly. The inflections are represented by the intensity of the image.



By M. B. EVANS

An Antler Monument

By
KERRY WOOD

The Countrywoman

Contrast

By GILEAN DOUGLAS

*Moonlight on a shingled roof
Is a simple thing,
But far too rich to hem the robe
Of an earthly king.*



The Spirit of Christmas

THIS year we are likely to observe Christmas more in spirit than in the giving and receiving of gifts. There are a number of reasons for this. Families reunited after years of separation, men freed of prison camp and now safe at home or in hospital have special cause for rejoicing. No gift, however costly or well selected, could mean so much to those families as the presence of the dear one at this particular season.

There is for all of us the thought of what this Christmas will mean to those homes, where husband, son, brother or sweetheart will never come back. The full realization of that will be with the family when other little intimate groups gather together for the holiday. Sympathy and kindness expressed in many thoughtful ways will be gifts we may bring to such as are bereaved.

Peace has come within the year. A troubled peace 'tis true, one whose responsibilities weigh heavily on our minds and our hearts. It is a peace that has brought little rejoicing because there is little real joy left in a world that has learned the bitter and terrible price of war. But there is a vast relief that the terror and violence are past: that we may resume fairly normal living and that we may now start laying the foundations of world peace. That task will require our best thought, our greatest strength of will and purpose.

To us in Canada, in fact to all those living on this North American continent, there is a hope, a conviction that the life which lies ahead is to be a better and fuller one. For countless thousands of people in Europe, the fuller life, the abundant comfort are things of the past. The immediate future looks bleak even for the necessities of living: shelter, warmth, food and clothing. We who have been so fortunate in material goods through the war years, and now fortunate in hoping for the days ahead, should soberly remind ourselves of this over and over again. That we have in good measure shared and given of our abundance with those whose need is so much greater than our own, should help us enjoy better those simple and good foods before us on the table at Christmas.

A Community Christmas

By EFFIE BUTLER

"LET'S get out where things are doing!"

That is the cry frequently uttered by young people today? For the hearts of youth desire lively companionship, noise of crowded amusement halls, singing and laughter. Many young men and women have returned to rural life after enjoying Christmas celebrations in homes far from their own, or in the gaiety of service centres and clubs. Their fondness for action and the excitement of the group will be very real; a need that is a natural one and should be filled.

With a little organization, some real initiative and genuine enthusiasm on the part of a committee made up from the active leaders of your community that cry will soon be changed to "Something's doing, here, at home!"

Plan a Community Christmas week for your rural neighborhood. As few as two persons could make all the preparations, but the more who share the responsibility the wider will be the interest. If you have young men and women who have returned to your district after years of absence, flying bombers, manning guns, and standing by for the attack, enlist their aid in this project. By helping they will once again feel they have a place in the community and a definite role to fill.

At the offset, make arrangements for whichever building is available, be it community hall, one-

Thoughts of family, home and our community occupy our minds at this season

By AMY J. ROE

roomed school, or church basement, to be turned into the social centre for your community during the Christmas season. In order to have everyone enjoy such celebrations as you will plan, the building must be warmly heated and well lighted. Once these provisions are made the teen-agers and young people will be able to gather every night, or on appointed nights, of the Christmas holiday week. Here they will be able to hold their sing-songs, serve lunch after a sleigh-ride, dance, or play games under friendly, understanding supervision.

Decorations may be simple, or as lavish as you have time, funds, and hands to arrange them. Colored lights, bells, and streamers add zest and will make your community centre gay and attractive. Greens from a spruce grove may be used to transform a bare room into a festive hall.

You could commence celebrations at least a week before Christmas by holding a Carol Party for young and old. A well-rehearsed choir will be a great assistance but a lively leader is all that is necessary. Carols sung loud and clear foster a mood of goodwill and harmony.



When the bells of the city churches ring out a message of "peace on earth" on Christmas Eve see to it that the windows in your little frame church on the corner are not dark and unlighted. A simple community service can be very effective. The story of the Nativity could be retold. It is Holy Night. As darkness settles on the prairie with its stillness broken only by the wind singing through the telephone wires a challenge comes to your committee to see that the whole community shares this experience.

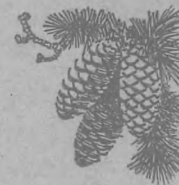
Let the crowning event be a Yuletide party just before or closely following Christmas. A party that will include young and old alike. Have a splendid Christmas tree. Games that everyone can take part in will keep the program lively, but your committee will have planned gay music, singing, and dancing. At some time in the evening Old Santa should appear dressed in his scarlet suit and whiskers half way down his chest.

Every moment should not be boisterous merrymaking. Some part of the program should take care of the enjoyment of the older folk who like more sober entertainment. A corner or separate room where they may retire from the noisy fun to sit and exchange Christmas greetings with old friends would make their evening a pleasant one.

A short program of platform stunts performed by small groups would be a suitable climax to such a night of jolly friendship, but many rural communities would favor a dance in which the whole neighborhood takes part as a happy ending for their Yuletide party. Committees, and local custom, will decide the matter of refreshments. A simple lunch

would not require much work on the part of those who prepare it, and young people are only too pleased to help with the serving.

The spirit of Christmas is made stronger by young people who love their home and the way of their life. By uniting efforts and holding a Christmas amusement centre for the boys and girls in your district, the spirit of Christmas, the symbol of friendship, peace, and understanding will endure in your community.



Of Family Interest

ONE enterprising young woman, who realized early that the stocks of goods are small in the stores just now, that the choice of suitable gifts is limited, turned to going through trunks stored in the attic. There she found piles of old photographs put away and seldom looked at now. She hit upon the happy idea of selecting a number and making up an album for her mother. There were many pictures of her only brother, taken as a small child, as a young lad, later as a college student and then his wedding picture. These placed in proper sequence of years took on an added appeal. Then she arranged photographs of herself in the same manner, added photos of her mother's sisters and brothers.

Realizing that the family and friends would spend hours of interest and delight pouring over the pictures she came to the conclusion that her father might feel somewhat left out of this interest in family history. So she made another, similar album

for him, putting into it a fair share of the photographs. Her difficulty was to keep the plan secret as she wanted it to be a complete surprise. As she worked on the idea she became more and more enthusiastic about it and had many a private chuckle over it. She could hardly wait for closing hour at her busy office, so that she might hurry home and resume the album-making. New and better ideas came as she worked.

There is many an old photograph tucked away from dust and light, in trunks and bureau drawers. Why not take them out and examine them as possible gift ideas. Left to another generation they may not be recognized and appreciated. One family I know of canvassed uncles and aunts and found three or four photographs taken at the time of their father and mother's wedding. These, framed, were welcomed warmly by daughters and sons who had not had copies. It is worthwhile digging into old possessions these days to see what is worthy of being passed on to someone else.

The Gift and the Giver

THE stocks of goods are low in the shops now. The supply of some lines, many of which are considered necessities are lower than they have been within the memory of people living today. The tax on some luxury articles puts the price too high for most of us. Altogether we are finding Christmas shopping difficult.

It is true that the earnings and the savings of practically all Canadians are, on the average, at a much higher level than they ever have been. There is thus created a greater backlog of spending power in this country than there has been at any time in its history. Each one of us needs to realize this and to decide to do all possible to hold that power in check, until there is a greater flow of consumer goods. Otherwise we will be contributing to the breaking of price controls and the up-spiralling of costs of everything we want to buy. We have many assurances from those in places of knowledge and responsibility that there will be more consumer goods on the market soon, that it will be of good volume early in the new year. It is possibly difficult for many to refrain from buying when they have ready cash in their pocketbooks. Now that material things are scarce, we put to the test our power of expressing in some other way our feeling of goodwill to those about us.



A Christmas Miscellany

This year we will devise many simple and thoughtful ways to make gifts and give a festive air to the house



Home-made goodies can be wrapped attractively.

Selecting Little Gifts

By MARION R. MCKEE

THIS is our first Christmas in six years without the grim shadow of war hanging over us, one that should be filled with joy and thanksgiving. As Christmas approaches, the problem of presents to give occupies our thoughts, especially those small, hard-to-think-of last-minute gifts for our friends and neighbors.

As small gifts are difficult to find in the stores these days, it is a good idea to try and think up some presents that can be made or partly made in your own home. Gifts of food and useful little kitchen utensils are always welcomed. Little original touches in the wrappings can turn an ordinary parcel into a picture of bright good cheer.

If you are one of those lucky and clever people who managed to save your sugar supply and fats for Christmas baking, here are a few suggestions for attractive and welcome gifts.

Buy a new little lunch box, or repaint an old one in some bright color, and fill it with some of your own favorite cookies or cake. Some bright cellophane could be put over the top of the cookies to give them a dressed up appearance, then the whole lunchbox wrapped in some bright Christmas paper, topped with a bow, with a bit of holly in the centre. This would be appreciated by a little girl who takes her lunch to school.

Jars of marmalade, jam, jelly or any preserved fruit, done up in bright parcels are one of the most appreciated gifts that could be given to an invalid or sick person or to another homemaker.

Small Christmas puddings are welcome gifts to friends who happen to board or do light housekeeping in the city. An unusual yet attractive way to do them up is as follows: dye ordinary square quart berry-baskets dark green or a bright red; when they are dry tie a one-inch red or green ribbon around the top and bottom of the sides of the basket, and tie in a bow at the front; wrap the pudding in waxed paper and put into the box, filling the extra space in the box with either white or colored tissue paper; wrap the whole thing in bright paper or cellophane, and top with a bow.

Practical kitchen equipment makes appropriate gifts for a housewife friend, or a newlywed who may not have her kitchen complete. Small kitchen wares and gadgets are now appearing in increasing numbers in stores. A rolling pin done up in wrapping paper like an enormous Christmas cracker, with bits

of holly and ribbon at each end, is a delightful surprise. A pyrex glass casserole dish, with merely a ribbon wrapped around it is a useful present.

Something in the line of a gift that is amusing as well as useful is a Sunny Sue doll. Her face is drawn on a wooden spoon, her hair is a dish mop, a potholder is her bonnet, and her dress is made of a dishcloth and a lovely handmade tea towel.

A recipe card filing box containing a few of your tried and true recipes, with a set of little cards on which to write some additional recipes, would be an ideal present for a busy housewife.

Your sewing basket can help you out in your Christmas gifts too. A plaid or striped apron that is merely a square of material gathered on a waistband that ties in a big bow in the back, is a welcome addition to the kitchen. For a variation a large V shaped pocket could be sewn on the front, and a pretty duster tucked into it. Laundry bags and knitting bags

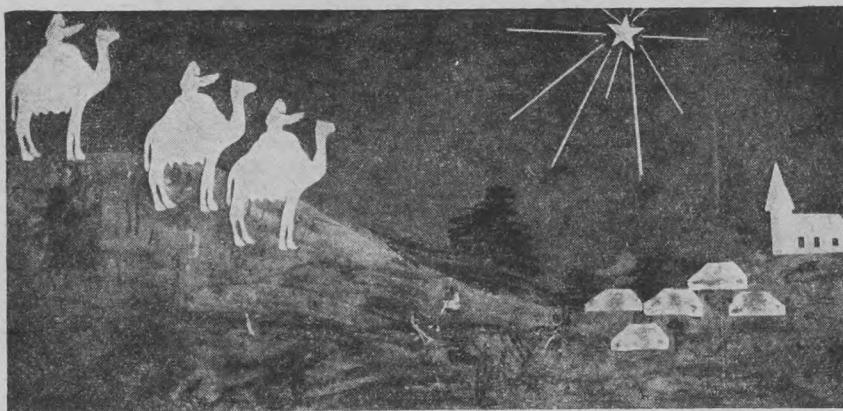
are other things to make with your needle.

For the children on your list there is no scarcity of toys made of wood, plastic, and material in the stores. Jolly little teddy bears, panda bears, puppy dogs of every breed, and stuffed dolls are a few suggestions for gifts. Wrap these parcels in bright colored paper, as half the joy of receiving a gift, for a child, is to admire it and wonder what it contains.

In place of a bow on parcels, another attractive ornament can be made of cellophane straws. You simply cut four straws in two making eight short straws. You lay these side by side, and draw them tightly together in the middle with some red or green string or thin ribbon. Then separate the straws from each other, and you have a delightful ornament for your parcels or Christmas tree. You can vary the number of straws used if you prefer a larger ornament. If cellophane straws are not available ordinary drinking straws could be dyed red or green, and those with an experimental mind might try dyeing wheat straws.

Just Before Christmas

By RAE TOOKE



Let children mount paper cut-outs on blue cloth or a blackboard.

THE problem of what to do with small children in the home before they are old enough to go to school is always a difficult one for parents. Around Christmas it becomes increasingly perplexing. Weather at this season of the year is often too cold for them to play outdoors; the older children being at school are not able to look after them and mother is very busy with Christmas planning and baking.

One solution is, put them to work. Let them decorate the house for Christmas.

It may be a terrifying thought at first and cause some parents to throw up their hands in dismay. It sounds too much like having paper hangers in the parlor, plasterers in the kitchen and painters in the bedrooms all at the same time. But it need not be like that.

Children have to play some place and if their activities go undirected it will probably take much more of mother's time stopping to settle disputes, to correct or cajole and afterwards to clean up the wreckage wrought by the mischief of idle, unmotivated hands.

Decorating the house for Christmas is moreover, a family project, a happy joyous task and the infants should have their share in it. To begin with, assign one corner of one room in the house to

the children for their work shop. Resign yourself to the fact that this corner may become a bit littered but if the children have been taught orderly habits they will be able to limit the muss to this spot and that is better far than having disorder everywhere.

The equipment for the work shop will include first of all, a work bench. This



Make-believe decorations delight a small child.

may be a low table or an apple box or just some heavy cardboard cartons. Whatever it is, this work bench should be low enough so that the children can sit on the floor and work at it. In this way the use of chairs to clutter up the corner is eliminated.

On this bench the children will do such work as coloring, pasting, clipping-out. When they are finished each day they can put away their tools and cut-out books under this table or into the box if that is the bench, and if big sister has strung a small curtain across the front of it the work shop will look tidy and respectable for the night.

A strip of wide cardboard or heavy building paper laid on the floor in the work shop corner will protect the rug or floor surface and will not wrinkle up under the children's feet and become a hazard.

Other equipment necessary for this decorating job will be scissors. The small ones with blunt ends are best for children. But whatever the size they should be sharp enough to cut easily. It complicates the situation and adds frustration, to supply the child with a pair of rusty cast-offs that refuse to go through the paper.

Paste for the job can be the old household stand-by made with flour and water but if it is, the child should be supplied with a little paste or paint brush. When they are forced to apply it with fingers, spoon or bit of rag it becomes a very messy job. A mucilage bottle with self-propelling top makes the job much cleaner and simpler and is well worth the purchase price.

On the wall directly above the work box or very near to it, will be fastened the background on which to paste or pin the decorations. This may be a wide strip of cardboard or paper or a piece of cloth fabric. Blue sateen is excellent as it makes a blue-sky background for the Christmas scenes and it can be drawn on with chalk.

Give the children a number of Christmas magazines or newspapers and let them find Christmas motifs to cut out and pin or paste on their strip. Last year's Christmas cards are a gold mine when it comes to a job like this. They can be pasted up just as they are or cut into fancy shapes or the pictures of scotty dogs, red-roofed houses can be cut off them and pasted up on the mural.

Encourage the children to do original drawings in chalk or crayon on this strip. The four and five year-olds might like to experiment in poster paint. This is procurable in powder form and need only be mixed with water to be made ready for use. Should it splatter on anything, the drops are easily wiped off with a damp cloth. It comes in a variety of colors and is handy to have in the house for a rainy day amusement.

Let the children make daisy chains out of strips of paper cut from the colored section of the newspaper. These chains may be festooned along the top of their work strip or put to endless other uses in decoration.

Have cardboard trace-arounds of the Christmas motifs such as stars, Santas, toys. A figure in silhouette of a man mounted on a camel can be traced around to make an effective scene of the three wise men.

Mount these figures on a blue background of cloth or one that has been colored in crayon or poster paint. Have them cut out the star and make the rays with chalk or white paint. The low buildings may be torn or clipped from bits of paper and blurred over with crayons to represent trees in the

dim twilight foreground. Of course Santa and his reindeer will have a prominent place in this decoration.

But be sure to see that they have a Christmas tree in crayon, paint or cut-out on their work strip. They will love to decorate this tree with popcorn

strings, pictures of toys, Christmas stockings, stars and anything else which their happy hearts suggest. Such activity provides a worth-while outlet for boisterous spirits, it saves tempers and may well prove to be the thing that will "keep your Christmas happy still."

In England Now

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Friday, October 5th, 1945. At last things are happening! Today, we have been to our county town to be interviewed by a panel of members of the War Agricultural Committee, to decide if we are serious and fit subjects to benefit from the government's rehabilitation scheme for ex-service men. The wife had to go too. I suppose so that they could see if she looked serious and of a suitable type to undertake a country life. We arrived at the office at about 2 p.m. and were shown into a small waiting room, where three other couples were also waiting. We all felt rather like children at a new school and said nothing for a while; then we realized how silly it was and began to talk of war experiences and plans for the future. The "Husband" and I were the first couple to be called for interview and were shown into another, rather larger room, where a row of experienced looking countrymen sat behind a long table. We found out afterwards that the chairman was a farmer, one member a local trades union official, another, a Ministry of Labor expert, also there were a horticultural man, and a poultry man, and finally the officer in charge of the rehabilitation scheme. We sat down in two chairs opposite all these faces and they looked at us over their spectacles.

Then came the questions: "Were we fully aware that this was a serious step to take?" "Did we realize that it would mean a lot of hard work?" That it wouldn't be all fun and good weather; that it would take time before we saw much profit. Finally, did we want to ask them any questions? They kept stressing the fact that they wanted to help us, that that was in fact their object, but we must be serious in taking up this tuition. After the last war, so many people rushed into agriculture only to find after a few months that it was too hard and unexciting. We tried to make it very plain that we were intensely serious, that we had lived all our lives in the country, so that it would not be new to us. After a while they asked us to retire so that they could discuss our application. So we went back to our new friends in the waiting-room and told them what to expect. But not many minutes elapsed before we were called back to be told with many smiles that all was well, and the "Husband" could start learning his horticulture with the firm of Taylor Brothers (whom we had previously been to see) on the following Monday. And from that date the government would pay us three pounds, fifteen shillings a week for as long as a year. The payment in detail is worked out as follows: three pounds a week for the man learning, ten shillings a week for his wife, and five shillings for the children. The government pays it all for the first six months and after that the firm with whom you work and learn, pays a proportion.

Monday, October 8th, 1945. The great new beginning! The "Husband" set off this morning on a bus, leaving here at 7.30, carrying his lunch tin under his arm. For the first time in his life he is setting out to learn to be a gardener! After war and destruction comes peace and creating; the swing of the pendulum!

Then I heard no more till this evening, when I walked up to meet the bus

at the corner and to see a stiff but happy man climb down on to the grass verge. If you have never suddenly taken to a full day's bending, picking tomatoes and chrysanthemums, I am assured you do not know what a stiff back can be like. Hard-heartedly we all laughed at him during the evening.

Saturday, October 13th, 1945. Today is the beginning of our "Thanksgiving" Savings week. These savings weeks are being held all over the country in a final effort to make our savings show forth our gratitude to all the fighting forces for our deliverance.

Here, in this village, we began in great style this evening with an enormous bonfire upon our highest hill. It was lit by the mayor and roared up to the sky, while a rifle brigade band from a nearby camp, played a fanfare on their trumpets. Afterwards there were fireworks and a great singing to the playing of the band. We had such old favorites as "Dye ken John Peel" and "Tipperary" down to more modern tunes, "Lambeth Walk" and all its kindred. The children found it all so great a thrill that they were difficult to persuade away to bed. Very few of them remembered fireworks and it is six years since we have been allowed to have even a tiny bonfire after dark.

After the last flames had died down there was a "Social" in the village hall, at which all the grown-ups played childish games or danced to the gramophone. Now it only remains for everyone to bring all the money they can spare to the selling centres and invest it in savings bonds.

Monday, October 15th, 1945. The farmers' wives gave a Victory tea this afternoon for all the children of the village. They had raised the money by means of a whist-drive and everyone had contributed something out of their store cupboards towards the food.

The village hall was newly scrubbed and when we arrived a big fire was roaring up the chimney and gay paper streamers and flags were hanging everywhere. The long table down the centre of the room looked most un-warlike; there were home-made cakes and buns, trifles and jellies, and by every plate there was a cracker. Where they had come from, I don't know, as none have been made in England for two or three years now. We began the tea with another unheard of luxury—tinned fruit and custard.

Every child had a paper cap that had come from London. After tea we played games to the gramophone; "Oranges and Lemons," "Musical Chairs," and a local game that I did not know called, "Sheep, sheep come home." When the games had been going on for a while, Mrs. B—who keeps the inn, came with a tray of bags of sweets, one for each child. Then another joy, one of the farmers arrived with an ice-cream each—and still that was not the end; when we left for home, rather dusty and hot, and very full of good things, there was a bag for each child containing an orange, three apples, a bar of chocolate and six shillings and sixpence!

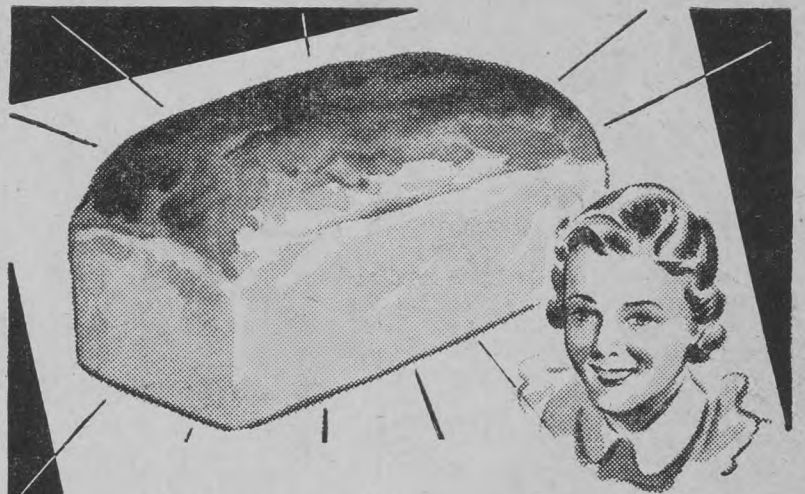
So what with fathers home again, and bonfires and "Victory" teas, the peace has really come home to the children as, I hope and believe, the war never did.

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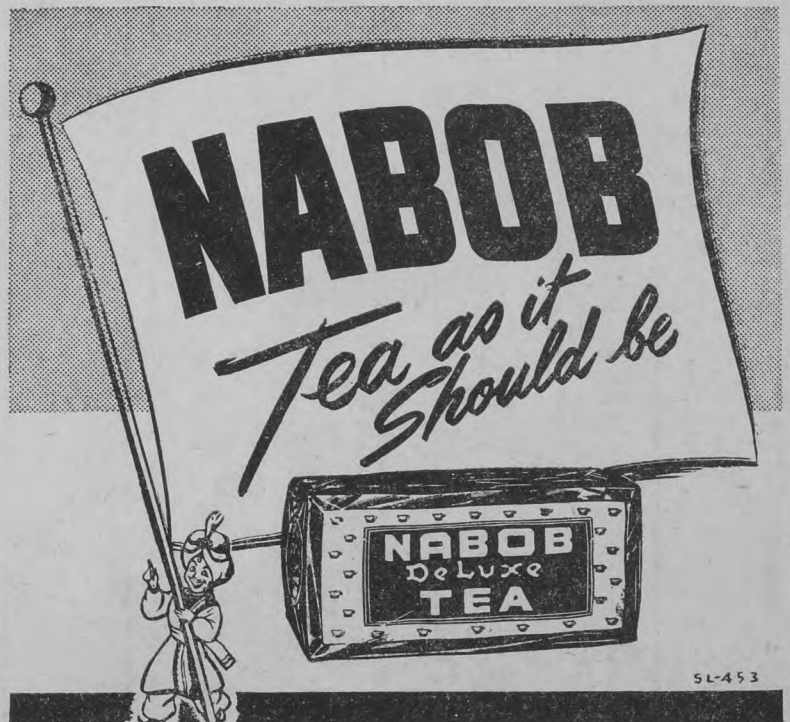


Good bread!

GOOD bread is so delicious and healthy, it's worth while to check up (if you're not quite satisfied with results) on a number of essential points in bread baking. . . Is your recipe a proven one? are your materials good—the flour, the yeast and the other ingredients? is your stove efficient and can you get the proper temperature in the kitchen? . . . Whatever type of yeast you may use, you can rely on its purity, uniformity and strength when it's made by

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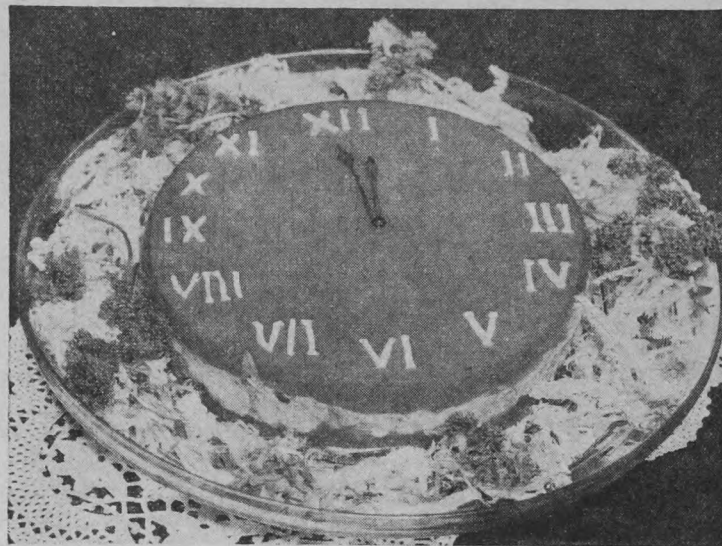
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thousands
of beauty-wise
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The Original
**Campana's
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A Timely Salad

An interesting and attractive dish for the holiday



HERE is an interesting jelly salad for New Year's luncheon, or for a side dish in your New Year's dinner. Simple to make, colorful and timely, it is especially made to welcome in a Happy New Year at the stroke of twelve.

Tomato Aspic Jelly

Few drops tabasco or worcester sauce	2 envelopes (2 T.) unflavored gelatine
4 onion slices	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	2 T. vinegar
$3\frac{1}{4}$ c. tomato juice	Lettuce

Add tabasco or worcester sauce, onion and salt to tomato juice; simmer ten minutes. Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve in tomato juice mixture. Add vinegar; strain. Pour into two separate 9-inch molds which have been rinsed in cold water; chill until firm. Unmold

one of the jellies on lettuce; place thinly sliced cold meat or chicken on top of the mold; unmold the remaining jelly on top of the meat, taking great care not to break it.

The numbers on the face of the clock are placed on top of the jelly after unmolding, and they could be made of sliced cream cheese, cheese sticks, candy sticks, thin slices of pastry previously baked, or shortbread in thin slices. A chocolate, gum drop, raisin or prune will make the centre of the jelly. The hands of the clock are painted on with melted chocolate or icing.

Garnish with parsley and celery tops; mayonnaise or other salad dressing to be added may be served in bowl separately.

Carving the Roast

Simple directions for handling the festive bird

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

IN many families the carving of the Christmas roast is a part of the ritual. Eyes sparkle as the noble bird is carried in and dad, uncle or grandfather prepares to carve in his best style. To omit this exciting ritual would rob Christmas dinner of its thrill and excitement.

Much of the success of carving depends on what happens before the bird makes its appearance. If cooked until it is falling apart, it is difficult even for an expert to carve. If underdone, it is neither palatable nor easy to slice.

To get perfect results, leave plenty of time for roasting. For a 12-pound turkey allow 18 minutes a pound. Keep the temperature at 325 degrees and use an uncovered roaster. This method prevents the outer skin from becoming hard and ensures juicy meat underneath.

Arrange the cooking of the vegetables so you do not need to stoke up the fire heavily. If the heat is intense it complicates the carving.

Start the roasting process soon enough to allow half an hour for the roast to set. This simplifies the carving of any piece of meat. When the bird is done, transfer it to a heated platter, and let it stand in the warming oven. This allows you time to make the gravy and dish up the vegetables. The turkey will be much easier to carve after it has set and you will not be so rushed at the last minute.

Remove all skewers and string used for trussing before sending the roast to the table. No carver like to wrestle with such things and they may make an amateur nervous. Use the largest plat-

ter you possess, or borrow one for the occasion. Nothing is worse than a small platter and a big turkey.

Go easy on garnishes. Maybe the bird looks handsome decorated with parsley, celery, or other vegetables, but the carving is likely to be a headache. Good meat well cooked needs no adornment.

Use the right tools, properly sharpened. Let the men see to the blade in advance and then put the steel on the table so the carver can give the knife a few strokes before commencing operations. Too much importance cannot be laid on a good blade well sharpened.

Arrange the carver's place so he can work with ease. Spread a small cloth across the table-end to protect the linen. Many a carver is nervous about accidents. Leave plenty of room. Put the water glass in a safe place and set the gravy boat so it does not get in the way.

Put the platter holding the bird in front of the carver with the carving knife at the right, edge inwards, and the carving fork at the left, tines upwards. Next to that lay the steel. Place spoons for stuffing at the right. In front of the carver, or at his left, put the pile of heated plates. Set the platter holding the bird so that the legs are at the carver's right if he is right-handed. Reverse the platter if left-handed.

Start by carving enough meat to supply the needs of the company assembled around the festive board. Lay the slices on the platter and then you can remove the stuffing as required. If the platter is not large enough, have a heated plate or smaller platter on which you can place the sliced meat.

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GROVE'S COLD TABLETS

Insert the carving fork at the highest point on the ridge of the breast bone. The prongs should straddle it, one on one side and one on the other. Grasp the fork firmly with your left hand and the turkey will be prevented from skidding.

First remove the leg and thigh nearest to you. Insert the knife behind the leg and cut all around it. Press this joint outwards with the knife as a lever. If you prefer, pull toward yourself the end of the drumstick with your left fingers as you work with the knife. Sever the ligaments at the joint with the tip of the knife, and the leg and thigh will be freed from the bird.

Next remove the wing. To do this insert the knife where it seems to join the body, cut down sharply, and off comes the wing.

Turn to page 50

Scotch Bun for New Years

By EFFIE BUTLER

SCOTLAND leads all other countries in celebrating New Year's Eve, or Hogmanay, as the season is called. It was customary for the head of the Scottish family to gather the members of his household around him in the last waning hours of the old year. Over a bowl of spiced ale they wished one another "Wae's hael," meaning "To your health."

When the hour of midnight arrived, the door was thrown open "to let the old year out and the new one in" and the household went forth to greet their neighbors. With them they carried cakes and other refreshments to share as they first-footed one another.

No self-respecting Scots housewife will welcome the New Year with anything but cleanliness. The last fleck of dust must be wiped away and every house must have its bit of refreshments ready. A national, and favorite treat reserved specially for Hogmanay is Scotch Black Bun. The following are two Canadian versions of favorite recipes from Bonnie Scotland.

Scotch Black Bun

1 lb. seedless raisins	1 tsp. ginger
1 lb. currants	1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 c. blanched almonds	1 tsp. pepper
1/2 c. mixed peel	1/2 tsp. caraway seeds
1/2 c. white sugar	1/2 tsp. soda
2 c. flour	1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1 c. sweet milk (or fruit juice)	1/2 tsp. salt

Mix all the prepared and finely chopped fruit and nuts together. Sift one cup of the flour over the fruit and nuts. To the remaining cup of flour add sugar, spices, soda and salt. Add these dry ingredients to the fruit mixture alternately with the milk. Carefully line a cake tin with plain short pastry crust rolled out very thin, being sure all edges are sealed by wetting with water and pressing them well together. (A deep one-loaf bread pan makes a very satisfactory tin for this cake). Into the pastry lined tin put the cake mixture. Roll out a pastry crust to fit the top. Place the top cover on and press well around the edges. Prick the top with a fork. Brush the top over with sweet milk. Bake in a slow oven (275 deg. Fahr.) for three hours. Gently remove from the pan and let cool. This cake is best when allowed to season two to three weeks before being used.

Braemar Shortbread

1/2 lb. butter	1 tsp. banana or pineapple flavor
2 c. flour	1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 c. rice flour	
1/2 c. castor sugar	

Rub butter into the sugar. Gradually work in with your hands first the rice flour, then the flour. Keep on kneading till the dough is free from cracks. Divide in two parts. Shape each into rounds. Prick with a fork and make decorative dints in the edges. Bake in a moderate oven (300 deg. Fahr.) until golden brown and firm. Decorate with colored or silver candy balls, using a small dab of icing to make them adhere when cake is cold.

Exciting Christmas Customs

(AND HOW THEY GREW!)

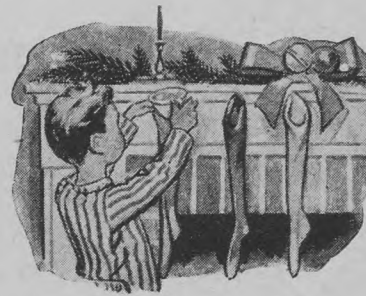
KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE

THIS CUSTOM started away back in Norse mythology when Queen Freya, the Goddess of Love, promised a kiss to any man who walked under the mistletoe. Today, if you can't find mistletoe, you can get the same results by giving her Pyrex ware.



HANGING UP STOCKINGS

THIS IDEA came from Holland, where Santa leaves his presents in the children's wooden shoes. Having no wooden shoes, we showed our ingenuity by hanging up our stockings instead. You can't get Pyrex ware into most stockings, but it sure looks swell under the tree!



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show children who followed this Vicks Plan had fewer colds . . . shorter colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds. A remarkable record! Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more! But at a time like this, it is certainly worth trying.

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NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.

CARVING THE ROAST

Continued from page 49

With the fork still in its original position, slice the meat from the breast, starting where you unjointed the wing. Cut diagonally across the breast in thin slices until you reach the keel bone. Lay these slices on the platter.

Now take the fork and use it to steady the leg while you sever it from the thigh. With the tip of the knife find the place where the two bones join, cut through the ligament and, if desired divide the thigh into portions. Then cut the wing into two pieces.

Don't forget the wishbone. To remove it, straddle the breastbone with the fork and cut toward the fork just under the end of the keel. Cut down towards the platter, press outward with the flat side of the blade.

Another tidbit specially enjoyed by many is the oyster, the tasty morsel of dark meat to be found on either side of the backbone in a cavity near the tail.

It is now easy to make an opening and remove the stuffing with a spoon. Put on each plate a serving of light or dark meat, according to the person's preferences. In some homes, the carver or a person at his left serves the vegetables and gravy. Or the hostess at the opposite end does the job. When there are many to serve, this simplifies the carver's services and speeds up the service.

When there are many guests, you may prefer to do the carving in the kitchen. This is a saving of time and allows the amateur to operate in peace. In such cases, slice the meat from both sides of the turkey and place around the edge of the platter. Heap the entire stuffing in the centre. Pass this at the table so guests can help themselves. Two medium platters are easier to manage than one big one.

Man's Sweater

By ANNA DEBELLE



Design K-75

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Brushes for the Holiday

There is a good variety and a wide choice from which to select a gift for a lady

By LORETTA MILLER



Louise Allbritton uses a hair brush daily to keep her hair bright and scalp healthy.

GIVE her brushes for Christmas if you want to be practical and wise! One or all of the eight important brushes for beauty will be an appreciated choice. If she's smart in the ways of beauty she will know what to do with her gift.

The chances are no girl will want all of the brushes, but you will be very safe in checking over the brush needs of your friends before deciding upon just the right one or ones.

Perhaps the most essential of all grooming aids is the hairbrush. Girls who give their hair its right care know that it is the 100 strokes, at least, each day that polishes the hair and gives it glorious highlights. Brushing helps cleanse, and serves to exercise the hair and makes it more manageable. Thorough brushing is generally the first major step in every program to overcome a scalp or hair disorder. Brushing slows down over-active oil ducts that make the hair and scalp oily. Brushing speeds up circulation and so aids in correcting lazy oil ducts that have resulted in dry hair and scalp. In either case it is a normalizing process that restores hair and scalp to its normal condition.

The second choice will be either a complexion brush or a body-scrubbing brush. Before making this selection for a particular girl, try to find out which of the two brushes will be most appreciated. If her facial skin is oily, it's nine to ten she will prefer a complexion brush. Such a brush, just as the hair brush, does much to slow down, or normalize, the action of the oil ducts. Daily scrubbing aids in refining the skin and does a perfect job of keeping the pores clean.

A well-lathered complexion brush used in a gentle circular motion over the face and throat, aids greatly in warding off fine surface lines. It quickens the flow of blood and actually "erases" sleep lines that sometimes appear after a night of sound sleep. The girl or woman who presses lines into her face while sleeping will welcome the beauty-smart gift of a complexion brush.

Anyone with dry facial skin undoubtedly has dry skin all over her body. Therefore, a pretty bath brush with a big red bow tied around its long handle will be a most welcome Christmas gift to help her keep her all-over skin soft and smooth.

One of the nicest and most practical gifts can be a set of brushes: Hand brush and bath brush, put up in a box with a pretty bar of scented soap. A little card: "Here's Fun In Your Bath," will make the practical gift seem

more festive. Tuck a colorful washcloth into the box to make a super-gift for someone special.

Hand brushes are always welcome. These can be plain or fancy. The clear lucite brushes with nylon bristles are beauties that add smartness and richness to any wash-basin ensemble. Or, select a colorful brush, matched to other accessories, to tie in with bath or bedroom decoration. Keeping the hands and nails clean is only a small part of the work of a hand brush: When lathered and scrubbed over the hands for five minutes or so each day, it will keep the hands smooth and younger looking. Brush-massage softens the skin and seems to make it fit more smoothly over the knuckles.

Fingertip brushes, in bright plastics, make ideal gifts for the girls who have everything. These tiny brushes take up so little room and are excellent traveling companions. Combine a little fingertip brush with a hand or complexion brush and make a gift which will be doubly welcome.

The girl who understands the art of putting on a flawless makeup will appreciate your choice of a powder-blending or makeup brush. Such a brush, swept lightly over the face after makeup has been applied, removes excess powder and leaves the complexion beautifully groomed. Its use makes powder adhere to the skin, giving it a transparent delicacy.

Brow and lash brushes, which, together with many other types, were not made during the war years, are now back in the shops and will be gratefully received by any girl conscious of eye beauty. The regular use of a brush used on brows and lashes trains these hairs into flattering lines. When petroleum jelly is used on the brush, it gives the eye-framing hair a bright luster that seems to make the eyes sparkle.

Another kit which makes a practical gift is a toothbrush or two, and a package of dentifrice. Tied together with a big red bow, this very practical gift looks gay and frivolous, but strikes a smart girl's fancy as a sensible and very wise choice.

There are, of course, many other useful gifts which will gladden any feminine heart, but unless one is sure of the shade of powder, the type of cream, her favorite fragrance, it's well to play safe and give a brush or two. Tied together with a bow and a branch of cedar, or a little twig of holly or mistletoe, the thoughtfully chosen brush gift will find a warm welcome in the good-grooming wardrobe of every practical girl.

Very often stain in the corners of the fingertips is difficult to remove, it simply refuses to be scrubbed away. In that case, simply put a tiny bit of warm water in a dish, add a little soap, and finally a few dashes of peroxide. You need only the least quantity of this mixture. Then with a swab, work it into the stained corners and under the fingertips. The peroxide bleaches out the soil or stain, and is usually immediately effective. It leaves your fingertips beautifully clean and white. It's a very good idea to prepare this mixture and keep it in a tiny bottle that you can keep corked. Have it handy when you "do" your nails each week. It's really a tremendous help to pretty nails, because they just won't look right unless all the skin around and under your nails is perfectly clean, and it's a job the peroxide mixture will see to, most efficiently.

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CHRISTMAS PUDDING

2½ cups sifted flour
¼ tsp. Magic Baking Soda
3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. Salt
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. cinnamon

¾ cup finely chopped suet or shortening
1 cup molasses
1¼ cup seedless raisins, floured
1 cup milk
¾ cup citron or mixed peel

Sift flour together with soda, baking powder and spices. Mix together suet, molasses and milk. Combine with dry ingredients. Add fruit. Mix together well and pour into 2-qt. grease-covered pudding mold. Steam on top of range 3 hours. Serve with

Fluffy Custard Sauce: Scald 1 cup milk;

Separate 2 eggs, beat yolks with fork, add 2 tbs. sugar and few grains salt. Gradually add scalded milk. Place in double boiler over hot water. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens about 8 min.; cool. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into cooled custard with 1 tsp. vanilla.

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SIZES
12-44



2943
SIZES
34-50



2993
SIZES
4-10

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The Country Boy and Girl

Smells

By DOROTHY MORRISON

I like the smell of flowers
And the fresh wet smell of rain,
I like the smell of things to eat
And the smoky smell of train.
There are far too many perfumes
For me to name the rest,
But the sprucey spicy Christmas smell
Is the one I love the best!

Week Before Christmas

By AUDREY MCKIM

Stringing popcorn for the tree,
Making decorations,
Hanging holly wreaths around,
Sending invitations.
Smelling cookies as they bake,
Plum pudding, gingerbread,
Doughnuts, candy, cakes, mince pies,
All that food ahead!
Buying presents in the stores,
Hiding them away—
I think the week before is just
As grand as Christmas Day!

What The Mouse Told Me

By MARY E. GRANNAN

YOU wouldn't expect me to be talking to a mouse . . . would you? But I was. It was last Christmas Eve. He was frolicking about under my tree in the living-room and I said to him . . . "Little Mouse . . . do you know you are very bold, to come right into my house under my very nose and play about."

He tossed a saucy grey head . . . "Oh, I don't know," he said . . . "I don't think I'm so bold, considering."

"Considering what?" I said.
"Considering all I've done for you." Well, of course, that really surprised me . . . "All you've done for me? You've done nothing for me that I know of," I said.

"Well, maybe you don't know it, but I have done something for you . . . quite a lot of something. If it hadn't been for me, you'd not be getting any Christmas presents this year."

I asked him what he meant and he told me. "It was like this. Jack Frost got mad at the children . . . all the children. You see, he wanted to play with them and none of them came out to play. They all stayed in the house to trim their trees to get ready for Santa Claus. So Jack said to himself: 'So if they think that this Santa Claus person is more important than I am, I'll just show them a thing or two'. So what do you suppose he did? He went to the Old Man Wind and he said, 'Mr. Wind I'd like you to do something for me. I'd like you to blow all the snow in the world right in front of Santa Claus's sleigh tonight.'"

"But that would be a mean trick on Santa Claus, wouldn't it?" Old Man Wind said. And Jack Frost disagreed. He told the wind that it would be a rest for Santa Claus . . . that Santa Claus wouldn't have to drive all over the world to make all those toy deliveries if he couldn't get through the snow. So Old Man Wind said he'd do it. And Jack Frost came back to the earth laughing and laughing, and he told me," said the mouse. "And I knew that something would have to be done. So I told a moonbeam, and the moonbeam told me that I'd better go see the sun. Because the sunbeam knew that Santa Claus would be very unhappy if he couldn't get through the drifts of snow to deliver his presents to the children. So I went up the moonbeam, and I woke up the sun. Oh but, he was angry at first, because if it's one thing that the sun doesn't like," said the little mouse, "it's being disturbed at night when he's sleeping. But when he heard my story about how the wind was going to blow all the snow right in Santa's pathway, he got up from his golden bed and he melted every bit of snow there was and so the wind had nothing to blow and so there was no snow in Santa's way and he's on his way now with all kinds of presents for you and for the children.

YOU have one of the most beautiful choirs in the world singing for you on sunny days right on your own farm. Have you heard it? Have you seen it? Look at that five barred fence with the birds perching here and there on the wire strands. Does it remind you of something? Of course, a music staff! This is the famous Bird Choir. The birds merrily trill the notes as they hop about from one strand of wire to the next just like the notes on a music sheet. The fence posts are the bars of music to mark off the measures, the wind singing through the wires plays the violin accompaniment.

With a soft low whistle you may join in the Christmas carols of the Bird Choir. The words are familiar, "Peace on earth, good will towards all men." Merry Christmas!

So I guess maybe I have a right to frolic under your Christmas tree."

I laughed. "I guess maybe you have, Little Mouse," I said.

He tossed his saucy head again. "I guess maybe I should even have a piece of cheese . . ."

"I guess maybe you should," I said to the mouse, and I got him a piece of cheese although I didn't believe a word he said.

Are You Easy To Live With?

By WALTER KING

MOST young people who put themselves on their best behavior when out among friends on the playground, down town, or at a party, grow careless about their home manners. It's a good thing, though, to be pleasing around the home as well as popular among "the gang."

If you answer the following questions honestly you will find out how well you avoid doing those things which annoy the family folks most. After you have scored yourself it might be a good idea to get your mother, or father, or both, to score you on the same test. It will be interesting for you to compare your ratings with theirs.

There are 25 questions in all. Two points are allowed for each question.

If you can answer "never" mark yourself 0.

If your answer is "once in a while" you score 1.

If your answer would be "often," allow 2.

Write your marks in pencil at the end of each question or use a scribbler to score.

All ready? Go!

1. Do you wake up early and then

Ann Sankey

make a noise so that the rest of the family can't sleep?

2. Is it hard for your parents to get you out of bed in the morning?

3. Do you leave your bedroom in an untidy condition?

4. Instead of hunting for your own things do you expect the whole family to join in a last minute search for your lost books, mitts, etc.?

5. Do you throw your clothes over the furniture instead of hanging them up in their proper place?

6. Do you serve only yourself at the table and leave the rest to ask for what they want passed along?

7. Do you make a fuss about eating things you don't care for?

8. Do you sulk when corrected or when you can't have your own way?

9. Do you talk back to your parents or argue unnecessarily with your brothers and sisters?

10. Do you show off in front of visitors?

11. Do you hang about and try to listen-in to older people's conversation?

12. Do you make such a noise when your parents have guests in the house that you become an annoyance?

13. Do you whine around if you can't have things all your own way?

14. Do you make a fuss when your plans go wrong, such as bad weather spoiling your outing, or having to cancel going to a show owing to the arrival of visitors?

15. Do you make a fuss about helping out around the house when asked?

16. Do you compare your home, food,

clothes, or possessions unfavorably with those of your friends?

17. When told to go to bed do you say "Just wait till I finish this first. It's early yet?"

18. Do you pick up silly new expressions and annoy those at home by using them to death?

19. Do you neglect to rinse out the bathtub or washbowl after you are through with it?

20. Do you make a fuss about lending your things to anyone else in the family who may find a use for them?

21. Do you try to minimize the accomplishments of the rest of the family so that your own will appear smarter?

22. Do you fight to have your own way even when you know you are making it difficult for others?

23. Do you charge your parents, brothers or sisters with being unfair to you?

24. Do you neglect the usual rules of good manners about the house, omitting "thank you," "I beg your pardon," or "I'm sorry" when these expressions are called for?

25. Do you let special observances such as Mother's Day, Father's Day, birthdays, or your parents' wedding anniversary go by without special token of remembrance?

Well, now for your score. This is different from a school test in that you mark your own paper and the fewer marks you get the better you are.

From 1 to 10 is "tops." This is exceptional. Means you are the joy of the family.

From 11 to 20 is a good pass. You are probably better than the average boy or girl.



Fun At A Party

HERE is an amusing party idea. Make five dots on a piece of paper (it is better if the players do it for one another) scattered about far apart, or close together, or in a straight line. The player's task is to fit in a drawing of a person with one of these dots at his head, two at his hands, and two at his feet.—A.T.

Words With Wings

By EFFIE BUTLER

SOME of the words and phrases that we use so often at the Christmas season have come down to us, as if with wings, through the centuries, until, today, they have become a part of our language and we have made them entirely our own.

If when we use the abbreviated form of the word Christmas and write it "Xmas," we take a backward glance, we will see the X comes to us from the Greeks. The Greek letter "chi" is the first letter in the Greek word Christos and was formed the same way as we write the letter "X" in our alphabet. Christmas is, of course, made up from the word Christ plus mass—the celebration of Christ's birthday by the saying of mass.

Noel, which we so frequently use when singing Christmas carols and hymns, comes to us through the French from "natalis" the Latin word for birthday. The yule in Yuletide, which is just another way of saying Christmas, comes from the old Norse word "jol" that signified a happy time of merry-making. The word "jolly" probably comes from the same source, for isn't that the word we think of when speaking of a gay light-hearted time of fun and laughter? The "tide" at the end of Yuletide is just an old English word for a special event or festival.

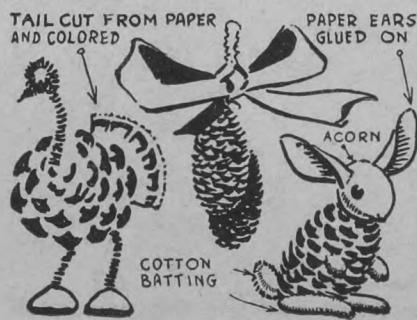
And now—a merry Christmas, a joyous Noel, and a jolly Yuletide to all!

Fancy Pine Cones

PINE cones have many uses at the Christmas season both for gifts and decorations. Your Christmas parcels wrapped in red or green tissue paper become more attractive if you fasten a cluster of small pine cones at the knot to take the place of a bow.

Lapel ornaments made of pine cones make pretty and inexpensive gifts. Cut out leaf shapes from green felt or wool and embroider in the veins with a running stitch. Tie a fine wire around the blunt end of the cone and then draw the wire through a leaf near the base. Leave a small loop of wire for a pin to run through to fasten to the lapel. Wind around a bit of red ribbon to cover the wire and tie with a small neat bow.

Pine cones daubed with white or silver paint can be tied to your Christmas tree or hung on ribbon streamers for window decorations.



Try your hand at fashioning birds, dolls and animals from pine cones and pipe cleaners. To make the turkey shown just curl the pipe cleaner to represent a head, color wattles with red ink or paint, then shape legs and a firm base for feet. Use them for table decorations.

The birds will enjoy a Christmas treat if you dip a pine cone in some melted suet with grain seeds sprinkled in it. Let it harden first then hang it upside down on the end of the branches of a tree near your window. Soon you can watch the birds as they come to eat the Christmas dinner you have provided.—A.T.

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required, an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, December, 1945

Winnipeg, Man.
From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name.....

P.O.

Prov.

Numbers.....

Please print plainly.



COL. P. M. ABEL'S second article on this European agriculture leads off in this issue. Last month he dealt with Denmark. This month he shows how the Dutch are bending to the task of rehabilitating their country after the ravages of the Nazi desolators. These two articles are just the beginning of a series on present day Europe. Owing to the still prevailing uncertainty in that part of the world, and also because Col. Abel still occupies his important military post at Canadian headquarters in London, we cannot definitely announce the forthcoming articles in detail but The Country Guide feels that it is fortunate in having one of its editors on the ground gathering first hand impressions and information for our readers. We hope that he will be able to make arrangements to travel extensively on the continent and also to deal fully with postwar agricultural prospects and plans in the British Isles. No farmer in western Canada needs to be told how vital European developments are to his future welfare, and the welfare of his family. Watch for further articles by P.M.



THIS one was sent in for the Workshop but we think it had better go here. To make a reliable thermometer you carve the figure of a donkey out of a bit of spruce board. To it you attach a tail, made of a bit of quarter-inch rope. To read the weather follow these directions:

Tail dry	fair
Tail wet	raining
Tail swinging	windy
Tail wet and swinging	stormy
Tail frozen	cold
Tail missing	hurricane

"HAS Time gone past?" asks Sidney G. Knight, of Enderby, B.C. "You did not give us this excellent feature in November." Others have made enquiries. Well, everything must come to an end sometime, even Time itself. Time has been marching past in the columns of The Country Guide for eight years. At first it was published under a two-column heading. Then it was elevated to feature status. After the outbreak of the war it just simply resolved itself into a monthly review of the conflict. With the close of the war it seemed to be a good time to close it out.

But we have substituted for it another idea. From Ottawa comes a feature each month by Austin F. Cross. In each issue it will deal with some feature of the parliamentary scene. Last month Mr. Cross gave his views on the budget. This month he deals with Mr. Bracken's Shadow Government, as it is called around Parliament Hill—a unique and promising innovation for an opposition.

HERE is another item on combine acreage. It is sent in by Ed. Wiechnik, of Monitor, Alta. "We used a Massey-Harris No. 21 self-propelled 12-foot combine and started on August 20, 1945. We finished on October 26. Our records show that we did 2,490 acres of straight combining although some of the grain was down flat after that snowstorm in September. Two men were running this outfit and it was a full time job as we were doing custom work and had to hunt out our own jobs as well as haul gas and oil. Most of the work was done in the Provost area."

WATCH how the weather behaves out your way on Christmas Day. Here are a few rules on how to predict the weather by cocking an eye at the sky on Christmas.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day, there will be a good crop the following year.

If the ice will bear a man on Christmas Day it will not bear a mouse afterwards.

Thunder and lightning Christmas week, much snow in the winter.

If it snows Christmas night the hop crop will be good next year.

At Christmas, meadows green, at Easter covered with frost.

If windy Christmas Day, trees will bring much fruit.

A green Christmas, a fat kirkyard.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

A green Christmas, a white Easter.

Evidently the above rules were brought from the Old Country. They are probably centuries old.

BELIEVE it or not, says Andrew Jensen when sending in this story: A son of a hunter was telling that his dad, last year, had trailed his smartest buck, for after trailing him for some time the tracks suddenly stopped. After carefully looking around he found that the buck had backtracked 200 feet and had done it so well that he had not even disarranged his former tracks. After this he jumped a bush six feet in height and landed 15 feet beyond the bush. From there he hightailed it out of the country.

IN an issue of your magazine, says Boris Fedoroff, of Elmore, B.C., you go into great detail in describing an inconvenient method of exterminating bird pests. A much simpler method is to soak some grain in alcohol and leave where the pests can get at it. They will eat it and get drunk and lie down. All you have to do is to go out, gather them up and dispose of them. Innocent birds can be put in a safe place, where they will sober up and be none the worse whatever.



W. J. BURAK, of Hazlet, Sask., walked into Ted Iverson's garage one day and in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the garage raved to the mechanic who was then close at hand, "There is nothing like having a new car. This repairing, repairing, repairing an old car is driving me crazy. Gee whizz, if I cannot get the part I want I may have to buy the whole blamed unit."

Ted Iverson, who was in the repair room near by, walks up quickly and said, "Well, you know how hard it is to get parts now that the war is on. Some parts we are not able to get at all. But we may be able to get you the complete unit, which I am sure would give you lasting satisfaction, and you can depend upon us to do our best to get you the complete unit. But what unit was it you wanted?"

W. J. Burak pulled out from his pocket a stove bolt and in a quietening tone said, "It is a nut for this stove bolt that I wanted and unless I can get the nut by itself I may have to buy the whole thing."

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Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid.
50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
53. Farmer's Handbook on Livestock, Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
54. Farmer's Handbook on Soils and Crops, Book No. 5—Types of soils. Erosion control. Weed control. Forage crops, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.
55. Farmer's Handbook on Poultry, Book No. 6—Poultry Housing; Culling Poultry; Breeding and Chick Care; Egg Production; Producing for Meat; Poultry Breeding; Pests and Diseases; Concerning Turkeys; Raising Geese, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH BULLETINS, 1c Each

1. How to Take a Home Manicure.
2. Care of Hands.
3. Care of the Feet.
4. Treating of Superfluous Hair.
5. Daintiness in Dressing.
6. How to Care for Your Skin.
7. Skin Problems.
8. Take a Facial at Home.
9. Care of the Hair.
10. Hair Problems.
11. How to Use Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick.
12. Month Hygiene.
13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

Note:—25c worth of Bulletins may be obtained free with a \$1.00 subscription to The Country Guide.

THE COUNTRY GUIDE BOOK DEPT.
Winnipeg, Canada

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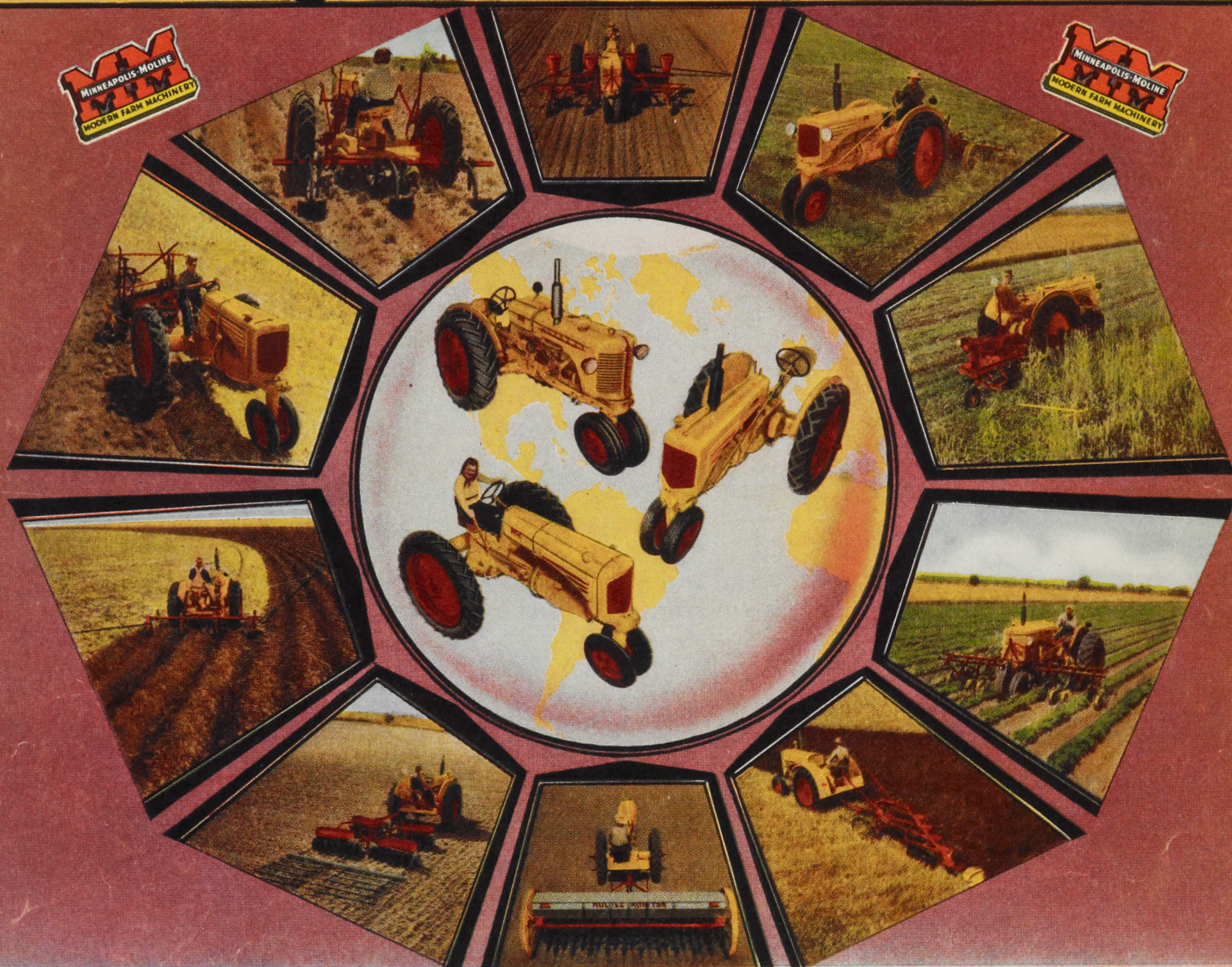
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Here is what one Universal "U" did for its owner in a little over a year on a 470-acre farm:

One MM Universal "U" Tractor did all the work on this 470-acre farm. What a capacity for work and what a record for economy!

Operation:	Acres	Hours	Fuel (Gals.)	Avg. Acres per Hr.	*Avg. Gallons Fuel per Acre
Plowing (4-bottom plow).....	310	151	501	2.04	1.61
Discing (10-ft. tandem).....	907	142	505	6.38	.55
Dragging (5-sec. peg tooth).....	582	45	104	13.0	.18
Planting (4-row checkrow).....	140	28	65	5.0	.46
Drilling and discing in one operation (8-ft. tandem disc, 8-ft. drill).....	171	35	131	4.9	.76
Cultivating (4-row cultivator).....	899	143	304	6.3	.34
Husking Corn—power take-off (2-row picker).....	155	92	162	1.7	1.04

*Average fuel consumption per acre for all operations above—.56 of one gallon.

Naturally there are many reasons why MM tractors have made enviable records of long-time-low-cost, dependable operation for owners everywhere for over 3 decades. See your MM dealer for facts.

The experience of MM owners everywhere clearly indicates that those who design and build Modern MM Machinery have the "Know-How" of building products that fit the needs and desires of those who use them. Stamina . . . the ability to "take it" for long periods of tough going . . . doesn't come as an accessory to tractors or farm machinery. You can't buy it as an EXTRA. It's either designed and built into every part of the machine or it isn't there at all. MM products are famous for stamina—year after year, owners report records of long, low cost efficient service and the fact that MM products stay MODERN. This indicates three important things—1. Advanced engineering. 2. A policy of building machines to endure. 3. "Know-How" of building and putting them together right.

For the future, past experience indicates MM will continue its long-famous policy of building products that are "Built To Do The Work" and not to simply meet a price—but you'll find MM products are reasonably priced.

MM produces a line of Universal and Standard Tractors in several sizes and models and modern machinery for most any farm need.

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